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THE NEW YORKER

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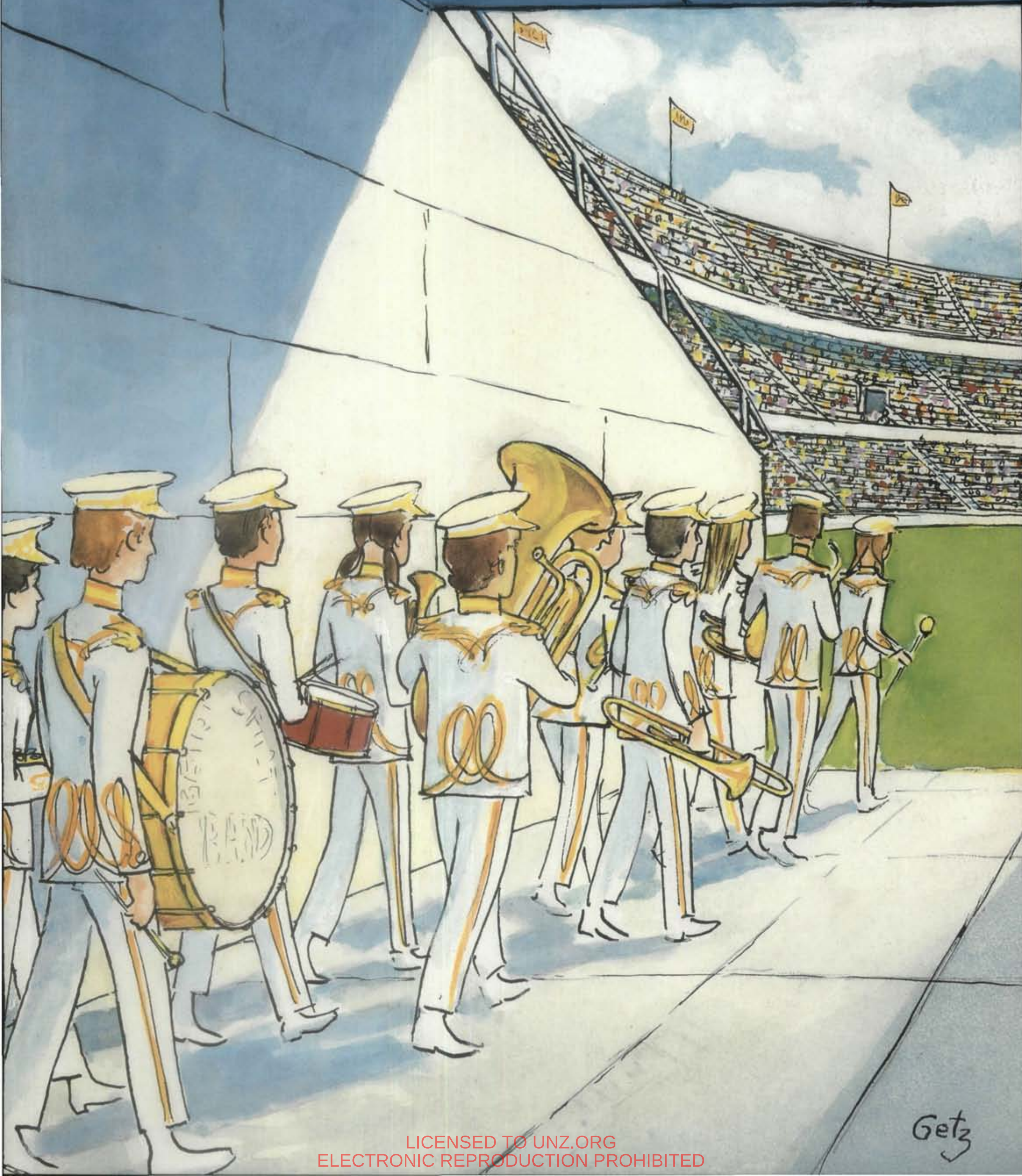

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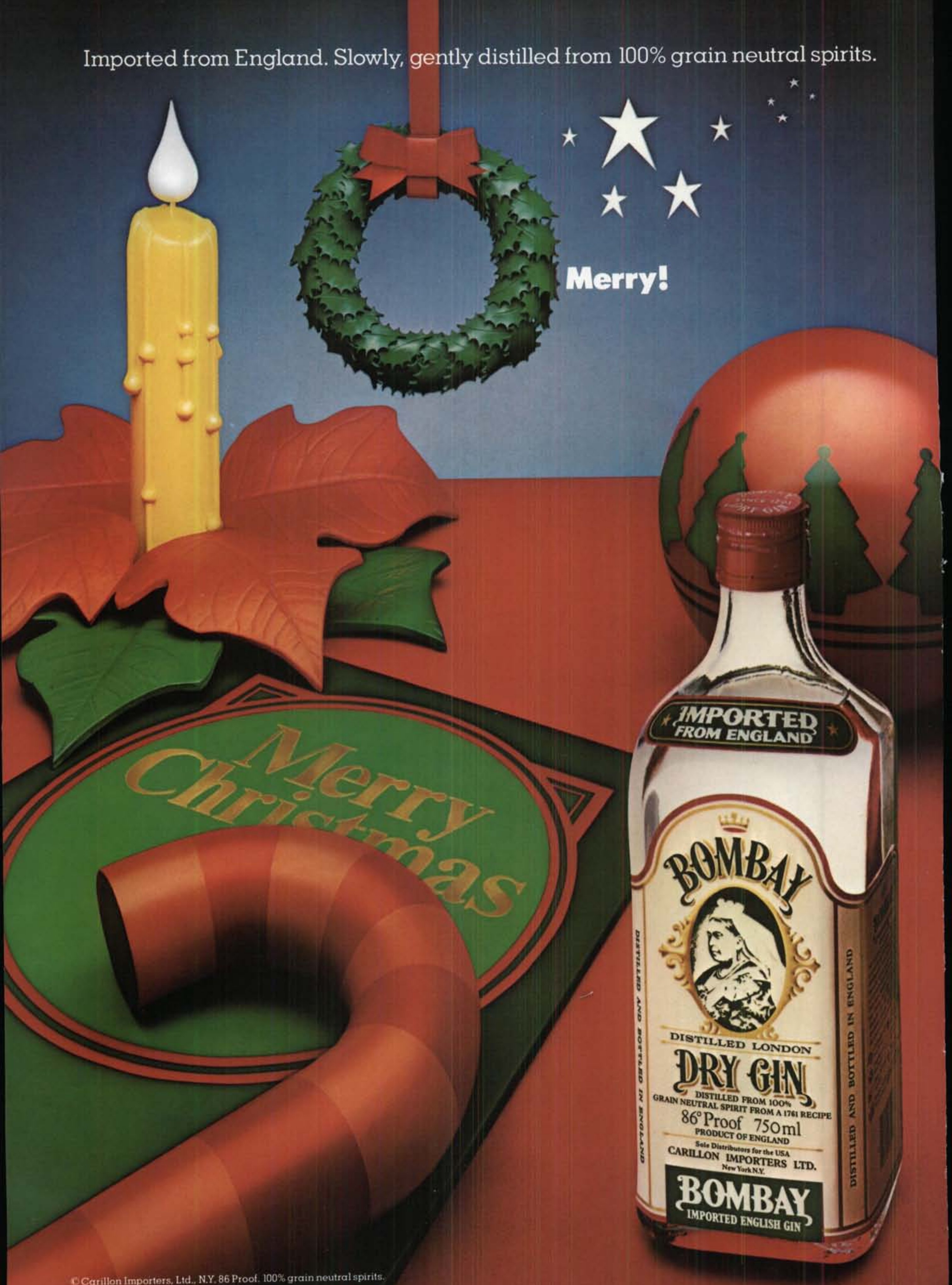

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anteroom—Harry Kondoleon's exercise in camp is tiresome most of the way, though the actors do all they can to redeem it. With Elizabeth Wilson as a zonked out matron, and with imaginative costumes by Rita Ryack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author, Wallace Shawn, plays three roles to great comic effect; other members of the superb cast are Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Lynsey Baxter, and Linda Bassett. The admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

The Boys of Winter—A play by John Pielmeier, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Circle Repertory Company—Final performances of **TALLEY & SON**, a lightly revised version of Lanford Wilson's fine play "A Tale Told." (11/4/85) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3.)

Cruise Control—A play by Kevin Wade. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29.)

Festival of One-Act Comedies—The Manhattan Punch Line presenting two programs of five plays each, running in repertory through Sunday, Jan. 5. Program A: Previews Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 2, at 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 6:45. . . . ¶ Program B: Previews Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Ghashiram Kotwal—An experimental theatre work by Indian playwright Vijay Tendulkar, in its English-language American première. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 27. Closes Saturday, Dec. 7.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hamelin: A Musical Tale from Rats to Riches—A musical dud. (11/25/85) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 7; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Nov. 30.)

The Iceman Cometh—An unexpectedly lifeless production of a play that is, in the best of cir-

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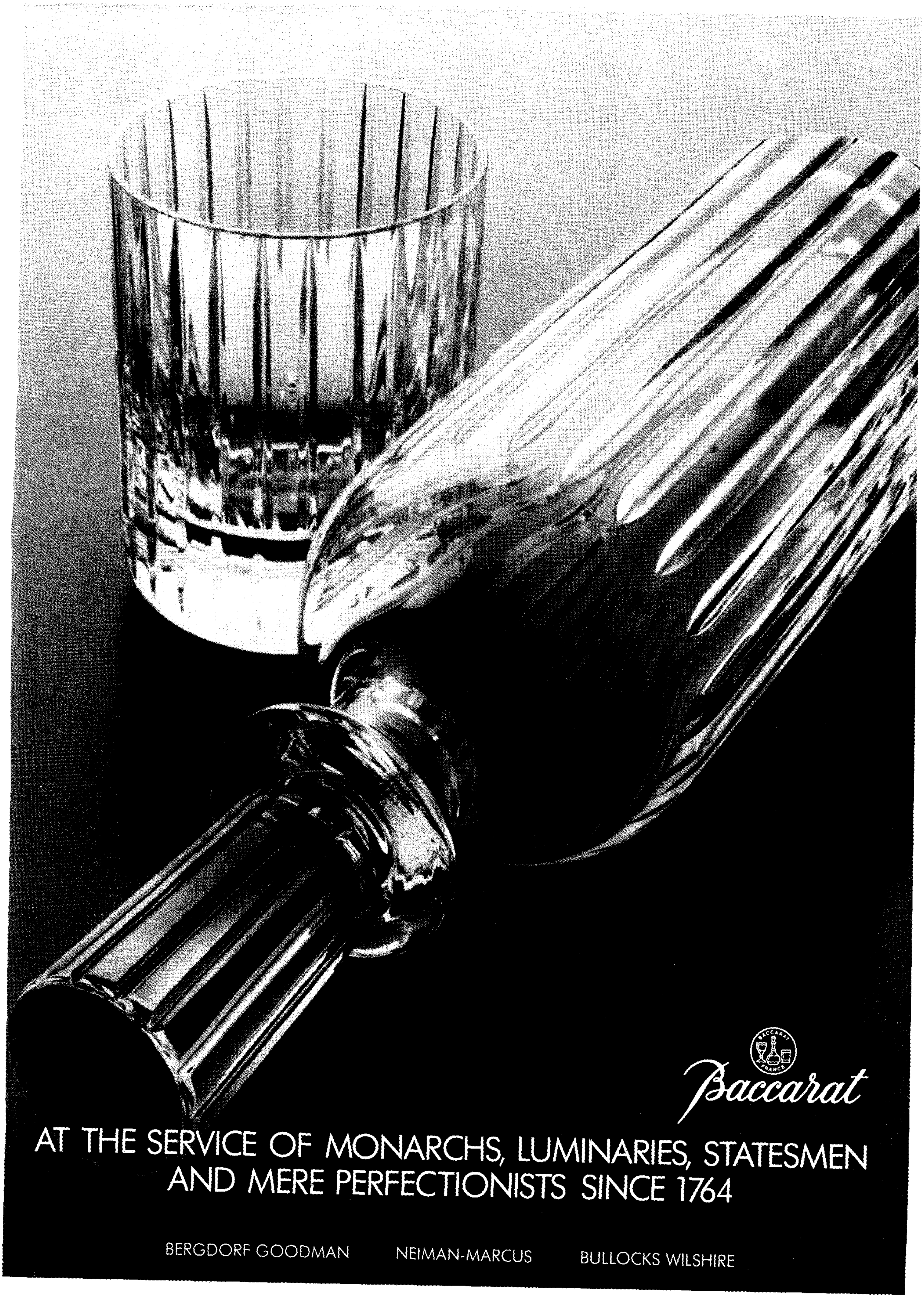

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cumstances, more notable for duration than content. With Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes, and directed by José Quintero. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Inside Out—A drama written and directed by James Van Lare. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND**. (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Saturdays at 3:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3:30; and Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

The Marriage of Figaro—A mockery of the Beaumarchais classic, carried out with inappropriate glee by the director Andrei Serban. Roller skates are the chief prop. (10/28/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first in this season's series of productions is a return engagement of Maurice Valency's adaptation of **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**, by Jean Giraudoux. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 27-29, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 5 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 and 7:30. For tickets, call 223-6440.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of a musical by Rupert Holmes, with Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose. The show is based on Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. Directed by Wilford Leach. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 1. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 2, at 6:45. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The American of **EYES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West Indies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Glynn Turman and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

2 BIG HITS
SLEEPING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Oliver Oliver—This revival of a weak comedy by Paul Osborn is satisfactorily performed under the direction of Vivian Matalon. With Nancy Marchand and Frances Sternhagen in the leading roles. (11/25/85) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 3, 7, and 10; Sundays at 3 and 7; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 5-6, at 8.)

Personals—A musical revue, written by David Crane, Seth Friedman, and Marta Kauffman, all of whom also provided the lyrics. William Dreskin, Joel Phillip Friedman, Seth Friedman, Alan Menken, Stephen Schwartz, and Michael Skloff contributed the score. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—Performances of **STEEL TOWN**, a musical with a book by Joan Holden and a score by Bruce Barthol and Eduardo Robledo. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are in vain—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You... Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yours, Anne—A vapid musical based on Anne Frank's diary. (10/28/85) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,648 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Cor-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Monday, Dec. 2, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 11 and 2:30; Fridays and Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 9.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Thanksgiving at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 12:30 and 4; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 12:30 and 4; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 2-3, at 11 and 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:45 [a benefit performance]; Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 6, at 11 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 12:30 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Apollo," "Firebird," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Shadows," "Firebird," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1: "Cortège Hongrois," "Shadows," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 7; Friday, Dec. 6, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 29—Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Speeds" (company première) and "For Bird with Love" (New York première). . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Concerto in F," "How to Walk an Elephant" (New York première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Speeds," "Divining," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Divining," "Treading," "How to Walk an Elephant," and "The Stack-Up." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MAURICE BÉJART'S BALLET OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 27, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3: "Le Concours." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Dionysos Suite," "Sonata for Three," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Dionysos Suite," "Symphonie pour un Homme Seul," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Dionysos Suite," "5 Preludes for Cello," "Suite of Solos," and "Bolero." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement, presenting a new "Event" each evening. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:30; and Monday through Friday, Dec. 2-6, at 8.)

KEI TAKEI'S MOVING EARTH—Appearing for a single performance. (Cubiculo, 414 W. 51st St. 265-2138. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **BALLETFORE:** "The Nutcracker." Friday, Nov. 29, at 7; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 7; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2. . . . **MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE/PHOENIX:** Wednesday, Dec. 4, and Friday, Dec. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer and a worldly-wise or vulnerable (whichever is called for) interpreter, concentrates on the music of the Gershwins through Saturday, Nov. 30, and the music of Kurt Weill starting Tuesday, Dec. 3. She performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. **MARTHA RAYE** is singing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. Tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** heads his band opposite the **RAY BROWN** trio through Sunday, Dec. 1; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 2-5, will belong to the **WOODY HERMAN** big band; and starting Friday, Dec. 6, the **BUDDY RICH** big band will take over the bandstand. Sets from about nine. **TED CURSON** heads a jam session every night but Monday after the last set until about (yawn) four in the morning. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday, Nov. 29, Cousin Brucie's "Heroes & Legends;" Saturday, Nov. 30, **DONOVAN** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** Tuesday, Dec. 3, **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI;** Thursday, Dec. 5, Richard Belzer; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven (on Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8 and 10:30), and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate piano-bass duos. One of them, **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND,** performs through Sunday, Dec. 1, and another of them, **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ,** begins Monday, Dec. 2. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. It's where **BOBBY SHORT** can be heard, and where tuxedos are worn by some of the patrons as well as by Mr. Short, his bassist (**BEVERLY PEER**), his drummer (**ROBBIE SCOTT**), and the headwaiter. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A musical back room, untrendy and exurban, decorated with booths, Formica-topped tables, pitchers of beer, and grins and plaid-flannel shirts (on the patrons). The partial schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 27, Johnny Cronin; Saturday, Nov. 30, mandolinist **MATT GLASER.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-

Perennials by Paloma Picasso

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Daisy earrings, $650. Only at Tiffany's.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasionally funky number through Sunday, Dec. 1, and on Tuesday, Dec. 3, gypsy guitarist **BIRELI LAGRENE** will arrive with guitarist **VIC JURIS.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Nov. 27, Lifeboat, Antietem, and the Splatcats; Saturday, Nov. 30, Livingston Taylor and Andy Breckman; Monday, Dec. 2, Pat Dinizio; Wednesday, Dec. 4, **MOJO NIXON** and Boiled in Lead; Thursday, Dec. 5, Phil Ochs Song Night, with **TOM PAXTON, MELANIE, SUZANNE VEGA,** and others; Friday, Dec. 6, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** and Saturday, Dec. 7, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO.** Sundays are comedy nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MARGARET WHITING** sings on this stage until Saturday, Nov. 30. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that features **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the exemplary stride-piano specialist, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** are here through Saturday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 3, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** will take charge. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, Nov. 27, the **RADIATORS;** Thursday, Nov. 28, **DAVE MASON;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, Dec. 1, **JOHN CALE** and **CHRIS SPEDDING;** and Tuesday, Dec. 3, **JACO PASTORIUS.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. Wednesday, Nov. 27, **KENIA;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, **DAVE VALENTIN;** Monday, Dec. 2, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Dec. 3, the Brooklyn Jazz Quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, **TOOTS THIELEMANS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible, uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Nov. 27, Otis Day & the Knights; Friday, Nov. 29, Simon F and 'til Tuesday; Sunday, Dec. 1, Atlantic Starr; Thursday, Dec. 5, reggae-ists **YELLOWMAN** and **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS;** and Saturday, Dec. 7, from New Orleans, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS.** Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 27, guitarist **YOSHIAKI MASUO;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, **JACO PASTORIUS;** Sunday, Dec. 1, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 5-7, **KENWOOD DENARD, JOHN SCOFIELD,** and **ANTHONY JACKSON.** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Music from Brazil, Africa, Brooklyn, and Eastern Europe: Wednesday, Nov. 27, **MUTABARUKA;** Friday, Nov. 29, **HERBIE MANN & THE FAMILY OF MANN;** Saturday, Nov. 30, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, Dec. 3, **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA;** Wednesday, Dec. 4, the Gladiators; Thursday, Dec. 5, the Magnum Band; Friday, Dec. 6, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Saturday, Dec. 7, **MIKATA.** Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** performs through Sunday, Dec. 1, and on Tuesday, Dec. 3, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** will move in to play. Mondays are the property of singer **DAKOTA STATON.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—At the Top of the Gate on Fridays and Saturdays, the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** and company provide swing and jitterbug-able music at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **JAMIL NASSER** are the pianist and bassist through Sunday, Dec. 1, and on Tuesday, Dec. 3, **MIKE LONGO** and **BEN BROWN** will take over. Music after nine-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Drummer **ELVIN JONES** leads his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 1; on Tuesday, Dec. 3, ex-Mingus-ites saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will begin co-piloting a quartet. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A fixture for years on upper Broadway where Columbia University students go to ponder the meaning of life. Singer **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT** is on the bandstand through Sunday, Dec. 1. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and, sometimes, guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. Pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** works with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** through Saturday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 3, singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** will come in. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist Neil Swainson are on hand, playing their cheerful brand of chamber music—a mix of classical, jazz, and rock. Mondays belong to Jim Roberts and Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

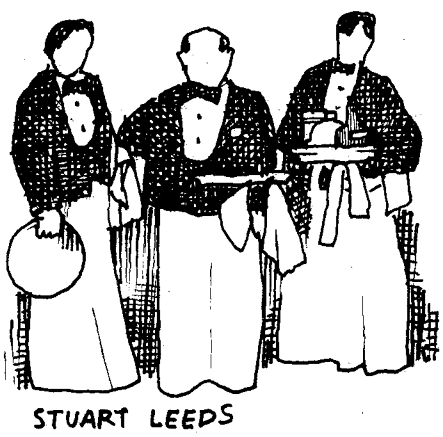
JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

RUBÉN BLADES—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 541-7951. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 9.

C-SHARPE—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday, Nov. 29, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

PETE SEEGER & ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8.

THE CRUSADERS AND STANLEY CLARKE—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.



CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

JUDY COLLINS—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.

ROY BUCHANAN, LONNIE MACK, AND ALBERT COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

JOHN BLAKE AND STANLEY COWELL—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.

KEN WERNER—With Chico Freeman and Bill Frisell. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

THURMAN BARKER TRIO—With Joseph Jarman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Nov. 29, at 9 and 10:30: Bobby Watson–Curtis Lundy Horizon Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 9: Ran Blake. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 9 and 10:30: Ricky Ford quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

JAZZ ON TELEVISION—A series of programs featuring jazz performers on TV during the past thirty years is being given at the Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., through Thursday, Jan. 30. (For information about scheduling, call 752-4690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They are closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HANNELORE BARON—Abstract paper-and-cloth collages and box constructions. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Abstractions in miniature, usually applied with egg-and-oil tempera. Through Jan. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Paper collages and constructions using children's building blocks. Through Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

CARMEN CICERO / THOMAS HART BENTON (1889-1975)—Expressionist figure paintings and small sculptures of cowboys, dance-hall girls, and minstrels by a sort of hillbilly Dubuffet. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. / Paintings, works on paper, and a few sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Line drawings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstractions; twelve on canvas, nine on paper. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JULIO LARRAZ—A monumental bunch of bananas and a steam locomotive speeding through a tropical landscape are seen in these realist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Haime, 1000 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

PIERRE LESIEUR—Paintings and drawings of interiors, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Terra-cotta figures of everyday New Yorkers—subway riders, a bag lady, moviegoers in line. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALBERTO MAGNELLI (1888-1971)—Paintings by an Italian artist who embraced Cubism and later focussed on geometric abstraction. Through Dec. 14. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Twenty bronzes: still-lifes, Oriental female figures, and one of ecclesiastical trappings left hanging on a chair. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—Homey scenes (the back yard, the cellar stairs) painted with painstaking exactitude in the past six years. Through Dec. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

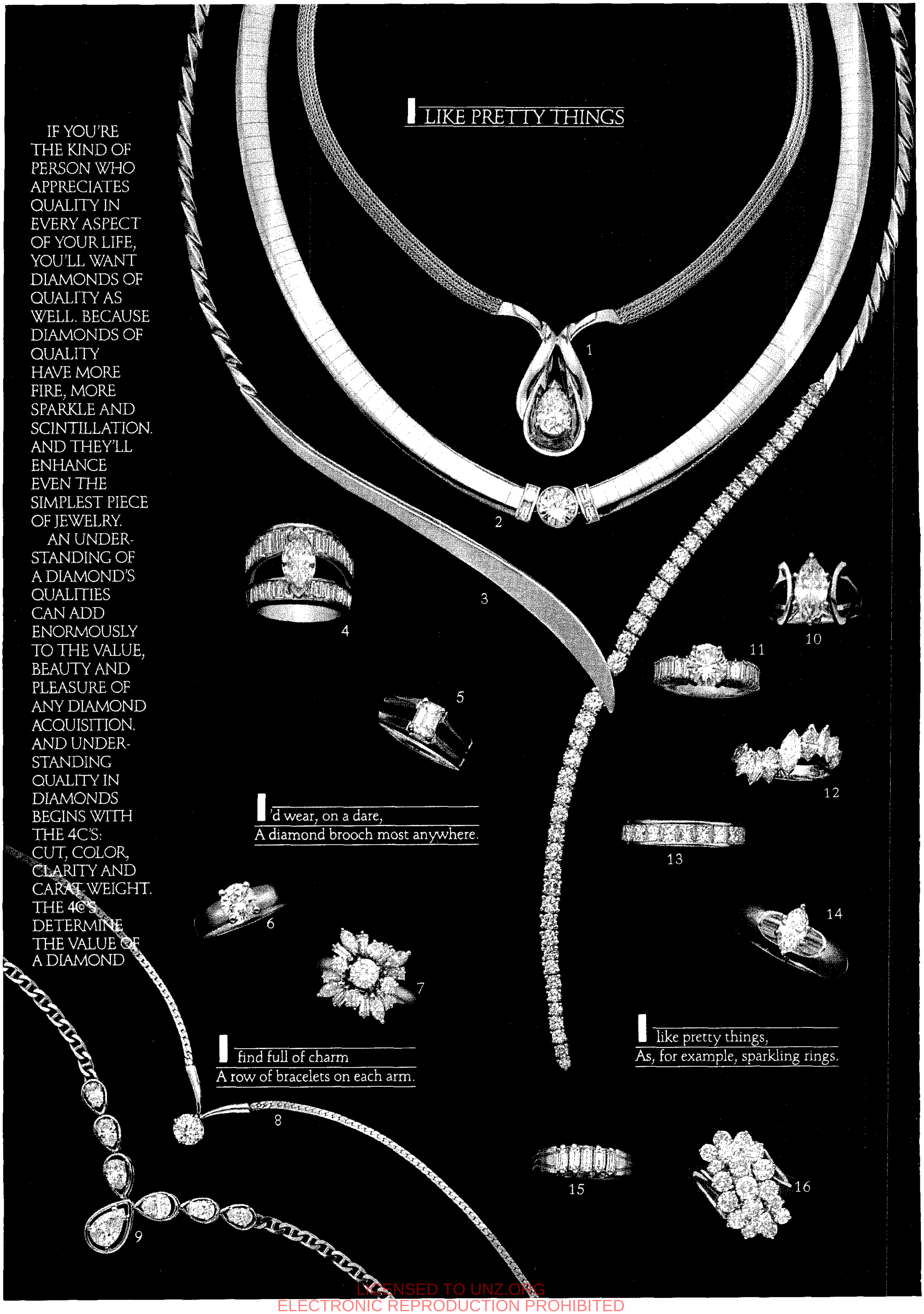
HUNT SLONEM—Paintings of jungle flora and

Let's go somewhere and dan
Let's run wild, let's be fools,
Let's go crazy and break the
Fall in line when we shou
"C'mon, let's step out."

SIMPLY ELEGANT DIAMONDS.

INTRODUCING A COLLECTION OF QUALITY DIAMONDS SIMPLY SET IN THE MOST ELEGANT JEWELRY. THESE DIAMONDS OF QUALITY ARE SURE TO BE MUSIC TO YOUR EYES. AS CLASSIC AS COLE PORTER. AS SOPHISTICATED AS TODAY. DIAMONDS OF QUALITY ARE TRULY FOREVER. AND JUST AS LYRICS COME TO LIFE WHEN PUT TO MUSIC, SO THESE DIAMONDS WERE MEANT TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY YOU. AREN'T THEY DE-LOVELY!

A COLLECTION INSPIRED BY THE GEMS OF COLE PORTER.



I LIKE PRETTY THINGS

IF YOU'RE THE KIND OF PERSON WHO APPRECIATES QUALITY IN EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL WANT DIAMONDS OF QUALITY AS WELL. BECAUSE DIAMONDS OF QUALITY HAVE MORE FIRE, MORE SPARKLE AND SCINTILLATION. AND THEY'LL ENHANCE EVEN THE SIMPLEST PIECE OF JEWELRY.

AN UNDERSTANDING OF A DIAMOND'S QUALITIES CAN ADD ENORMOUSLY TO THE VALUE, BEAUTY AND PLEASURE OF ANY DIAMOND ACQUISITION. AND UNDERSTANDING QUALITY IN DIAMONDS BEGINS WITH THE 4C'S: CUT, COLOR, CLARITY AND CARAT-WEIGHT. THE 4C'S DETERMINE THE VALUE OF A DIAMOND

I'd wear, on a dare,
A diamond brooch most anywhere.

I find full of charm
A row of bracelets on each arm.

I like pretty things,
As, for example, sparkling rings.

17
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23
2

But before I say yes to you,
I've one little weakness to confess to you.

1. $10,000.
2. $9,800.
3. $14,000.
4. $13,866.
5. $5,400.
6. $4,325.
7. $4,950.
8. $1,999.
9. $7,500.
10. $14,600.
11. $5,700.
12. $4,500.
13. $9,000.
14. $5,000.
15. $2,100.
16. $3,999.
17. $6,000.
18. $7,900.
19. $4,000.
20. $8,000.
21. $3,400.
22. $2,176.
23. $10,000.
24. $8,900.

From night till morning we will sing
love's tune.
But I'll take you shopping ev'ry afternoon,
'Cause I like pretty things.

SIMPLY ELEGANT DIAMONDS.

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De Beers

THE MAN'S DIAMOND.

After all, he's the tops.

I don't like men who take you off
And give you talks on their game of golf.
You don't know how to play golf,
That's why I love you.

I don't like girls who make a date
But when they keep it they're three
hours late.
You're only half an hour late.
That's why I love you.

I don't like girls who talk with glee
Of other men when they're out with me.
You only talk about me,
That's why I love you.

THAT'S WHY I LOVE YOU

I don't like men of great renown
Who tell you how much they made
downtown,
You lost a fortune downtown,
That's why I love you.

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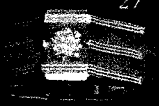
26



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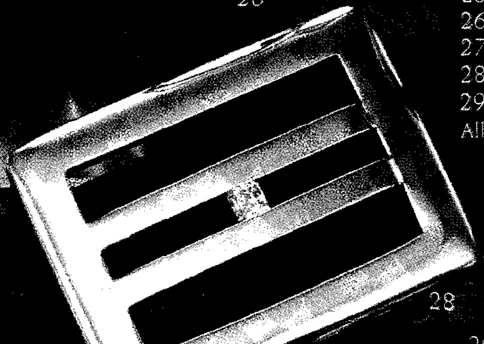

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25. $840.
26. $3,200.
27. $900.
28. $4,500.
29. $800.
All prices may vary.

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SIMPLY ELEGANT DIAMONDS.

A diamond is forever.

fauna. Through Jan. 15. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—Drawings and watercolors from a collection owned by the artist's family. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open daily; opens at noon Saturdays and Sundays. A larger exhibition is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Troels Woersel—Paintings, drawings, and prints from 1979 to the present. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: From Bolivia and Peru, devotional paintings of the Virgin and angels which initially coincided with the establishment of Christianity there. The works span three centuries and lead to some specifically regional interpretations, of which a gun-carrying, winged archangel is one. Through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: European paintings, 1550 to 1800. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Impressionist paintings and works on paper by American artists, among them Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, and Childe Hassam. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St., and **EX LIBRIS,** 160A E. 70th St.: Drawings by Italian Futurists, chiefly by F. T. Marinetti, the poet and propagandist whose ideas rocked Italy early in this century. Through Dec. 14. (Prakapas opens at noon; Ex Libris opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings and drawings of Paris café scenes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists who frequented them. Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Picasso, and Braque are among those included. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Expressionist figures that embody darker aspects of human experience—starvation and paranoia, for instance. By Sydney Blum, Scott Richter, Mary Ann Unger, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Frederic Amat / Peter Saul—Large works on canvas, each consisting of a recognizable image rendered in wax, cast paper, and earth. Also, smaller works on paper using the same ingredients. Through Dec. 12. / Drawings. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Siah Armajani—Fanciful architectural constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

George de Forest Brush (1855-1941)—American Indian and mother-and-child portraits are among the paintings and drawings in this retrospective. Through Dec. 14. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Clough—Semi-abstract canvases. Through Dec. 21. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Deutsch—Long, narrow landscapes done on noticeably concave canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Raymon Elozua—Painted-ceramic reliefs depicting soldiers, eagles, the Statue of Liberty. Through Dec. 14. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Paintings done between 1957 and 1968 by this abstract artist. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Colorful abstract paintings, many of which seem to be based on dissections of flowers, sorting out the stamens and pistils and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Almost incredibly realistic watercolors of, say, cattleya orchids, fancy chocolates, and ripe pears. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973) / **Claudio Bravo**—A retrospective of sculptures, reliefs, and drawings. / Pastel still-lifes. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Melissa Miller / William Wegman—Paintings and works on paper of animals. / Large-format Polaroids of Miami. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Ceramics done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Lithographs and etchings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Bronze sculptures dating from 1959 to 1962. Through Dec. 14. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / Michael Steiner—Paintings from the sixties, when he concentrated on chevrons and horizontal stripes. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. / Abstract bronze sculptures in tabletop sizes. Through Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Annette Oko—Paintings of upper West Side storefronts. Through Dec. 14. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Collages made up of the delicate bits and pieces she doted on—scraps of fabric, thread, feathers. Through Dec. 21. (At both Washburn galleries, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Livio Saganić—Sculptures in which architectural recesses (stairways and intricate passages) are carved into the sides of rough slabs of slate. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Saunders—Recent paintings and reliefs. Through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Seery—Bouquets of flowers painted on vellum, usually in a circular composition. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street Gallery. Through Saturday, Dec. 7; open Sundays.)

George Stubbs (1724-1806)—Etchings: horses, of course, but also lions, sleepy-looking tigers, leopards, and anatomical drawings of nude male figures and a plucked rooster. Through Dec. 28. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Recent works, including painted-aluminum sculptures. Through Dec. 28. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Another exhibition is at the Whitney Museum.)

William Thon—Paintings of Italy. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Three large bronzes (abstractions, but obviously inspired by gymnasts' movements) and their preparatory charcoal drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Idelle Weber—Paintings of French flower gardens and studies of gilt ornamentation at Versailles by a superrealist. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Drawings, mostly of nudes, cut out of steel with a laser beam or out of aluminum with a saw, and painted with enamel. A new technique for the artist. Through Dec. 14. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Miniature paintings the artist keeps as a sort of index file of his major works. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jerome Witkin—Realist narrative paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Takako Yamaguchi—New paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the fifties by American artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Frank Stella, and Clyfford Still. Through Dec. 21. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Twenty-four American paintings, the earliest completed in 1763 by John Singleton Copley and the most recent, by Jack Levine, this year. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Halley's comet is the inspiration for works by thirty-three artists; a can of Comet cleanser chiselled from Carrara marble by Jud Nelson, for instance. Through Jan. 11. . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works by four Europeans—Beuys, Cucchi, Kiefer, Kounellis—which are intended to support the gallery's assertion that the artists are "kindred spirits." Through Dec. 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Conrad Atkinson / Douglas Davis—Didactic paintings blasting consumerism in all its forms. / Works that use photographic material, some of it seen inside six walk-in booths. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Barnes—A retrospective of paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Photographs of industrial landscapes—grain elevators, water towers, blast furnaces. Through Dec. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Dale Chihuly—New glass sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Chuck Connelly—Paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Noseï, 100 Prince St.)

Norris Emery (1921-81) / **Sherry Markovitz**—Expressionist paintings in mixed mediums. / Life-size papier-mâché heads (cast from taxidermists' models) of deer, a bear, and a cat, completely covered with beads, shells, and jewelry. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings of frolicking figures on tropical beaches, a cockfight, girls wrestling, and so on. Through Dec. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Recent sculptures in various mediums, and the drawings from which they originated. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jedd Garet—Recent works by this surrealist painter, who often combines geometric abstractions with realistic images. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Totah-Stelling, a new gallery at 152 Wooster St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Steve Gianakos—Large paintings of comic-strip images complete with captions. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Keith Haring—Paintings on large, unstretched canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

David Kelley—Scraggly abstract shapes painted on linoleum and Masonite. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Les LeVeque—Two installations; one is called "Reflections on Terrorism" and consists of stones, mirrors, and text. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Li-Lan / Mattie Berhang—Paintings of blank business forms (invoices, memo pads, receipts) in arrangements that evoke Mondrian. / Large, airy mobiles made of small found objects strung on almost invisible threads. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Jakob Mattner—Glass rectangles, discs, and

He was neither wealthy nor of nobl

he possessed a true sense of style and the determination to live beautifully.

The first time I saw him I was about to board the early morning boat train back from the Continent. He was dancing with an almost painfully beautiful olive-skinned woman in a red silk dress. She wore a tiny white rose in her hair and held a sandstone crystal champagne glass with an insignia I recognized. He wore a swallow-tailed coat and black patent leather pumps. A lone violinist played a haunting and melancholy tune. They were about to part. A small crowd had gathered and looked on with a combination of envy and surprise. A porter boarded the train with his luggage (a beautiful set of matched leather suitcases that indicated, at least to me, that he would be welcomed graciously in the finest inns and hotels). He kissed her goodbye, and quickly boarded the train. The woman took out a lace handkerchief and was about to wave goodbye, but instead ran toward him. He swept her up into his arms and they embraced, as he drew her back into the moving train. The violinist continued to play. The crowd did not move.

He was the kind of man whose life was lived in a never ending attempt to make each succeeding day more beautiful than the last. He seldom failed. It was obvious he knew how to live.

When I later realized that some of the things I had created, had contributed, in some small way, to the exquisite beauty of that moment, I was pleased.

Mark Cross

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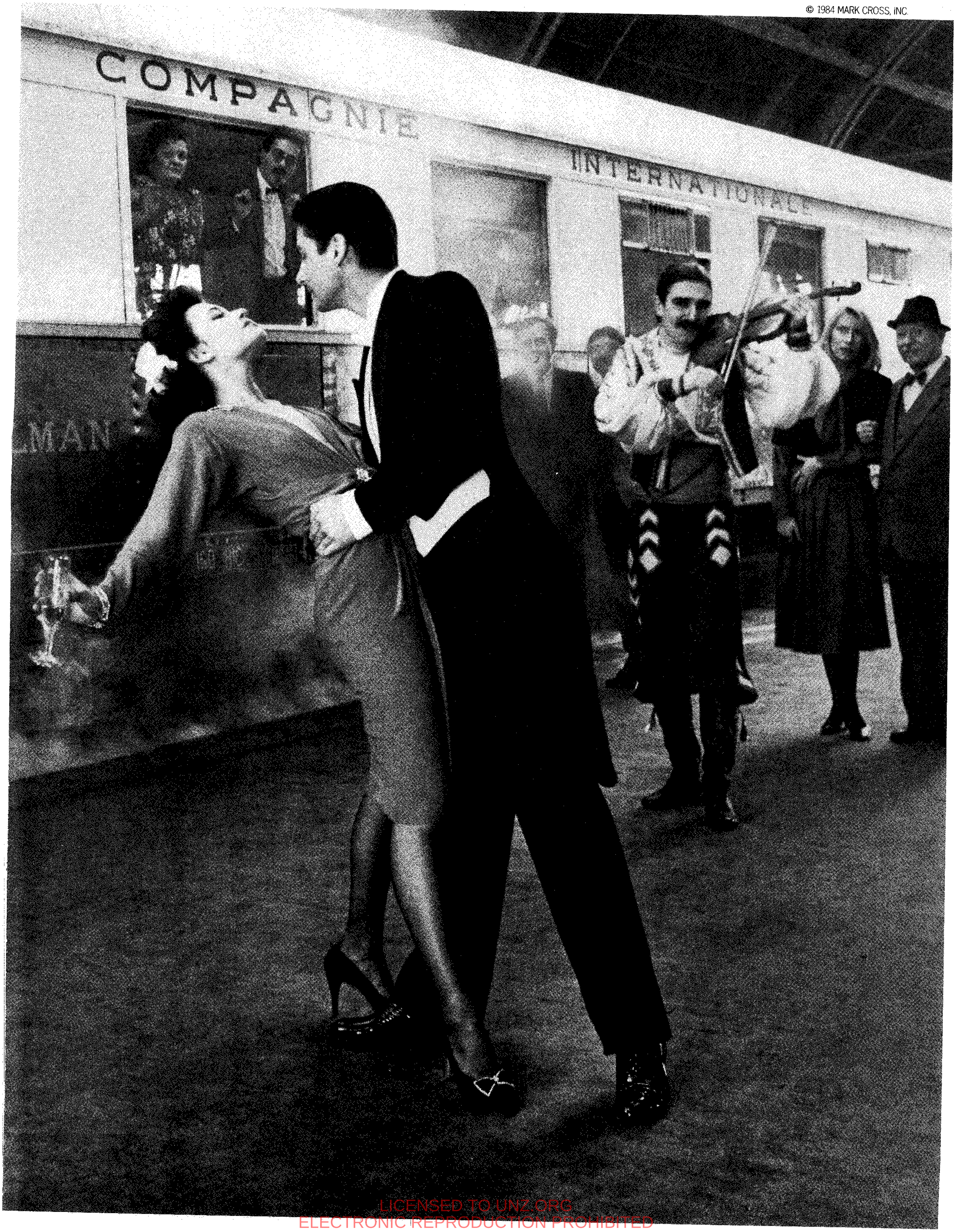
COMPAGNIE
INTERNATIONALE
LMAN

slivers set into a white wall and impeccably lighted so that shadows become part of the sculptures. Through Dec. 28. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Mario Merz—An installation and other works at 142 Greene Street: downstairs, at Castelli (starting Saturday, Nov. 30), and upstairs, at Sperone Westwater (through Dec. 21).

Eduardo Oliveira Cézar—Monochromatic paintings of shadowy stairways. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Peg Orcutt—Paintings ranging from desert landscapes to the rock-studded waters of the Hebrides. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Central Hall, 386 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Clayton Patterson—Small, figurative watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St.)

A. R. Penck—Primitive stick figures are intermingled with deer, skulls, spears, and other totemic items in these large new paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Symbolic paintings combining abstraction and figuration. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Andreas Schulze—Paintings of abstract sculptural forms, sometimes enlivened with surrealist touches—furry, clawed feet emerging from beneath an otherwise inanimate object, for instance. Through Dec. 21. (Gladstone, in a new location at 99 Greene St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Paintings by an artist who specializes in unusual cloud formations. Through Dec. 21. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Sculpture—Noguchi, Bourgeois, Andre, and Zorach are among the twenty-odd sculptors represented in an exhibition entitled "Stone." Through Dec. 21. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Fabio Cresci—Paintings using vegetable colors the artist made. Through Dec. 11. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Marvin Israel—Expressionist portraits and nudes. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Gallery Lafayette, 430 Lafayette St. Tuesdays through Saturdays 1 to 7.)

Lee Jaffe—Constructions made from found objects, including fur pelts that are used in a piece called "What Becomes a Legend Most." Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Louis Mueller—Small bronze abstract sculptures. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 Sundays.)

Rick Prol—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 22. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Zansky—These compositions have mythical subjects painted in a crusty medium and are often coupled with found material fixed to the background—parts of a pipe organ, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every available space of P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **good,** 39 Great Jones St.: Abstract paintings by Moira Dryer, Marilyn Lerner, and Christopher Lucas. Through Dec. 21. . . . **gorney,** 204 E. 10th St.: Geometric abstract paintings by Andrew Spence, Harvey Quaytman, and the late John McLaughlin. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs from his portrait series documenting common laborers which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." Through Jan. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

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Hiroji Kubota—Prints of China (a few enlarged to mural size) by a Japanese photojournalist. Through Jan. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Joel Meyerowitz—"A Summer's Day" is the title for a show of beach scenes mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Richard Prince—New work by an artist whose photographs are of newspaper and magazine pictures. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Albert Renger-Patzsch (1892-1966)—Photographs of plants. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900—The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St., has mounted a show of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

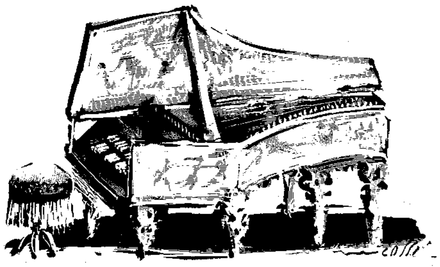
Group Shows—At **the museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A selection of self-portraits, from the wet-plate era right up to Polaroids, by more than forty photographers (Nadar, Stieglitz, Outerbridge, Ray, Wegman, Samaras, Sherman). See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **303 gallery,** 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Works by Jeff Koons, James Casebere, and Larry Johnson. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Opens at 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. A complementary show is at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. . . . **photography:** A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century self-portraits. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving, when it will close at 5—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)



Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Twelve painted-wood abstract sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. A show of current work is at Robert Miller Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Jennifer Bartlett's work includes large-scale paintings, sculptures of objects seen in the paintings, drawings, and models for architectural commissions. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . **photography:** Prints by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Jan. 13. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, whether to document its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Starts Friday, Nov. 29. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than fifty contemporary artists are on display in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show; some of the works will be bought by the Academy/Institute as gifts to museums. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Ivan Albright, Alice Neel, and Jimmy Ernst, and prints by Armin Landeck. Both shows through Dec. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional costumes and jewelry are two. Furthermore, Indian craftsmen are temporarily on hand, in the galleries, making shoes, decorating tiles, and so on. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville, painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as the focal point, the exhibit examines and documents other elements of the painting; everything from the

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Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico

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Throughout the U.S.

porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, Sonia Delaunay, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Letters and manuscripts penned by Mark Twain and Bret Harte, plus first-edition copies of some of their works, are on view in recognition of the authors' hundred-and-fiftieth anniversaries. Through January 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth-century British artists. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of fifty seventeenth-century Dutch paintings, by Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Aelbert Cuyp, and others, on loan from the Bredius Museum in the Netherlands. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A show devoted to watercolors by the nineteenth-century painter Jasper Cropsey, a number depicting the landscape of Hastings-on-Hudson. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Frederic Remington's impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077—Mimi Goese (dance), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 11.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Nina Martin (dance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vladimir Popov; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Bernard Thacker, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vladimir Popov; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 2, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Marvis Martin, Gwendolyn Bradley, and Hilda Harris. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting "The Silver Fox," by Libby Larsen. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 2, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting a semi-staged version of Thomson's "Lord Byron," in honor of the composer's eighty-ninth birthday. Directed by Nancy Rhodes. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A performance of Mahler's Seventh Symphony on Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ A program of American music on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8; Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Britten-Strauss program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 4-5, at 8: A Penderecki-Chopin-Dvořák program, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: A Sibelius-Prokofieff program, with Victoria Mullova, violin.

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ilana Vered, piano, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. The first in a series of three concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directing performances of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus," with Benita Valente, soprano; Kristina Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Rockwell Blake, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing an all-Bach program for the annual Christmas candlelight concert. With Mary Monroe, organ. (St.

Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Adrius Kuprevicius—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 5:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2.)

Canadian Brass—The second in a series of four concerts, this one with Harvey Phillips and his group of twenty tuba players, and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

North / South Consonance—A program of vocal and instrumental American music. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Miriam Fried—Violin, in the second of two all-Bach concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3.)

Sima Gorezkaya and Vladimir Zaitsev—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 5:30.)

Paul Odette and Nigel Rogers—Lute and tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Joseph Porrello—Performing a program that includes the New York première of Menotti's "Five Songs for Tenor," a piece written for Mr. Porrello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Tribute to Isaac Stern—Participating artists will be Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zukerman, Shlomo Mintz, Miriam Fried, and Sergiu Luca, all violin; Yefim Bronfman and Joseph Kalichstein, piano; and Yehuda Hanani, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Robert White—Tenor, with assisting artists, in the second of three programs honoring John McCormack. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Daniel Blumenthal, Peter Zazofsky, and Valter Despalj—Piano, violin, and cello, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The second of two concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

New York Camerata—A program that will include premières of works by Thomas Beveridge and Michael White. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Jean-Yves Thibaudet—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Milton Thomas—Viola. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Peter Orth—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The second in a series of three Haydn-Brahms concerts, this one with Lawrence Dutton, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Jubal Trio—Music for mezzo-soprano, flute, and harp. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Two performances of the second in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.)

Western Wind—A program of music for the holiday season. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 316-7563. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

Ruth Geiger—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Fires of London—At Alice Tully Hall—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30: The New York première of a fully staged version of Peter Maxwell Davies' chamber opera "The Lighthouse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30: "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Eight Songs for a Mad King." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: "Miss Dunnithorne's Maggot" and "Vesalii Icones."

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"The Second Hurricane"—Final performances of a play-opera by Aaron Copland. Staged by Tazewell Thompson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3.)

Next Wave Festival—Final performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music of the third annual presentation of contemporary works of dance, theatre, music, and visual effects. In the **carey playhouse:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8: The **love of life orchestra,** conducted by Peter Gordon. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8: The **world saxophone quartet** and **cecil taylor,** solo piano. . . . **opera house:** Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 4-7, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 7: The American première of **the birth of the poet,** an opera by Peter Gordon. . . . **lepercq space:** Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 4-7, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2: **suzanne linke,** in an evening of solo dance. (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

"Luisa Fernanda"—A Spanish zarzuela, composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 7. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Monday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 4. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Dec. 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 28, and the Bertram F. Bongard, Sunday, Dec. 1. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

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Prose Readings—A benefit reading of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" by Celeste Holm, Raul Julia, Len Cariou, and others. With Helen Hayes, narrator; the Anglo American School Choir; and Divertimento, a wind quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 877-6810. Monday, Dec. 2, at 7.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: Nineteenth-century decorative arts. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 2, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 10:15: Chinese paintings, from the Yuzhai Collection. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2: Chinese paintings.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 8 and 27-28. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 9 and 11. . . . ¶ Vienna Boys Choir, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 18. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Juilliard String Quartet, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Hungarian State Symphony, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Dec. 9, 12, and 23. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Dec. 11 and 13-14. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ José Carreras, tenor, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 7. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Gyorgy Sandor, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ King's Singers, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 15-17 and Jan. 10 and 12. . . . ¶ Barbara Hendricks, soprano, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Robert White, tenor, Jan. 7. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Robert Mann, violin, and Stephen Hough, piano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Russell Sherman, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 21-22, 26, 28-29, and 31. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Oleg Maisenberg, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Emerson String Quartet, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 4.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks. "Jerry's Girls," a musical revue of show tunes written by Jerry Herman. With Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. . . . ¶ The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Athol Fugard's drama "Blood Knot," with Zakes Mokae and Mr. Fugard. . . . ¶ A revival of Noël Coward's comedy "Hay Fever," starring Rosemary Harris and Roy Dotrice. . . . ¶ "Wind in the Willows," a musical based on Kenneth Grahame's novel. The book is by Jane Iredale, the score by William Perry, and the lyrics by Roger McGough and Mr. Perry. . . . ¶ Sam Waterston, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in "Benefactors," Michael Frayn's four-character play, imported from London. . . . ¶ Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea in another London import, "Corpse," by Gerald Moon.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Wednesdays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due on Wednesday, Jan. 15.

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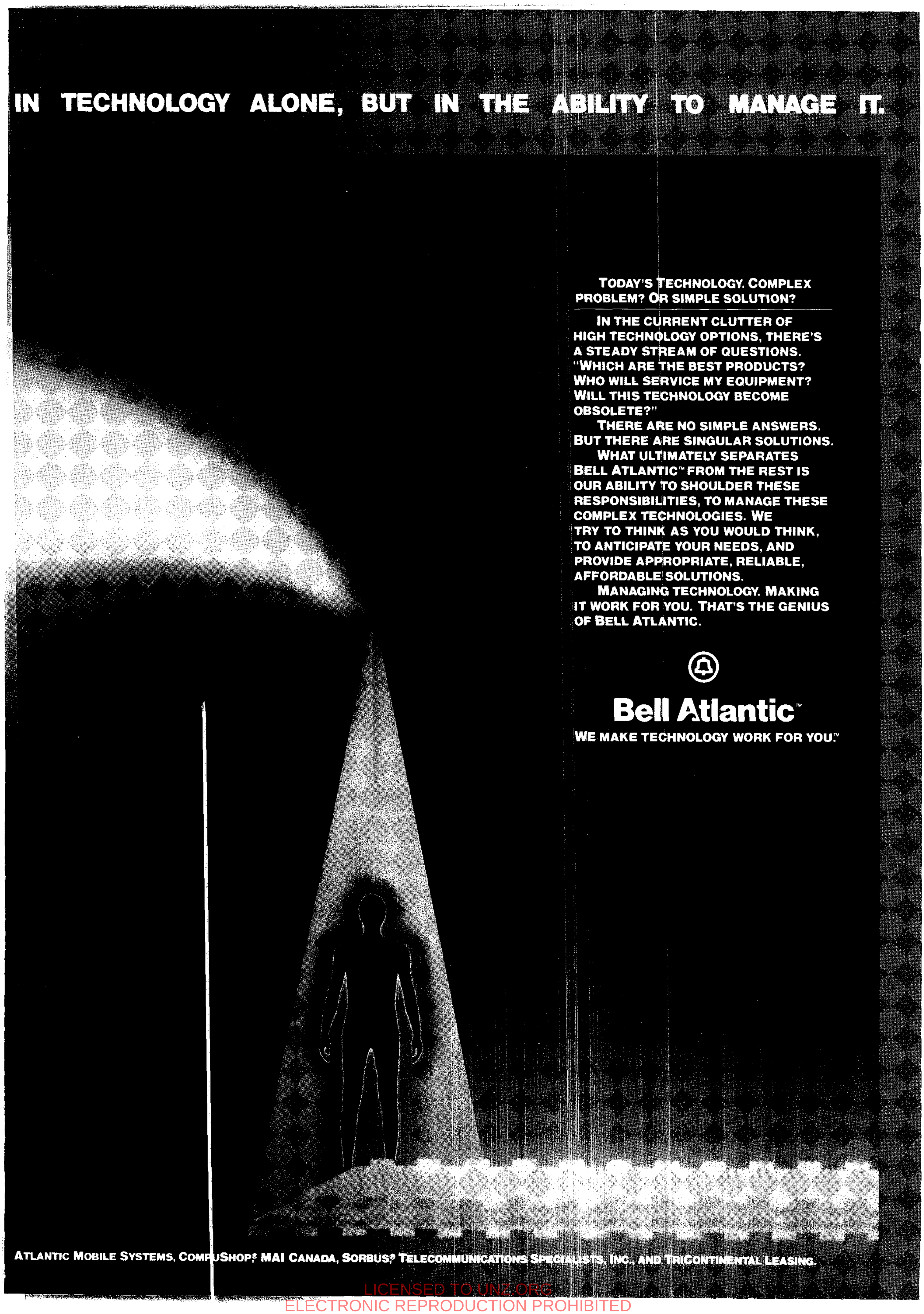

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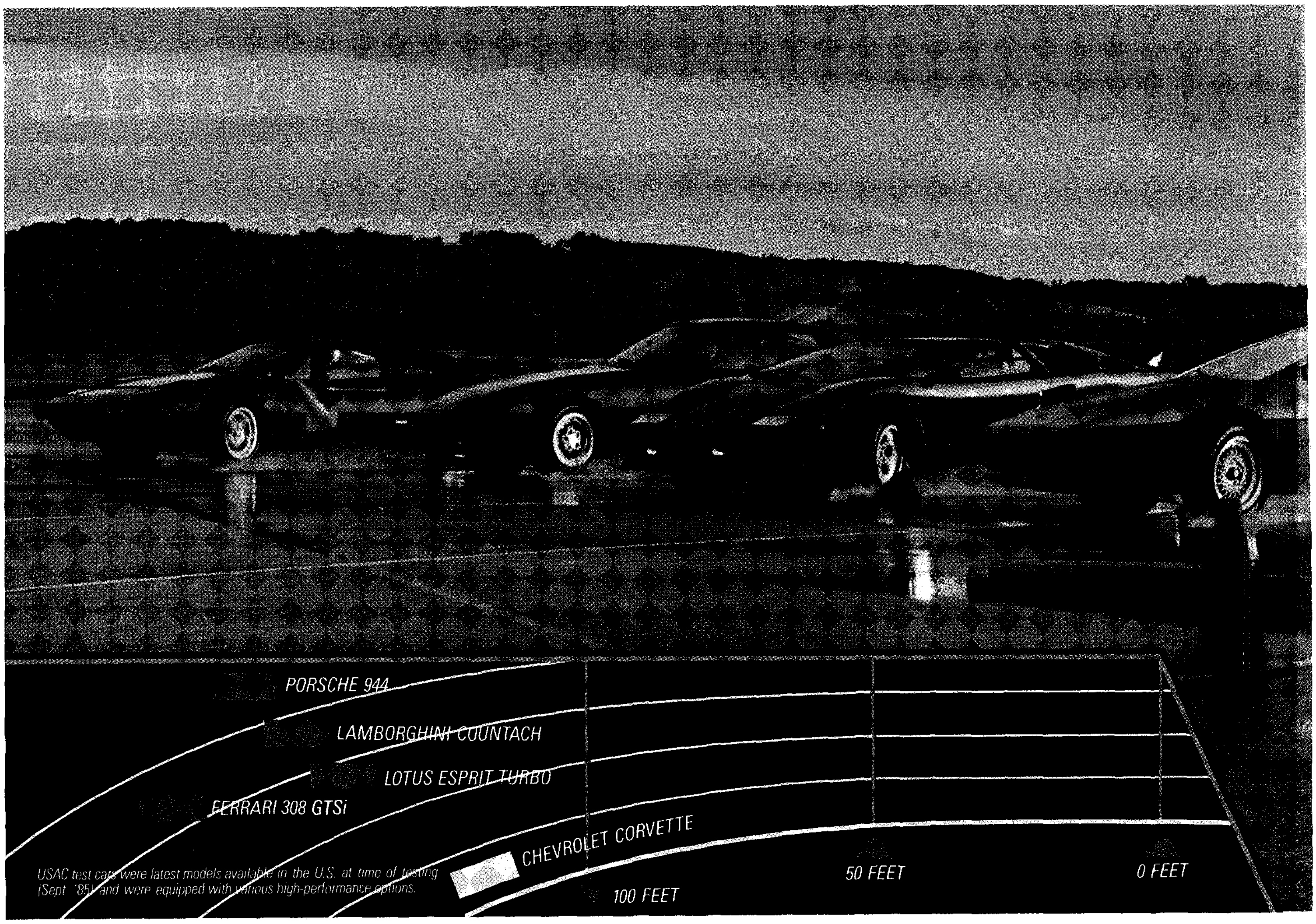
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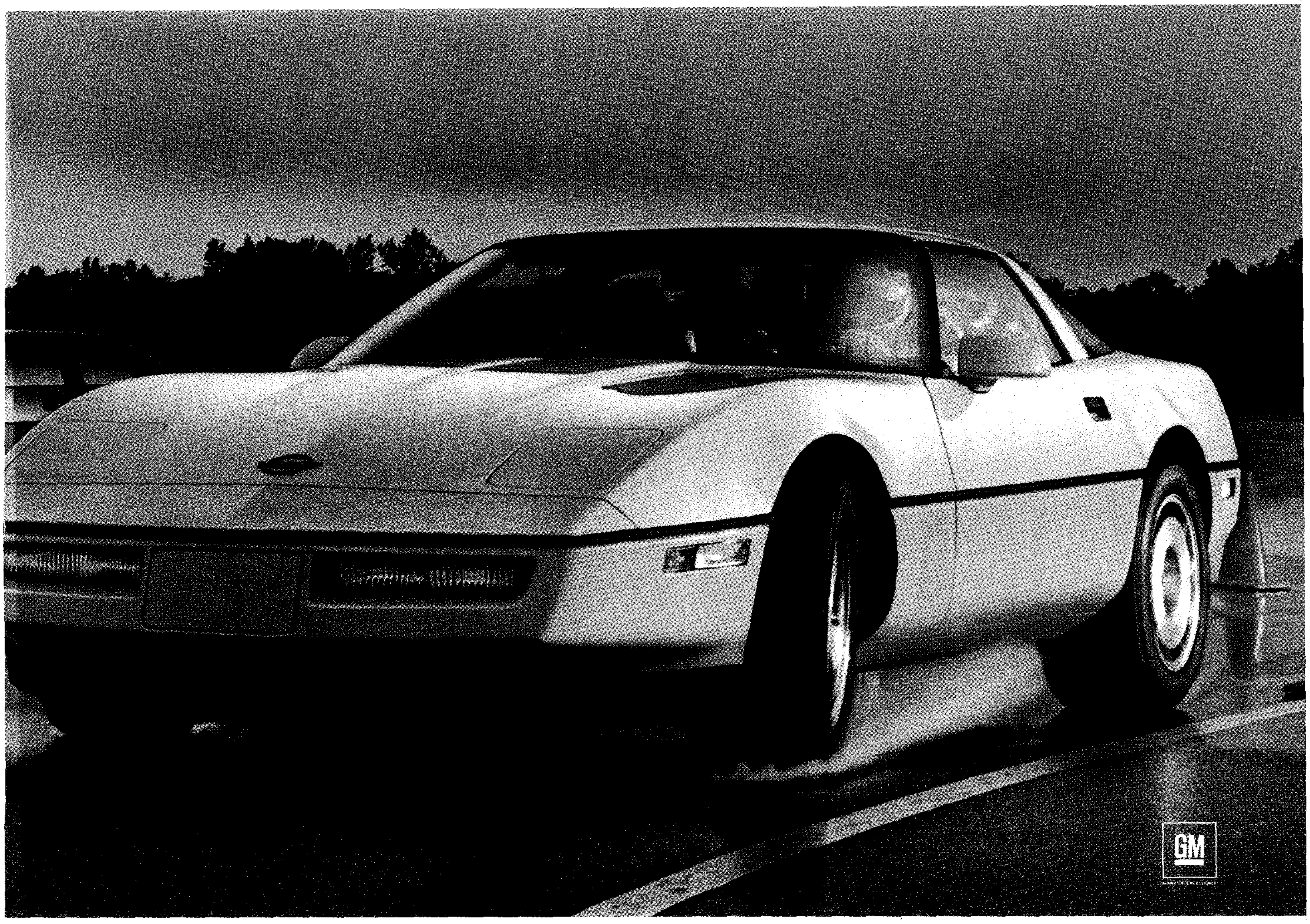

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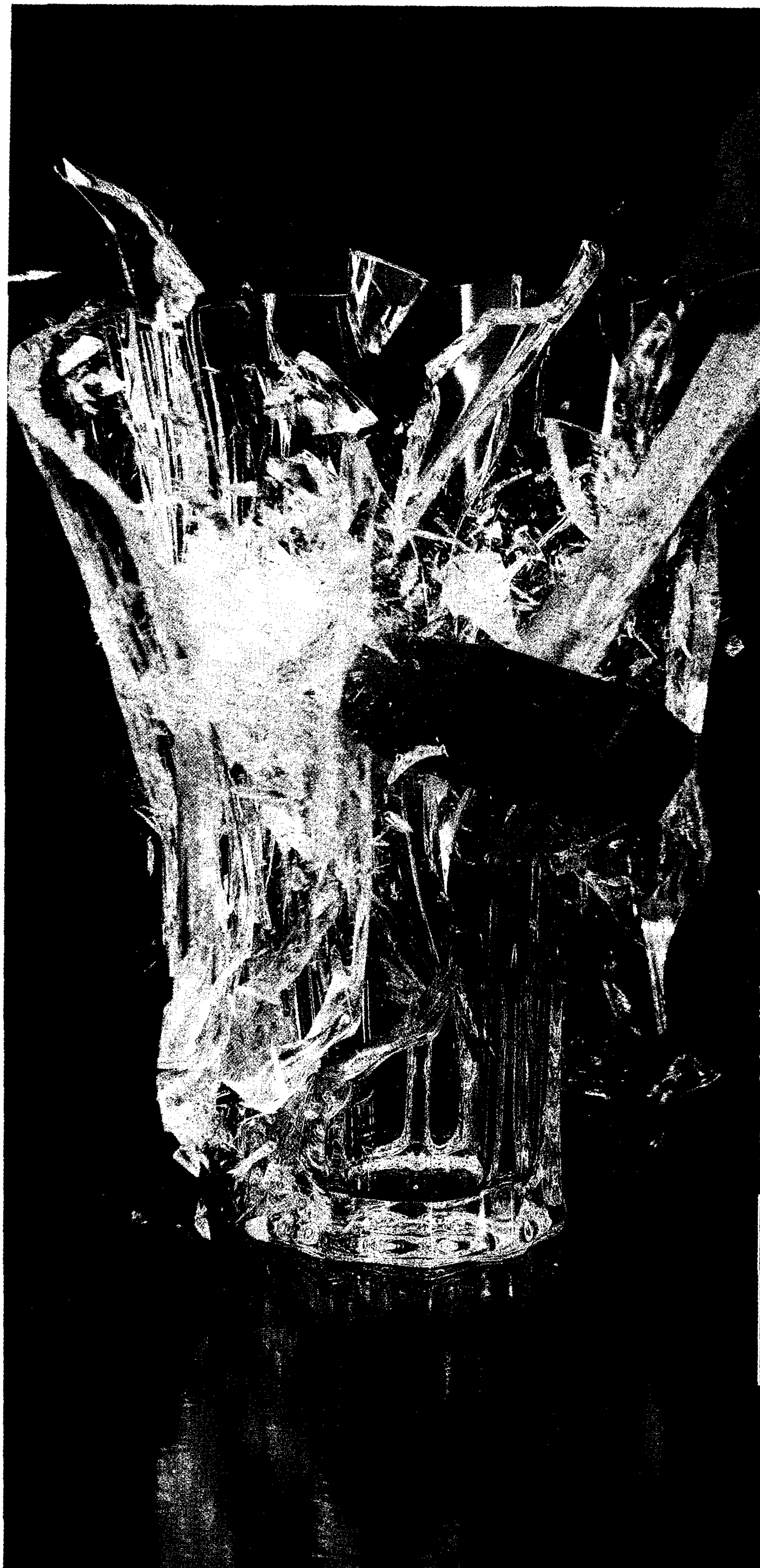

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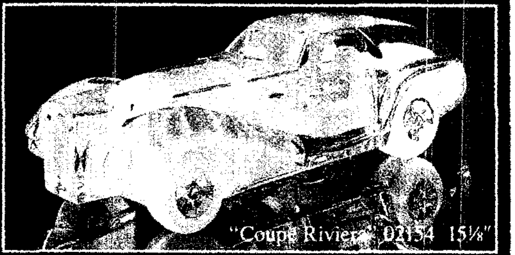

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 27: "Les Plouffe" (1982; directed by Gilles Carle; a Canadian film, in French). In addition, each night a second film by Mr. Carle will be shown.
Nov. 28: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 29: "Flowing" (1956; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Target" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 3: "Rocky IV." From Dec. 4: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Chris Columbus), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

Eastside Cinema 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Back to the Future" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Target" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Dec. 5: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
From Dec. 6: "Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Eleni" (†).
Theatre 2: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal.
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Macaroni" (Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Rocky IV." From Dec. 4: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Chris Columbus), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Late Chrysanthemums" (1954; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 28: "Buddies" (Arthur J. Bressan, Jr.). From Nov. 29: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Chuck Amuck: Chuck Jones' Greatest Warner Bros. Cartoons," consisting of fifteen of his films.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Gringo" (Lech Kowalski).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Plenty" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.
Theatre 2: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 4: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 7 (tentative): "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: "Jagged Edge" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gig" (Frank Gilroy), with Wayne Rogers and Cleavon Little.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Dec. 5: "Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.
From Dec. 6 (tentative): "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†)
Theatre 2: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).
Theatre 3: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Rasputin" (Elem Klimov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Fever Pitch" (Richard Brooks), with Ryan O'Neal.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. From Dec. 4: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Chris Columbus), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.
Theatre 3: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 4: "Target" (†).
Theatre 5: "Rocky IV."
Theatre 6: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Starchaser: The Legend of Orin," a 3-D animated film.
Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.
Theatre 3: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 4: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Target" (†).
Theatre 2: "Commando" (directed by Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rainbow Brite and the Star Stealer," an animated film.
Theatre 4: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 5: "Starchaser: The Legend of Orin," a 3-D animated film.
Theatre 6: "The Doctor and the Devils"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 3: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 4: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 3: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.
From Dec. 4: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Chris Columbus), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Rocky IV."

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Back to the Future" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Dec. 7 (tentative): "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Dec. 5: "Almonds and Raisins" (1985; directed by Russ Karel), a documentary; and "The Golden Age of Second Avenue" (1969), a documentary.
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 28: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Nov. 29-30: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
Dec. 1: "The Big Chill" (†); and "The Breakfast Club" (1985; John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

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Dec. 2-3: "The Lady Vanishes" (†) and "The 39 Steps" (†).
Dec. 4-5: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Dec. 6-7: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

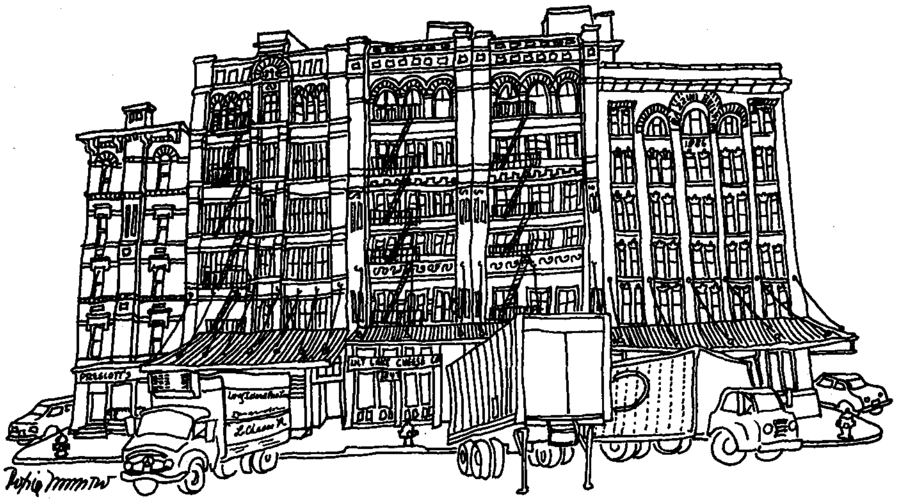
METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Nov. 27: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "The Sun's Burial" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Nov. 28-Dec. 1: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Dec. 2-3: "An Autumn Afternoon" (†); and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).
Dec. 4-5: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.
Dec. 6-7: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 27: "Babes in Arms" (1939; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; and "Strike Up the Band" (1940; Busby Berkeley), with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and June Preisser.
Nov. 28-30: "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains.
Dec. 1-2: "Blossoms in the Dust" (†) and "Madame Curie" (†).
Dec. 3-4: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†) and "The Sting" (†).
Dec. 5-7: "Flesh and the Devil" (†); and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 27: "Winterset" (1936; Alfred S. Santell), with Margo and Burgess Meredith; and "Street Scene" (1931; King Vidor), with Sylvia Sidney.
Nov. 28: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhrai; in Russian), with Vladimir Ivashov; and "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian), with Tatiana Samoilova.
Nov. 29-30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The President's Analyst" (1967; Theodore Flicker), with James Coburn, Godfrey Cambridge, and Severn Darden.
Dec. 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Dec. 2: "The Lady from Shanghai" (†); and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.
Dec. 3: "Johnny Guitar" (†); and "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush.
Dec. 4: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Dec. 5: "Mommie Dearest" (†); and "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan.
Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (†).
Dec. 7: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, and David Manners; and "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (1936; George King), with Tod Slaughter, Bruce Seton, and Eve Lister.

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 27: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
Nov. 28: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
Nov. 29-30: A program of Max Fleischer cartoons.
Dec. 1: "The Lady Vanishes" (†) and "The 39 Steps" (†).
Dec. 2: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Dec. 3: "Reefer Madness" (1936), "Child Bride" (1934), and "Marijuana" (1937).
Dec. 4: "Murmur of the Heart" (†) and "Lacombe, Lucien" (†).
Dec. 5: "The Seduction of Mimi" (†) and "Love and Anarchy" (†).
Dec. 6-7: "Amarcord" (†); and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 27: "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo; and "Go Into Your Dance" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler.
Nov. 28: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "George Washington Slept Here" (1942; William Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny, Charles Coburn, and Percy Kilbride.
Nov. 29-30: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Keith Baxter, John Gielgud, and Margaret Rutherford.
Dec. 1: "The Black Rose" (1950; Henry Hathaway), with Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, and Cecile Aubry; and "Prince of Foxes" (1949; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Wanda Hendrix, and Orson Welles.
Dec. 2: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel; and "My Life to Live" (†).
Dec. 3: "A Bill of Divorcement" (†) and "What Price Hollywood" (†).



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Dec. 4: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†) and "Summer and Smoke" (†).

Dec. 5: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley.

Dec. 6-7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Variety" (1924; directed by E. A. Dupont; a German silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2 and 6: "Nehru" (1985; Shyam Benegal and Yuri Aldokhin), a three-part documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2 and 5: "Satyajit Ray" (1985; Shyam Benegal), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2 and 5: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Folies Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Ann Sothern, and Merle Oberon. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Marlene—A Feature on Dietrich" (1984; Maximillian Schell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen" (1984; Reinhard Hauff), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "The Wedding Day" (1960; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 12:30: A second program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5: "Up in the Clouds" (1965; Mrinal Sen; in Bengali, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: Nov. 29 at 3: "The Practice of Love" (1985; Valie Export; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6:30: "Following the Führer" (1985; Erwin Leiser; in German, with English subtitles). Mr. Leiser will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Kolp" (1985; Roland Suso Richter; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "Super" (1985; Adolf Winkelmann; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Mind of Clay" (1985; Mani Kaul), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 and Dec. 5 at 2: "Mahatma: Life of Gandhi, 1869-1948" (1968; Vithalbhai K. Jhaveri), a five-and-a-half-hour documentary. There will be an hour-and-a-half intermission at 5. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 3: "A Berlin Love Story" (1984; Herbert Ballmann; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Kaminsky" (1984; Michael Lähn; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "A Berlin Love Story."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Three film sculptures by Deborah Whitman—"A Cloud Is on Top of the Box of Doors" (1982), "A Staircase with a Tree at the End" (1983), and "The Upper Room" (1984). Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"The Eagle" (1925; Clarence Brown), a silent film, with Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky, and Louise Dresser. (Dec. 2 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, and Manhattan.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 6-7.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now-marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Eastside Cinema, and Movieland.)

The Big Chill (1983)—An amiable, slick comedy with some very well-directed repartee and skillful performances. It's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult, but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years of flailing about disconsolately, slit his wrists. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Cinema Village; Dec. 1.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity. As the daughter, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen before. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in an insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners, Billie Burke, and Henry Stephenson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

Blossoms in the Dust (1941)—Greer Garson at her most sickeningly prissy. She plays a widow who battles for the legal rights of the homeless waifs of Texas; with her nostrils flaring and her eyebrows poised near her hairline, she enunciates such virtuous sentiments as "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents." Anita Loos, to her shame, wrote this high-minded prattle, and Mervyn LeRoy directed, in a dreary, inspirational style. Walter Pidgeon is the husband who dies early. With Marsha Hunt, Felix Bressart, and Cecil Cunningham. (Regency; Dec. 1-2.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this enormously popular, overblown, frolicsome Western from William Goldman's script. With Katharine Ross. (Regency; Dec. 3-4.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, from the novel by Susan Isaacs, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Embassy.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett) and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Eleni—With Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich, and Linda Hunt; directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Flesh and the Devil (1927)—Greta Garbo, with pencil-line eyebrows above sex-drugged lids, plays a bored, sensual, wicked woman in a story about sacred and profane love. It's far from a work of art, but Garbo was a blissfully beautiful twenty-one at the time, and no other actress went at the bodies of her leading men the way she did. This time, John Gilbert and Lars Hanson each go a round with her. Clarence Brown directed; with Barbara Kent. Silent. (Regency; Dec. 5-7.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, Lionel Barrymore. Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done, but it's doggerel trying to pass as art. With Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Ward Bond. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (34th St.

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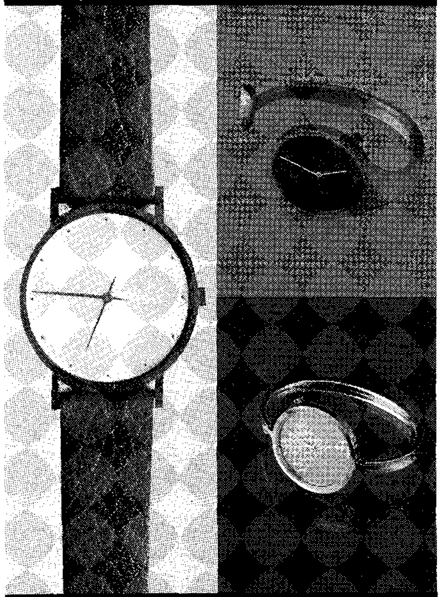

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—The Western stood on its head, with Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge as the enemies shooting it out. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, from a script by Philip Yordan. With Sterling Hayden, Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine, and Scott Brady. (Thalia; Dec. 3.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a very deep level. With Aurore Clément, Holger Löwenadler, Thérèse Giehse, and Gilberte Rivet. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 4.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Thalia; Dec. 2.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fuzzy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. With Mariangela Melato, Lina Polito, Elena Fiore, and Eros Pagni. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 5.)

Madame Curie (1943)—Mrs. Miniver (Greer Garson) returns as the famous scientist, with Mr. Miniver (Walter Pidgeon) in attendance once again as her partner-in-science husband, Pierre Curie. Greer Garson is an actress who turns restraint into a cover for obscene self-assurance; when she discusses laboratory formulas she manages to invest every syllable with sanctity. Adapted from Eve Curie's biography of her mother, the movie is a product of simplification, distortion, and dullness of mind. The Curies are scoffed at by the authorities, surmount insurmountable ob-

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stacles, and, finally—bang!—they isolate radium. An atrocity, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with James Hilton serving as narrator. The enormous cast includes Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Van Johnson, Margaret O'Brien, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Regency; Dec. 1-2.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but the picture has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is the knowing secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one else can balance the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. The cast includes Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi, Edward Arnold, and Thomas Mitchell. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

Mommie Dearest (1981)—The best that can be said about this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. (These destruction orgies were the most talked-about episodes in the book by Crawford's adopted daughter, Christina, on which the movie is based.) With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, and Howard Da Silva. Directed by Frank Perry. (Thalia; Dec. 5.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954 and it's about the sex education of fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. The story moves toward its supremely logical yet imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. With Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 4.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2.)

Plenty—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema 3.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round-robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious about his cold wife and his Cranach-faced mistress. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Sting (1973)—After their hit film "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," Paul Newman and Robert Redford swapped mustaches and got together again with the director George Roy Hill. The script, by David S. Ward, is a collection of Damon Runyon hand-me-downs with the flavor gone. This is a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. It was hugely successful, and the music—Scott Joplin's piano rags, as adapted by Marvin Hamlisch—was heard throughout the land, and heard and heard. Robert Shaw plays the sullen, stiff-necked menace with a brogue and some bullying force, but the whole movie is full of crooks as sweeties. With Eileen Brennan, Charles Durning, and Ray Walston. (Regency; Dec. 3-4.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction, 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to Alma's spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez, Rita Moreno, and Pamela Tiffin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks' slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Ed Begley, a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. Shirley Knight, Rip Torn, and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4.)

Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The weakness of this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails you can see where it's heading, and the basic story seems banal, but, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell, has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. And the director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. With Ann Wedgeworth as Patsy's mother. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 7, tentative.)

d. ehrenberg

Target—With Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon, directed by Arthur Penn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

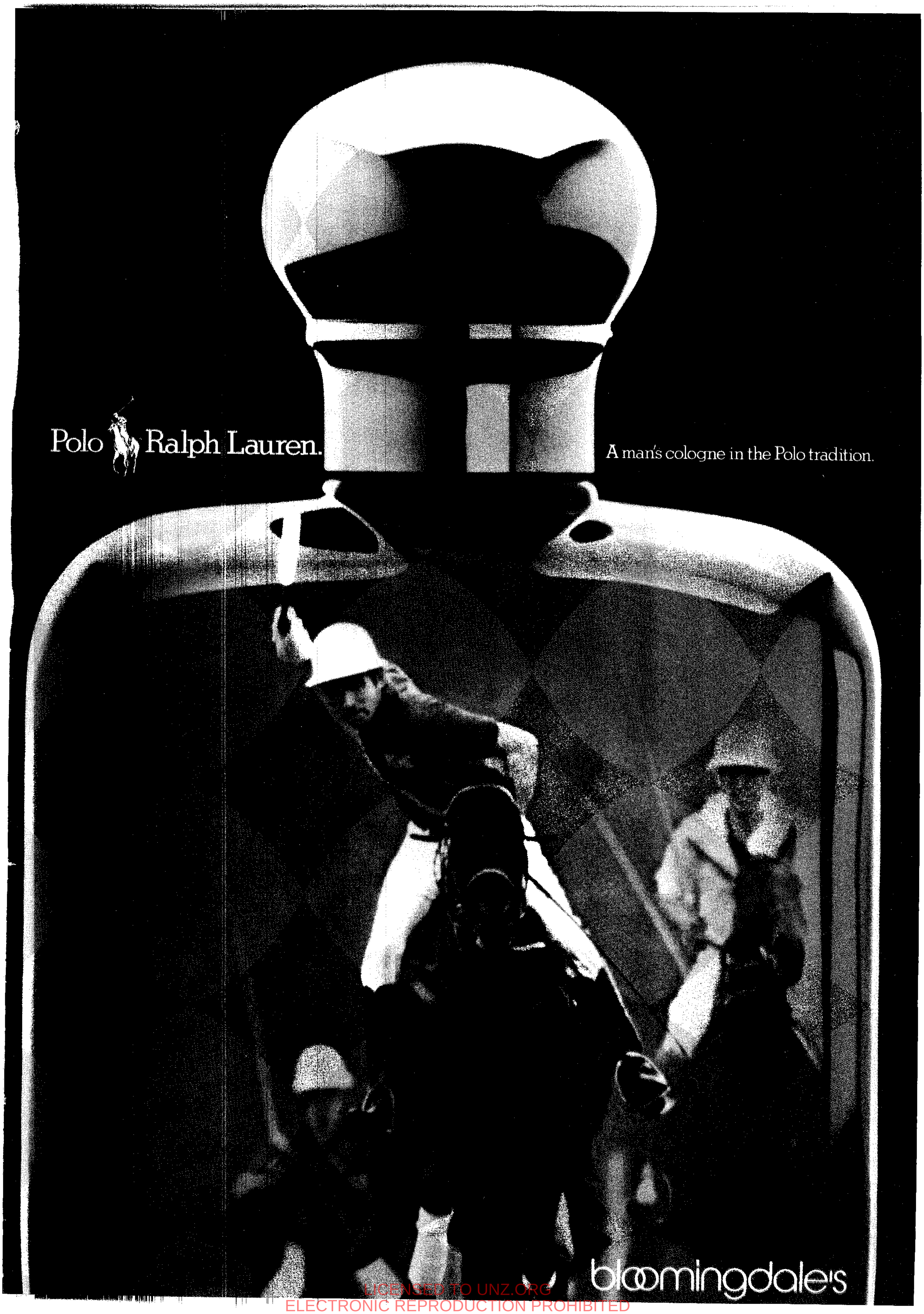
The 39 Steps (1935)—This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. With Godfrey Tearle. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Dec. 2-3.)

Twice in a Lifetime—With Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn; directed by Bud Yorkin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor, is basically the same as that of "A Star Is Born" (1937). Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. This film has its interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov, who might have been created for the movie camera, shames the movie he's in. He plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. in the seventies and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. Except for the happiness he has found with his Russian wife (Isabella Rossellini), the tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be taken out of the Siberian playhouse where he has been performing and sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. The film is meant to be about two dancers who, each in his own way, have fled their countries in quest of freedom of movement, but it turned into a movie about dancers in a funk. It's often ludicrously bad, but Rossellini, a great beauty hidden in a mousy role, evokes her mother (Ingrid Bergman), around the time of "Casablanca," and there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. The opening sequence—a performance of the Roland Petit ballet "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort"—is superb; Twyla Tharp choreographed the Baryshnikov-Hines duet to David Pack's "Prove Me Wrong." With Jerzy Skolimowski as the colonel, and Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Ziegfeld.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews New York Twin.)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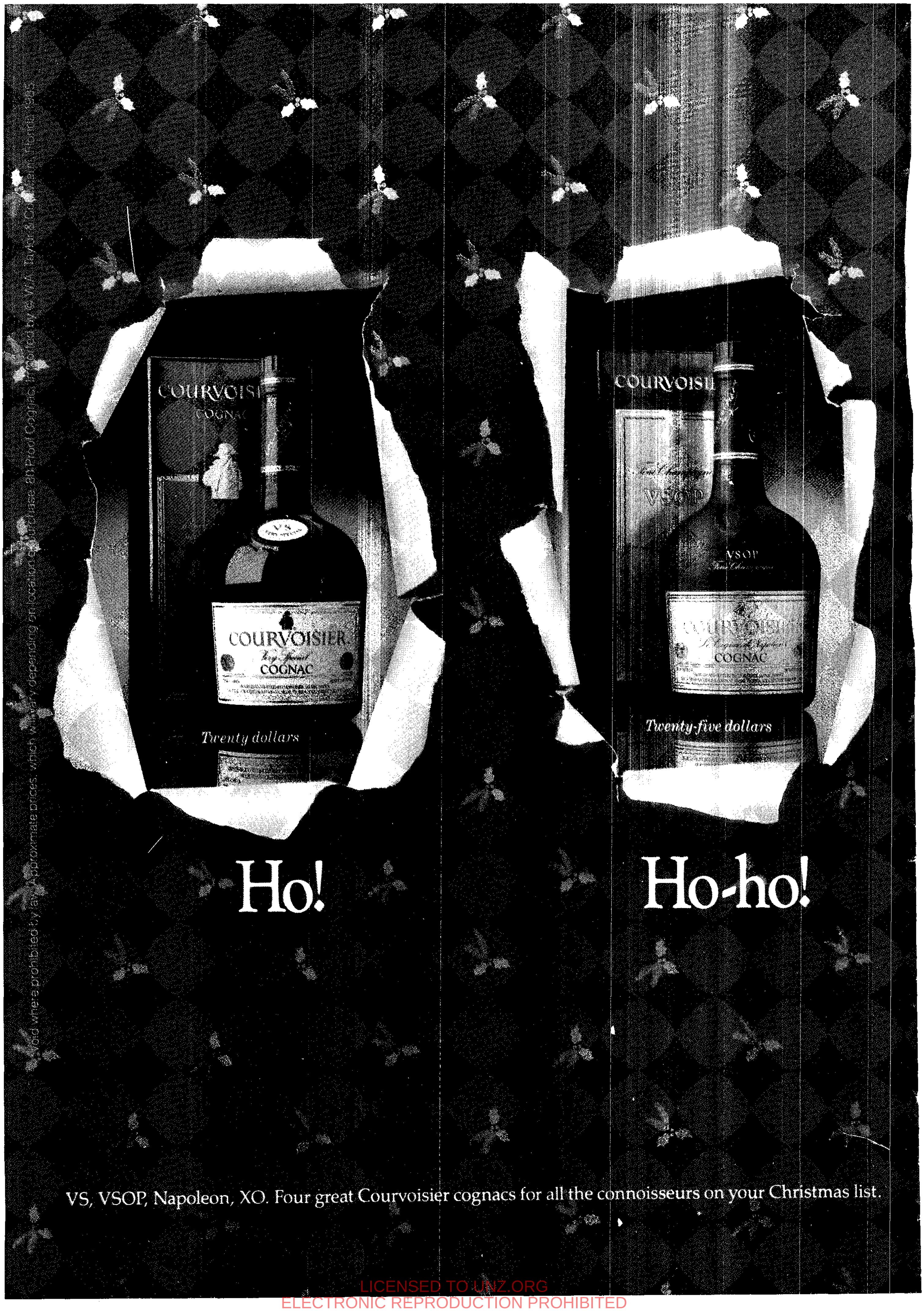
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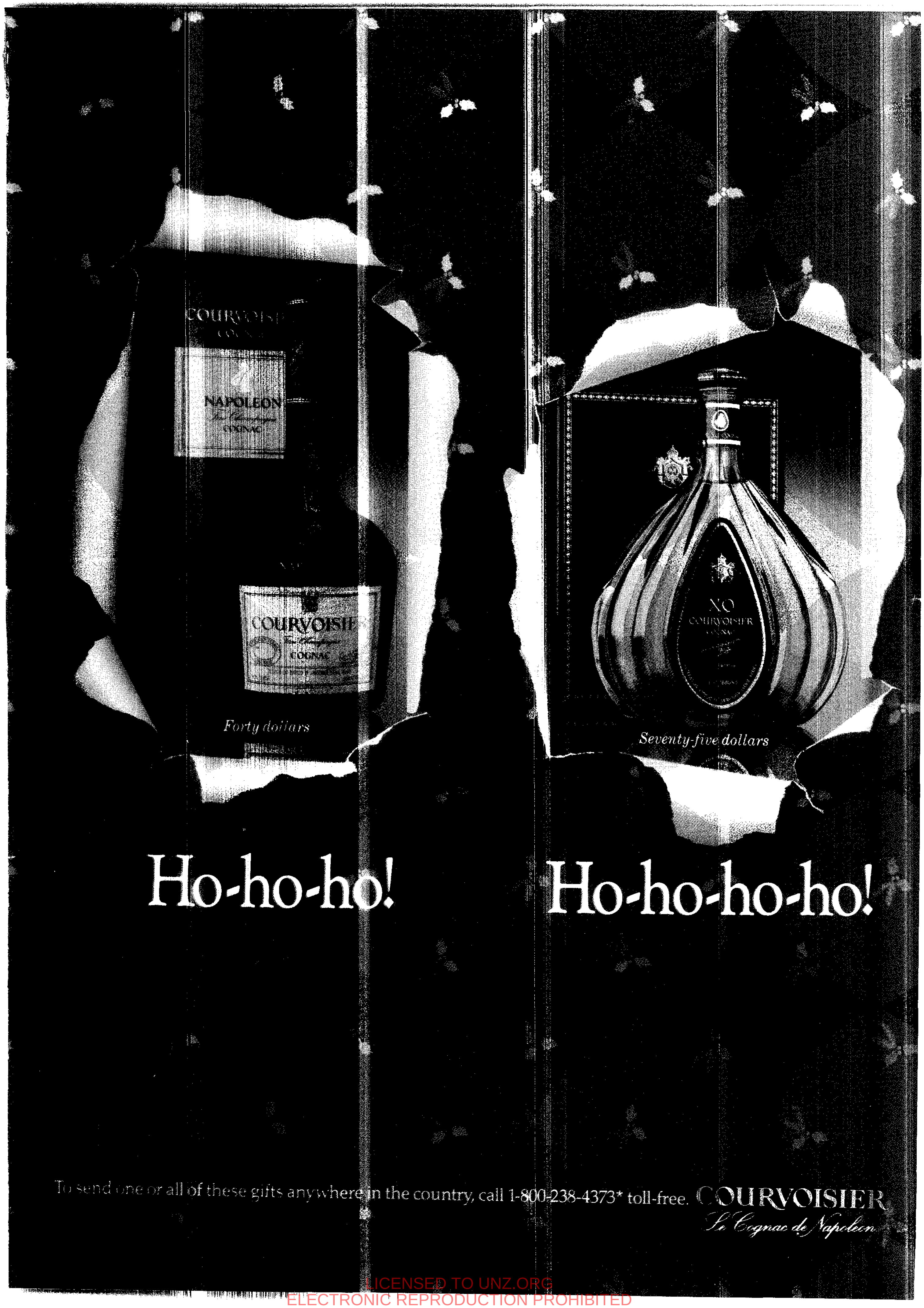
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ESPRIT/KIDS

Jessica McCarthy
Esprit Customer and 7th grader
Age: 11

I always look for Esprit ads in magazines because they're funny. I'm a neat kid most of the time, but when I'm not and my mom gets mad, I know she still loves me. I'm scared of swamps and nuclear war, but I like Marilyn Monroe. My boyfriend is in the middle of being shy and *outrageous at the same time.*

Edward Goemans
Esprit Customer and 7th grader
Age: 12

Esprit clothes are good because they're not all preppy like some people wear. I've had a few girlfriends, but I don't have one now – I dropped her because she just always wanted to be popular. Sometimes I get in trouble when I bug my older sister *by charging in her room and making her scream.* I'd like to have a red Ferrari, and some day I want to be a stockbroker because that's where all the money is.

Photo: Toscani

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

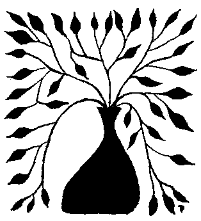
A FRIEND of ours, a Russian émigrée who now lives in New York, writes:

Not surprisingly, my mind has lately been on Russia. It seems like weeks, but it wasn't so long ago that President Reagan said in an interview that he had been told there was no Russian word for "freedom." How could that be? How could he have been so misinformed? Of course, there is a word. *Svoboda*. So the President retracted. The wind on my block was completely winterlike the day Vitaly Yurchenko changed his mind. He had defected early in August, in Rome, and had gone public in September, and on Saturday, November 2nd, he walked out of a Washington restaurant called Au Pied de Cochon, telling a lone C.I.A. officer, "I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes. If I'm not, it's not your fault." Which makes complete sense. Four days later, he boarded a diplomatic Aeroflot flight back to Moscow, not forgetting to accuse the C.I.A. of having used K.G.B. spy-book techniques. He said he had been kidnapped, drugged, and tortured. On November 7th, the *Post's* headline read, "RED SPY'S LOVER IN DEATH PLUNGE," while a modest column on page 12 of the *Times* read, "WIFE OF SOVIET AIDE IS DEAD IN CANADA; LINK TO SPY DENIED." Meanwhile, back to October 24th, when a Russian seaman called Medved (Russian for "bear") jumped twice into the Mississippi River—first from his cargo ship and then from a Border Patrol boat that was returning him to his ship. By the seventh of November, the Senate Agriculture Committee, headed by Senator Jesse Helms, had subpoenaed the sailor. And a Russian soldier who sought asylum in the United States Embassy in Kabul also changed his mind. On the sixth of November, Secretary of State Shultz and National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane returned from Moscow, and they said Mr. Gorbachev was both "argumentative" and "combative." Mr. Gorbachev had kept interrupting Mr. Shultz, and what could be more annoying?

An old Russian proverb says, "Russia is not a country, it is a world."

And what has happened to Yurchenko? We will never know. Was he real or was he planted? Defectors must lead such strange lives. Guy Burgess wrote endless letters to what friends he had left in London. He was completely involved with his image. He kept repeating, endlessly, "What do they think of me? What are they saying about me in London?" until, finally, one exasperated friend wrote back, "Who do you think you are—Wally Windsor?" And how is Svetlana faring in Tbilisi? And poor Medved, the bear, who sounds as if he had been thoroughly intimidated.

The summit was two weeks away, and a party was being given here for Mrs. Sergei Prokofieff. She was in New York with her son Oleg. "Peter and the Wolf" is fifty years old, and was to be performed on November 11th at a benefit for Hospital Audiences, Inc., in Alice Tully Hall. Mrs. Prokofieff, who is eighty-eight, was to narrate. Oleg was to act as commentator. The house at which the party took place is by the East River. "Left or right?" asks the driver of my cab. Good question. Lots and lots of guests. Mrs. Prokofieff, as could be expected of any woman who is eighty-eight and is about to appear onstage, is formidable. When she mentions the fact that she has lived at the North Pole, you know what she is talking about. Now she lives in London. Oleg is a charming, diffident, blithe man, who is a sculptor and also lives in London. He has five children, and moves from tongue to tongue without seeming to realize in the slightest what it is he is doing. The noise is such, the crush is such that heads bend toward one another; an ear suddenly appears in closeup—otherwise, it is impossible to hear. "I love London," Oleg says very quietly, and there is a chapter in those three words. And then, as if he hadn't said enough, he says, "I love *living* in London." Mrs. Prokofieff is sitting on a settee. Next to her sits Alexis Obolensky, who suddenly rises to his full, extraordinary height and says, "I want to go find a *pirozhok*." He finds one, and swallows it, then says, "I'm opening a Russian restaurant on Eighty-sixth Street between First and York." Oleg says he has a brother, Sviatoslav, who lives in Moscow and is an architect. Their mother left the Soviet Union in 1974. She was born in Spain, spent her girlhood in New York, and met Prokofieff backstage in Carnegie Hall during the 1918-19 season. They were married in Germany in 1923, lived in Paris through the twenties and early thirties, and then, in 1936, moved to Moscow for good, just in time for the beginnings of the Stalinist terror.



"Yuri Yarmolinsky," a young man says to me. He is young, jolly, easy, with a walrusy mustache. He explains that he is a graphic designer and, as a young man, spent three years in Siberia as a city planner. "Saloon and frontier," he adds. He also worked in Samarkand. "Old people play backgammon for days and days and days in teahouses in Samarkand," he says. "One move takes two hours. Green tea for fifteen cents. You know, there is no word in Russian for 'privacy.' 'Private,' yes. You can have a private conversation. But privacy, no. I emigrated. I'm *here*. But I had good time there, too."

"I play backgammon," says Alexis Obolensky.

"Come back when . . . when . . . when there are fewer people," the hostess says.

And then the evening is rent by an ambulance; it goes all to pieces until the final decrescendo, which coincides with the arrival of a taxi—a latecomer to the party. The driver was *not*, I was told, Russian; unlike his Russian-émigré colleagues, he did not complain about American manners and the lack of culture, and the fact that over here nobody reads. I read. I like textbooks. "A Textbook of Russian Grammar," by P. Smirnovski, is where Vladimir Nabokov found the epigraph for his "The Gift": "An oak is a tree. A rose is a flower. A deer is an animal. A sparrow is a bird. Russia is our fatherland. Death is inevitable."

It is freezing in Geneva this Tuesday, the nineteenth of November. It can go down to zero easily—colder, much colder, than in the mountains above. Gorbachev has had the good sense to put on a hat, and, for once, we *know* the name of the President of Switzerland.

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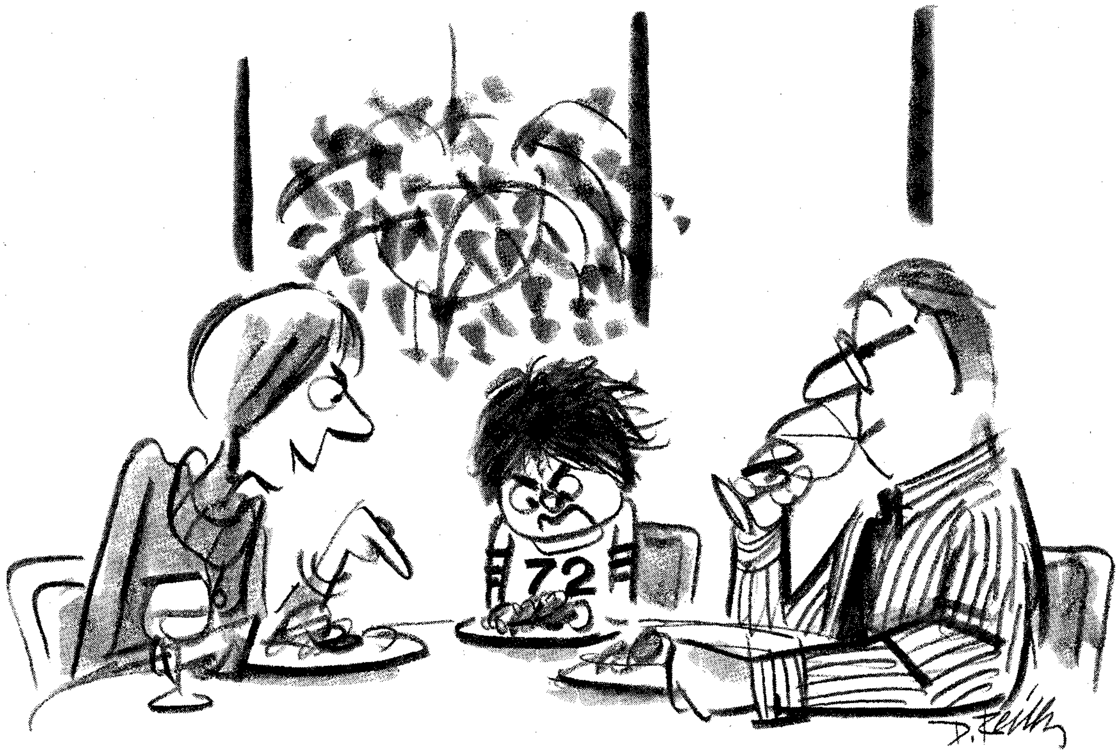
Green Pastures

MICHAEL CORKE is the headmaster of St. Barnabas College, an integrated coeducational school for grades seven through twelve, in Johannesburg. Most of its three hundred students are black, fifteen per cent can afford full tuition, and most graduates go on to a university. (In 1981, the entire twelfth grade qualified for university entrance.) At St. Barnabas, a school of the Anglican Diocese of Johannesburg, all religions and races are welcome to both staff and student body. We recently had a talk with Mr. Corke, who was in the United States to raise money and consciousness. He is an attractive, soft-spoken man in his late forties, with a turned-up nose and a quizzical look: his right eye is wide open, the left one narrowed, as though zeroing in on something, or someone. He knows exactly what he is doing and what the South African government is doing. When he launched into an account of fancy footwork on the part of his government, he shut his eyes, the better to concentrate his thoughts. He is in the difficult position of wishing to draw the American public's attention to St. Barnabas without drawing too much attention from his own government. Right now, St. Barnabas has the government's approval, because the government can point to it as an example of a desegregated school—a school "dedicated to the meaningful development of the youth of South Africa." Nothing wrong with that.

A fourth-generation South African, Mr. Corke attended an English-language white state school in Johannesburg and graduated from the University of Witwatersrand in 1958, with a first-class honors degree in geography and a minor in English. He then got a teacher's diploma, and went to the United Kingdom to teach for a year at Clifton College, in Bristol. Upon his return to South Africa, he taught in a white state high school for boys until the end of 1964, and for the next five years he taught at an Anglican all-white boys' school. "Then, in 1970, because I was young and foolish, and married with four children and needed the money, I accepted an invitation from the board of trustees to become the headmaster of St. Barnabas, an Anglican school for coloured, in quotes, boys," he told us. "'Coloured' is a word used by the South African government to separate people of mixed race and Malays from 'Africans' (governmentese for blacks), Indians, and whites. When I took over, there were sixty-three students. I set out to give the school some academic strength and to make it interracial. My wife, who is German, and tough, helped me shoulder the risks. The school was not strong, and it didn't have the unqualified support of the church. Normally, I would have been given a license and a letter of appointment by the bishop, and been formally installed. Instead, I just arrived one day and said, 'I'm the new headmaster,' and got on with it. There were some who thought that the school should have been allowed to die out. By the end of 1971, it was coeducational, but it had no money and was running an annual deficit. So big a one that in 1973 I had some sharp words with the board of trustees, and took on raising the money; he who raises the money calls the shots. By the end of 1974, all debts were wiped out, and we were in the black. The number of students started rising, and so did the quality of the education, and I no longer had to report to the board if a black was enrolled. I had inherited a standing resolution of the



"I read that the Refrigerator eats tons *of ratatouille."*

board of trustees which prohibited the headmaster from encouraging either white or 'African' students to apply. I didn't like that. Finally, in 1979, I got them to allow me to admit white kids."

St. Barnabas is unique not only in the number of scholarships it gives but in its policy of aggressively pursuing legally and economically disadvantaged students. The school has compensatory teachers to help those children who haven't had sufficient education. The graduates go on mostly to South African universities—largely the integrated universities (Witwatersrand, Cape Town, Rhodes)—and become doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, teachers, clergy, and what Mr. Corke calls "petty entrepreneurs." By and large, they have the reputation of being able to handle white people.

SCREEEEEEEEEEE
BLAM!!
HOO-EEE! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE!
MStevens

THE ALL-COLLISION CHANNEL

St. Barnabas now has a hundred boarders and two hundred day students. When we asked how many students are white, Mr. Corke replied, "Over here, I always answer that question by saying that the proportion of whites to blacks is not significantly less than the proportion of blacks to whites at, say, St. Paul's School." The white students are the children of liberal parents, and outside of school they are sometimes given a hard time by their less liberal young white peers. All St. Barnabas students are involved in community service, and last year the school began an Outreach Program, funded by the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Bavaria, to help the *really* poor of neighboring communities. St. Barnabas now has a high-powered board of trustees, among them Bishop Tutu, and is evolving into a far more effective body than it was five years ago, according to its headmaster. The bulk of the school's funding comes from corporations and foundations in South Africa. In 1971, Barlow Rand, a mining and industrial conglomerate, gave St. Barnabas a tract of land, on which the present school was thereupon built, and in 1978 it helped St. Barnabas to buy contiguous land, so that the school now has sixty acres.

St. Barnabas is conveniently situated on a trunk road skirting a black suburb; the commuter traffic makes it an ideal site for student demonstrations. "Our students have flair," Mr. Corke said. "They *think*—they do not demonstrate in mindless ways. They organize picket lines on short notice, giving location and hour so late that there isn't time for the information to get back to anyone who might want to stop them. The trouble is that although the demonstration setup is peaceful the response is not. The security police point out individual kids, who are later taken away—to be released several hours later, because I'm there to see that they are. Sometimes they're set upon by police with sjamboks—bullwhips—but the neighbors are good about hiding St. Barnabas kids. The police have a brutalizing effect on everyone in society. We would not be in nearly the pain we are in now if it were not for the manner in which the police respond. And much of the violence is committed on black people by blacks."

There are only half a dozen truly desegregated schools in South Africa, and perhaps forty or fifty with token desegregation. The school's line is: We'd love to have more blacks if you'll find us the money. "There is little hope for desegregation in the public schools," Mr. Corke told us. "Segregated education is both a derivative of apartheid and a means of perpetuating it. It is this contrived lack of accomplishment among black people that is used to justify the apartheid laws. In 1953, Dr. Verwoerd, then Minister of Native Affairs, abolished state subsidies for mission schools, which had previously been the principal source of black education. He gave a speech in the Senate in which he said that there was no place for the native in white South Africa above the level of supplying certain kinds of labor; that with regard to education the native should not look into the green pastures of the white community and think that he would ever be allowed to graze there; that the kinds of expectations raised in the minds of the natives by the mission schools were actually doing them a disservice; and that Bantu education would therefore equip Africans for their appropriate role in 'white cities' or Bantustans." Mr. Corke's eyes were firmly closed. "There is absolutely no desegregation in the state schools except for the odd diplomatic child, and sometimes one from one of the 'independent' black states—Transkei, Venda, Ciskei, Bophuthatswana. The breakthrough in private schools began in Pretoria when the government asked the convents to take black diplomatic children. The convents then began to take the odd native child. Flying in the face of the Group Areas Act, which provides the basis for residential segregation of the races, St. Barnabas and a number of Catholic schools were pioneers. Now the battle has basically been won. The government has no intention of prosecuting interracial schools. In fact, the better-known we become, the more anxious the inspectors are to leave us alone."

Mr. Corke believes that change in South Africa will take place slowly. He is not in favor of total divestiture or all-out sanctions. He thinks that the government could survive these economically, and would try to survive politically through increased repression of the black majority. Many parts of South Africa would become economic wastelands, and the large-scale movement of people in search of subsistence would commit the country to poverty and violence for years to come. He would discourage investment in companies that sell products used to maintain apartheid (such as the computers used to keep track of pass laws). He understands Chase Manhattan Bank's recent refusal to roll over loans. Citicorp and other banks followed suit, and the rand took a terrific crash. In the United States, the National Association of Independent Schools requires a public statement of nondiscrimination in the appointment of staff and the admission of children before it will grant membership. This kind of stand is applauded by Mr. Corke. He thinks sports sanctions also make a dent. Though he is not without hope for reforms, he is convinced that the white community will be able to hold out against one man, one vote for another generation.

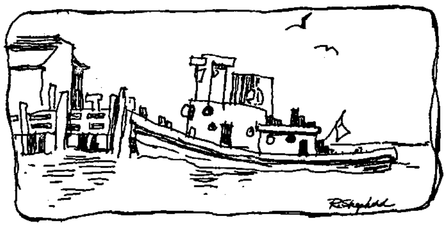
Meanwhile, Mr. Corke has some plans for his school: (1) Keep moving right along; (2) Increase the number of boarders; (3) Expand holdings; (4) Create an elementary school; and (5) Raise enough money to let him semi-retire from fund-raising, so that he can return to teaching, preferably poetry. We would like to enroll.

The Alternative

AT last—books you can talk back to. They're called interactive texts, and they may be the wave of the future in publishing. Then, again, they may not. It's up to you. The folks at Simon & Schuster are certainly enthusiastic about interactive texts. Their Computer Software Division recently gave a big party in the Belvedere Suite of the Rainbow Room in honor of "Star Trek: The Kobayashi Alternative," which consists of a few pages of introductory written material and a floppy disk, sold together in a handsomely designed package (it looks just like a book) for $39.95. When you insert the disk in the disk-drive of your home computer, you get the equivalent of an elaborate video game but without the graphics. Instead of tiny spaceships zapping tiny aliens, what appears on your monitor screen is text. Writing. Words (and numbers) that tell a story.

The story is told in the second person, the "you" being Admiral James T. Kirk, commander of the Federation starship Enterprise. At the bottom of the screen is a green-tinted rectangle that keeps you informed about the status of the Enterprise's engines, shields, and such. At the top of the screen is a blue-tinted rectangle that lets you know where you are in the galaxy, what planets are nearby, and other information pertinent to your mission, which is to learn the fate of a Federation starship that has disappeared. In the middle of the screen is a lavender-tinted rectangle where the "commands" that you type into the computer are spelled out.

When you address your crew directly, their responses appear briefly in little "voice windows," which resemble the dialogue balloons that float above the heads of cartoon characters. Each crew member communicates with you in language appropriate to his or her personality. It is well known, for example, that the chief engineer of the Enterprise, Montgomery Scott, is of Scottish extraction and that he looks after the ship's engines as if they were his own flesh and blood. If you ask Scotty to exceed the recommended power output in order to boost the ship's speed to Warp Factor 9 (as we did), you will get the following response: "Aye, sir. But my bairns, my poor bairns." You will ignore this indirect protest at your peril, since the overloaded engines will soon burn out, leaving the Enterprise a sitting duck for whatever nasty life-forms happen to be prowling about.



If you do make such a mistake, the computer program will not try to save you. Unlike the Captain Kirk of the original "Star Trek" television series (and the movies and novels based on the series), you have no guarantee of success when you tackle "The Kobayashi Alternative." Everything depends on which planet you choose to investigate, which crew member's advice you choose to heed, how accurately you gauge your adversaries' intentions. (It's as if the reader got to decide which side won the Trojan War or whether Molly Bloom said yes or no.) Of course, you can always go back to the beginning and start over, with a different strategy.

The software that makes all this interaction possible was designed by Mark Sutton-Smith (for the IBM PC and compatible machines) and Warren Tucker (for the Apple family of machines). But the basic story, the various scenarios, and all the words that appear on the screen were the work of a young woman named Diane E. Duane, who has also written two non-interactive Star Trek novels. She told us that she started writing stories at the age of eight but never considered writing as a career, because she didn't know you could make money at it. "I started out to be an astrophysicist, until I realized in college that I couldn't do calculus. So I became a psychiatric nurse and spent two years at Payne Whitney, until I realized my patients wanted to stay crazy. So I moved to California and became a writer."

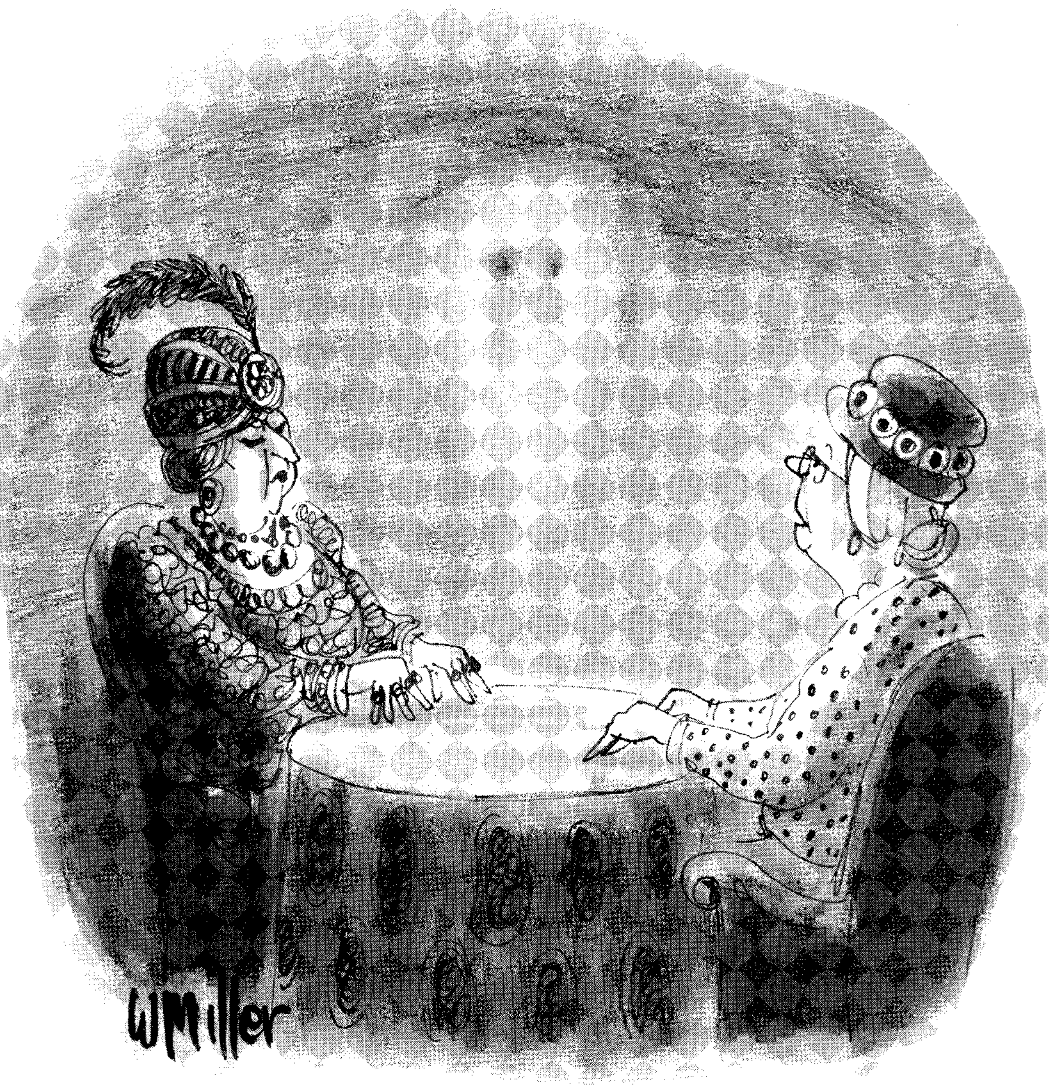
Serious

"FROSTY. Frosty was a great dog," Hal Fingerman, a canine handler for the United States Department of Agriculture inspection program, said recently when we visited him at Kennedy Airport. "Frosty was my first detector dog. He was 'aggressively trained'—if he smelled fruits or meats in a package he'd just attack it. I'd stand down from him on the conveyor belt and look for the boxes with the toothmarks. When he worked the conveyor belts at the San Francisco airport, he seized thirteen thousand pounds of meat. What records he had! He's retired now, to this beautiful farm with a nice view of the Pacific. After Frosty came Chuck. He was the first of our 'passively trained' dogs—when he'd smell something, he'd sit down next to it and wait for you. He was half Irish setter, half Labrador retriever, and maybe that was his problem. He was very knowledgeable, but he eventually reached the point where he wanted to be petted more than he wanted to work. So we found him a nice family in Brooklyn, and the only trouble is, every time they take the garbage out or put the dinner on he smells the food and sits right down. Behr, my third dog, is a pure Labrador retriever. He once seized a ton of cooked melon seeds in a single month. But he's too big to work in the passenger terminal. That's where Jackpot comes in; he's the future of the program. Because he's a beagle, he's not confined to working the conveyor belts. He can go right into the terminal and mingle with the passengers waiting to clear customs. And if he smells anything he sits down, and we inspect it. He's trained for mangoes, citrus, meat—sometimes people try to hide meat in a can of tobacco, but he can pick it out. Eventually, we'll have him up to speed on apples, on passion fruit. He's very accurate, though sometimes he hits on lemon-lime shaving cream. But how's he supposed to know about shaving cream? He's a beagle."

We followed Mr. Fingerman and Jackpot one afternoon last week as they met flights arriving from London, Paris, and Frankfurt. Jackpot wears a green jacket with white letters that read "Protecting U.S. Agriculture." He walks on a leash, up and down the rows of passengers. Like most beagles, he appears very solemn, even when passengers pet him, photograph him, or talk to him in itty-bitty voices. "We want people to recognize him—we want Aggie the Beagle to be the next Smokey the Bear," Mr. Fingerman said. "Normally, people think of agriculture as humdrum, but when they see the dog they know that agriculture is serious. And it is. One diseased orange could decimate the Florida citrus crop. Contaminated sausage could spread hoof-and-mouth disease. Remember the Med fly!" Sometimes, on tourist flights, no one breaks the law, so to keep Jackpot—who gets a small snack each time he locates contraband—from drooping, Mr. Fingerman always hides dummy suitcases full of fruit around the terminal. "They have not invented a machine as sensitive as a dog's nose," said Mr. Fingerman, who takes Jackpot and Behr home with him each evening.

"It's incredible what people try to get away with," Mr. Fingerman continued. "You ask someone if they have any meat and they say no, and then you open their suitcase and it's full of beef. 'Oh, *meat*,' they say. 'I thought you meant *cake*.' Once, this lady came through and her bags were fine, but she smelled meaty. They took her to a room to search her, and it turned out her body was wrapped in bandoliers of sausages. Another time, I confiscated a mango from this lady, and she reached in her suitcase, pulled out one of those plastic squeeze bottles of mustard, and hosed me down with it. Another lady with a mango—she was from the Caribbean—followed me around the terminal for a solid hour sticking pins in a little doll."

The day we watched, Jackpot uncovered some tins of sardines (they're legal, so he got no snack) and several airline lunches, which were confiscated. "He's working out just fine," said Roger West, the officer overseeing the Kennedy program. "One thing we have to train him on more is cheese, though. He sits down for cheese, and we're really not all that interested in cheese, unless it's the kind with the little bits of meat in it."



"Well, you missed another big year, Herm. They found the Titanic, Halley's comet returned, and somebody named Madonna became real famous and got married."

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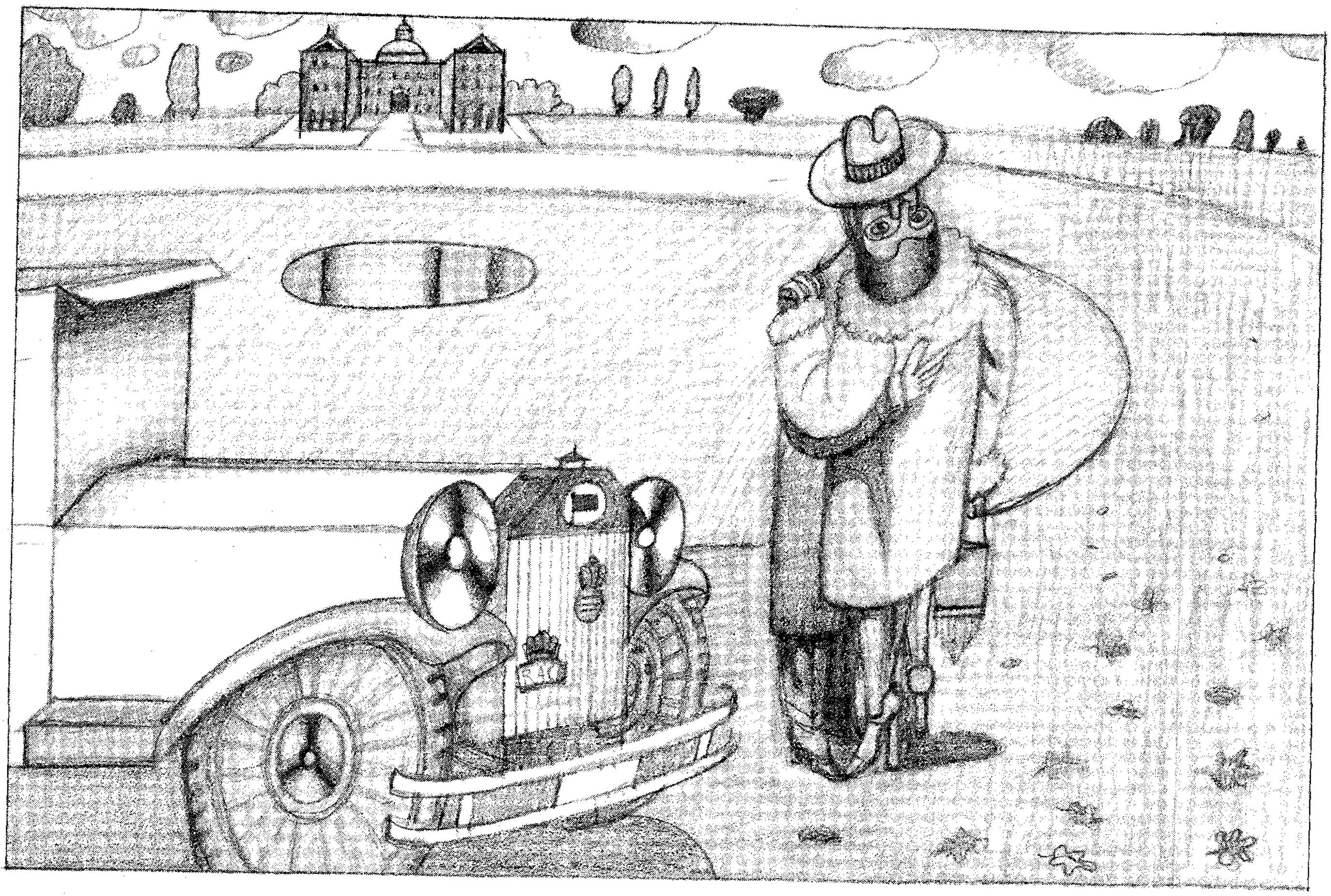
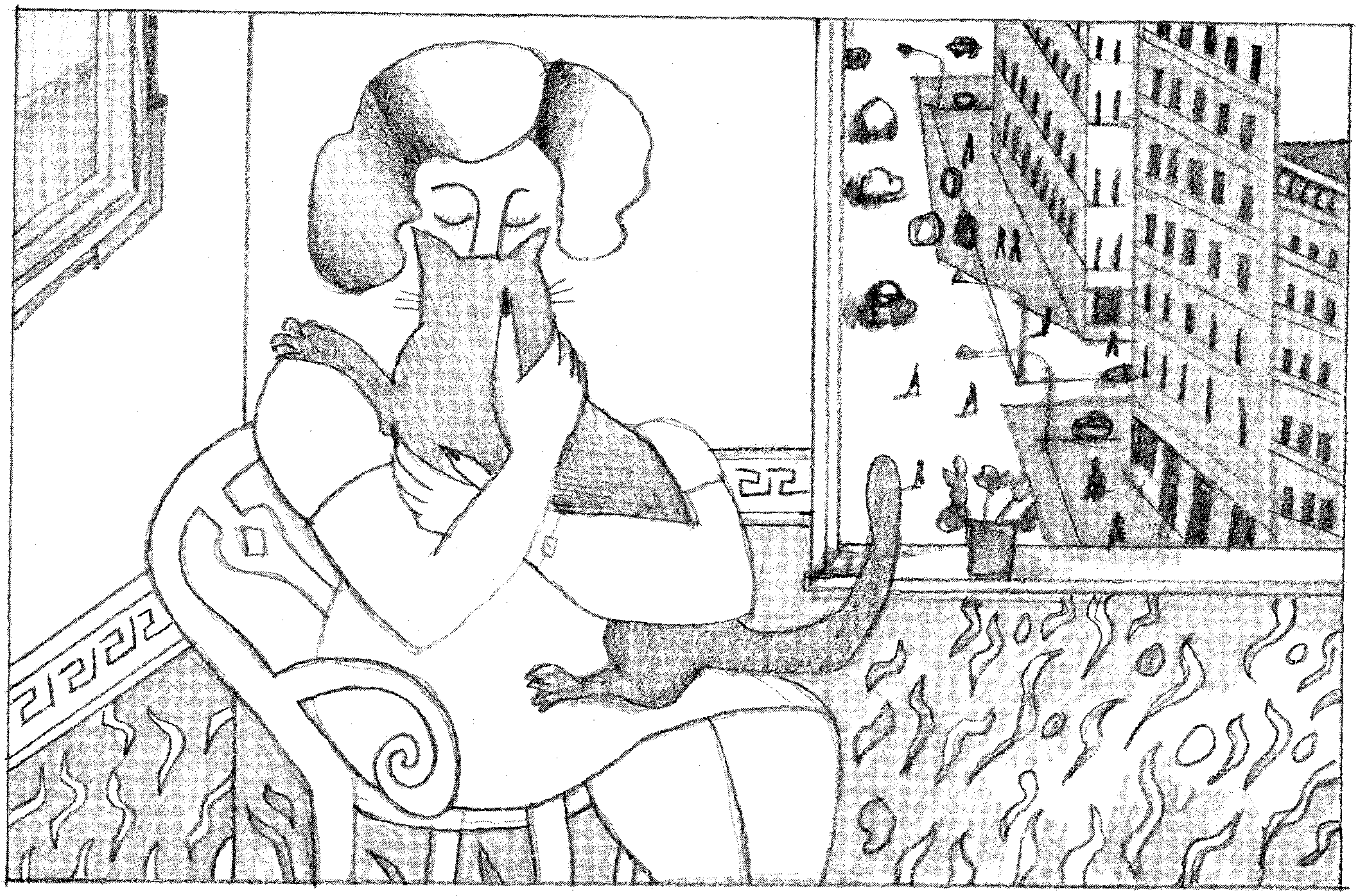
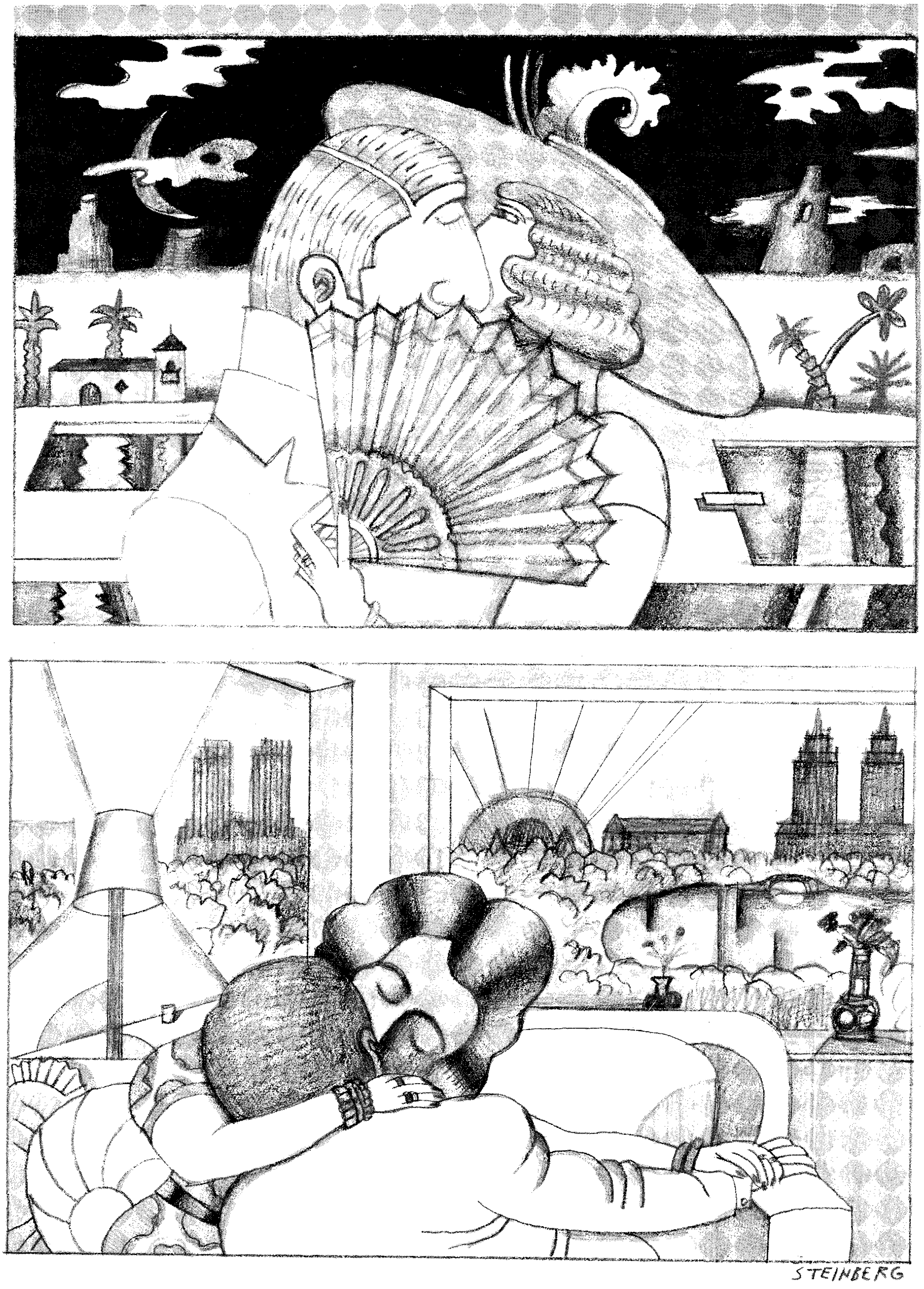
KISS






STEINBERG

BROKEN GLASS

As I exited through the terminal gate I thought, for an instant, that the plane had set me down in the exact spot from which it had lifted me up hours earlier, that I was distant only by some uniform tickings of the clock from the things I'd fled: the daily drive home from work past the hospital towers, the sight of the newspaper I'd combed every evening for articles that could penetrate the caul of pain and drugs in which my mother lay, the sounds of my own language, through which the furious chattering in my brain seemed to erupt with terrible force. Airports, train stations, hospitals—one looks much like another, wherever it is, whether it marks the beginning of a journey or the end; and when I reminded myself that I'd just flown several thousand miles it was borne in upon me that my mother was going to be as dead here, now, as she had been in Chicago this morning.

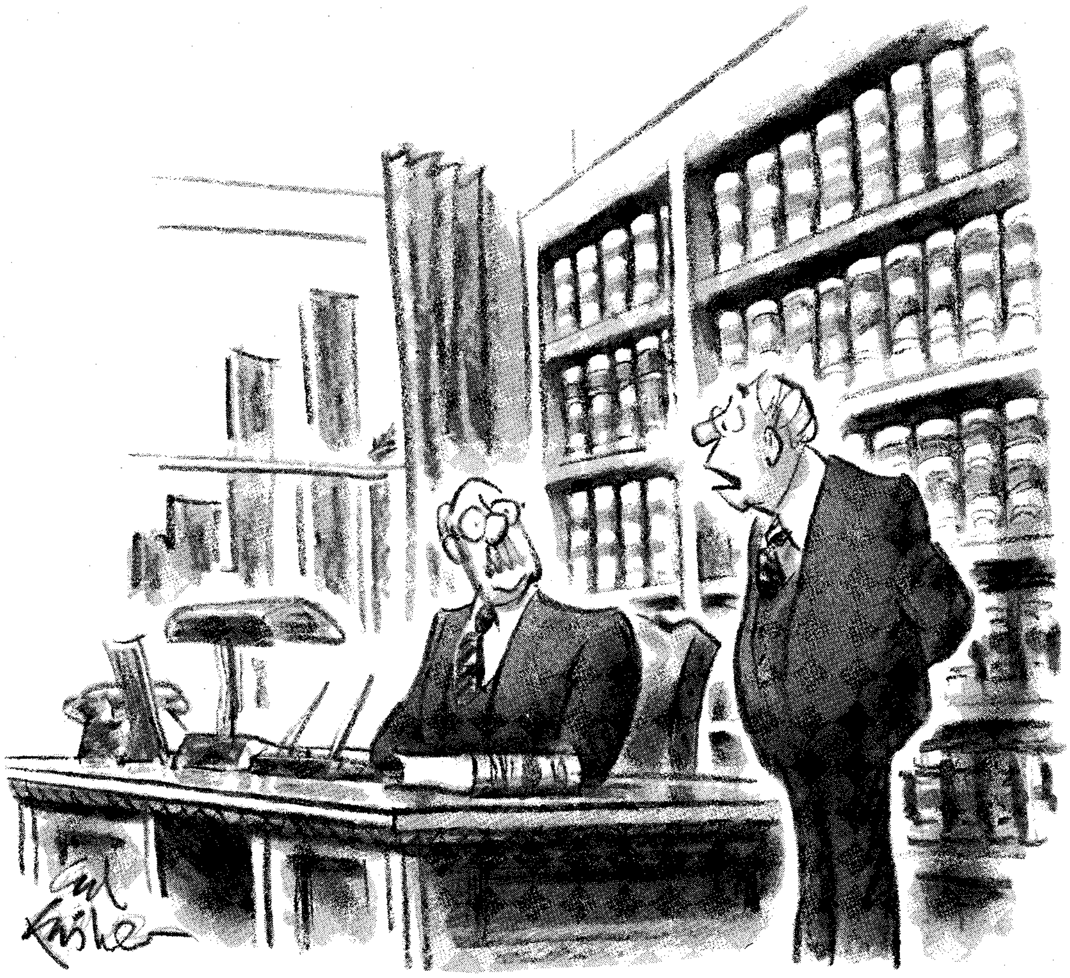
Lovers and family members called to one another in the crowded lobby and embraced, and I was claimed by Ray, as he insisted on being called—the real-estate agent who had located a place for me in the town I'd chosen almost at random from a huge and uninformative guidebook. When I held out my hand to him, something like alarm flickered in his face. Had he expected another sort of woman? No matter; I didn't want to know. We had about an hour's drive ahead of us, and I was determined to avoid the sort of intimate, confessional conversation that strangers are said to have. I had not gone into the circumstances of my trip in my letter or over the phone—I preferred to be considered simply a vacationer.

In the car I sat as far from Ray's damp heartiness as possible, and I looked out the window while he talked. I'd never been far from Chicago, and I'd chosen to come to Latin America because of its unfamiliarity to my imagination. All the alluring places that during my mother's lifetime I'd yearned to see belonged sealed now, I felt, in a completed past where they would remain contemporaneous with my mother.

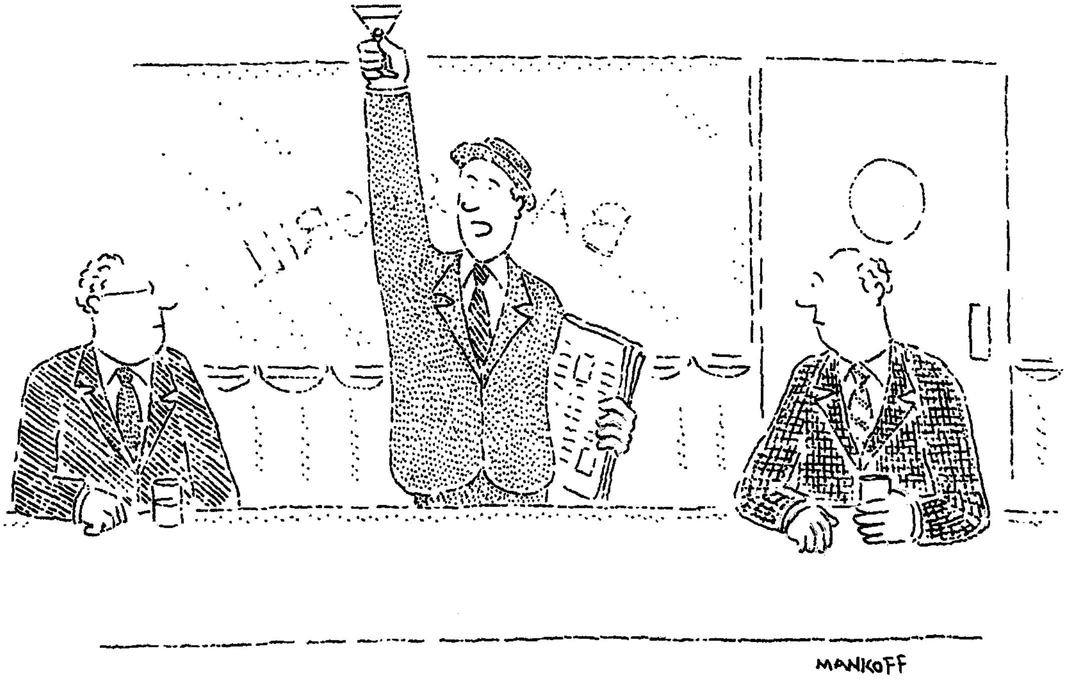
The colors of the landscape that flowed around me were soft and dense, but the light itself was a rippling gold, and the clumps of trees and the sandy slopes and hollows seemed like moving islands tilting toward, then away from us in the fragile ocean of air. Eventually, we descended into a plateau ringed by mountains, and the disorienting glitter of the air melted in the low warmth, and soon distinguishable ahead of us against the tawny dryness was a tumble of feathery green and blossoms. Ray nodded. "Been a prime piece of real estate for something like a thousand years," he said soberly.

We drove downward into a maze of cobbled streets bordered by high, rosy walls, and we slowed to avoid a woman with several children who was crossing our path. On the woman's head was a bundle—wrapped in plastic, I saw, as a pickup truck veered around us, raising a wake of brilliant dust. In the back of the truck was a crowd of men whose copper-colored faces and black hair shone above their work shirts. I glanced at the rather spongy person beside me. "Oh, you won't be bored," he said. "We have a wonderful group down here. Very fine people from all walks of life. Tennis, golf, sites of historical interest, pools. Perfect climate, of course—anything you want. To tell you the truth, we think we're pretty clever. Not that we'd ever say so to our friends back home." He smiled playfully, buoyed up for a moment by his own wit, and I turned away, mortified, as if I had seen something disastrously personal.

We parked high up on one side of the town. I followed Ray through a large



"Look, I know Alan M. Dershowitz at Harvard has pronounced on it. I'd just like to wait till I hear that somebody at Yale, too, has pronounced on it."



"To the lady in the harbor."

wooden gate and was astonished to see the lush garden that lay beyond the wall, just off the dry, dusty street. "You're upstairs over the garage," Ray said, leading me through the garden and across a slate patio to a white house with a tiled roof. "But we have to get the keys from Norman."

The front of the house was glass, and although the sun was too strong for me to see clearly into the unlit interior, I had the impression for an instant that a man, in something that looked like a bathrobe, hovered in back. "Mr. Egan . . . Mr. Egan," Ray called, and as a woman came to the door the man I thought I'd seen became shadows. "Oh, hello, Dolores," Ray said.

"Mr. Egan is not available," the woman said, smiling at me. The words had a fresh, odd sound in her accent, as if their meaning were not quite set. "I will take you upstairs."

"That won't be necessary, thank you, Dolores," Ray said. "Just let me have the keys and we'll manage."

Ray led me up a flight of whitewashed steps on the outside of the house to the door of what turned out to be a small apartment. "You needn't worry much about tipping, by the way," he said. "They don't expect it. Just meals and that sort of thing. Well—kitchen, closet, bathroom. Oh, bed—well, obviously. Water's generally potable, but you might boil to be on the safe side. We think it's a nice little place. Norman's wife used to use it as a sort of studio, I believe. I understand that she used to paint." He paused, and something seemed to strike him. "Nice fellow, Norman. Of course, we can all use the extra income."

"Is she still living?" I asked.

"Pardon me?" Ray said.

"Mr. Egan's wife," I said. "Did she die?"

"I see." Ray nodded, as if I'd made some sort of point. "Not at all, not at all. Well, looks like Norman's left you some provisions, but there are plenty of restaurants in town. Food's quite safe as a rule. Have to watch out a bit for the men, of course, but nothing actually dangerous, I mean." He held the keys out to me and then put them down on the table. "So," he said, and looked at me, his arms at his sides.

"Thank you," I said. "I'm sure everything will be fine."

So he left, and I stood still to let the sound of his voice drain away into the heavy, bright, humming afternoon. Then I opened my suitcase and put my things in the closet and arranged my jars of lotions and creams on the bureau.

What to do? At work I would have been finishing for the day, organizing my files for the next morning. And soon, at the hospital, the patients would be receiving little paper cups holding pills, like the cups of candies at a children's birthday party.

I went and sat on the small balcony that overlooked the garden. The air lapped against my skin with an unfamiliar silkiness, and scalloped rings of mountains surrounded me like ripples. Here and there, I could see softly rounded churches, with spires and crosses. My mother had been ill for so long that all time had flowed toward her death, and I feared that all time would flow backward to it as well. I had become thirty-four waiting for my own span to be placed over that fulcrum—an irrevocable placement.

Down below me a small white rabbit nosed out among the plants and zigzagged out of sight. Its pink eyes and the pink lining of its ears looked particularly sensitive to pain.

I noticed that my nice travelling skirt was already wrinkled and ingrained with dust, and a wave of sorrow engulfed me, as though I'd betrayed something placed in my care. This was only the strain, I understood, of the last weeks—the extra hours at the hospital, the extra hours at work to justify the time off I knew I would be taking, the funeral arrangements, the ordeal, especially, of sorting through my mother's papers and disposing of all the little things my mother had acquired over the years for one purpose or another, now also dead.

How thorough my preparations had been! My mother herself, though, had been utterly unprepared. For close to twenty-five years her life had consisted of little more than the miseries of a slow degenerative illness, but as her future declined in value and her suffering increased, her fear increased also. She had feared death greatly, and life clung to her like a burning robe.

I thought with sudden fury of the doctor who stood with me in the hospital corridor only a few days ago. He had been unprepared as well, and he looked helpless, like a little boy all dressed up in a doctor suit. Yet he must have known for a long, long time that sooner or later he would have to face someone in the way he faced me that day, and say those things.

That night my sleep was shallow and unpleasant, and when I woke I had the queasy sensation of having been brought up short, as when one steps from a boat onto fixed ground, and that was how I remembered that I was finished for good with trips to the hospital.

Just as it occurred to me that I would have to plunge into an unknown universe merely in order to obtain some coffee, a man with a trim silver beard appeared at my door. "Good morning, good morning. I'm Norman, your evil landlord," he said, holding out to me an armload of roses.

"Thank you," I said. The flowers, still richly furled and heavy with droplets of water, were a living, modulated, faintly sickening salmon color.

"Vase under the sink," Norman said. I judged him to be in his late fifties, and he would have been quite good-looking, I thought, except that his face seemed to have been stamped by a habit of geniality and then left unattended. Despite his jaunty white clothes, he seemed uncomfortable.

"My wife would have done a real arrangement for you," he said. "She has quite a flair for it. Gardening, too."

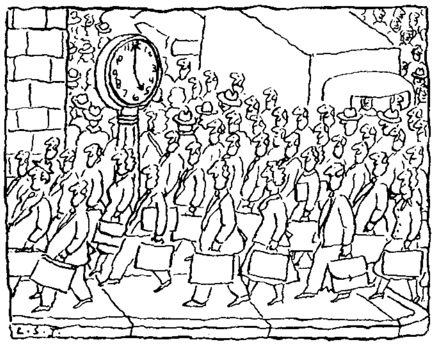
"Did Mrs. Egan do the garden here?" I asked.

"Sandra," he said. "Well, she doesn't do too much now. We have the boy handle it." Norman wandered over to the window and peered out, shading his eyes. "I suppose one gets tired of things." I remained standing, anxious to get on with my day.

"It's a shame," Norman said, turning to me. "Used to be, when we first moved in here, you could see the mountain from this window every day of the year. Sacred, you know. Of course, this whole area was considered special—conquered over and over again by different tribes till the Spanish came and grabbed it up. Cities right on top of other cities down there. But—it's fascinating—every one of those peoples used the same big pyramid up on the mountain to worship in their own way. Splendid ruins—Sandra and I used to take picnics . . ."

I squinted out the window.

"Oh, you can't see anything today." Norman dismissed with a little wave the blue sky and dazzling sun. "All kinds of industry now mucking things up. People coming in from the country—crowding, pollution, that sort of thing." He sighed. "Anyhow, nice to know you've got a view, eh? Whether you can see it or not. Well . . ." He put forth a mild, formalized version of a chuckle. "But we still love it. And, please. If you need anything, I hope you'll ask. There are always so many little things one doesn't quite know what to do about. One expects things to be one way, but then they turn out to be—not to be just exactly the way one expects."



"Yes," I said, from the depths of a sudden fatigue. "Perhaps you'd know where I might be able to buy some coffee."

"Coffee," he said. "Well—coffee. They'd have it in town, of course. Dolores handles that sort of thing for us. Oh, yes," he said, misunderstanding my look of surprise, "we're very lucky with Dolores. Down here we don't like to be very, *very* formal"—he winked at me—"but Dolores came to us very young. Husband disappeared—you know the way they do—and Sandra taught her everything."

"Really," I said.

"Well, we were in the restaurant business, you see. We had lovely establishments. New Orleans, Dallas, Cincinnati, Fort Lauderdale—all over. And in every one of those places we had a wonderful, cultivated clientele. Sandra and I always personally oversaw everything. Oh," he said. "I brought something else for you." He

AFTER SCHOOL

For a long time I wanted
to get out of that school
where I had been sent
for the best

I thought of climbing
down the vine
outside the window
at night

after the watchman
had turned the corner
to the boiler room
in the sweet autumn dark

I wanted to slip
through the still dining hall
and down the cellar stairs
in the girls' wing

where I had set the waltzing
in the first book
of "War and Peace"
I would pass unseen in that crowd

into the cellar
and the secret door to the steam pipes
and under the street
to the swimming pool

I would have persuaded
a girl I liked
to meet me there
and we would swim whispering

because of the echoes
while the light from the street
shone through the frosted windows
like the light of the moon

all down the long hot room
where the sound of the water
made the heart beat loud
to think of it

but I never
got away then
and when I think now
of following that tunnel

there is a black wolf
tied there waiting
a thin bitch
who snaps at my right hand

but I untie her
and we find our way
out of there as one
and down the street

hungry
nobody in sight at that hour
everything closed
behind us

—W. S. Merwin

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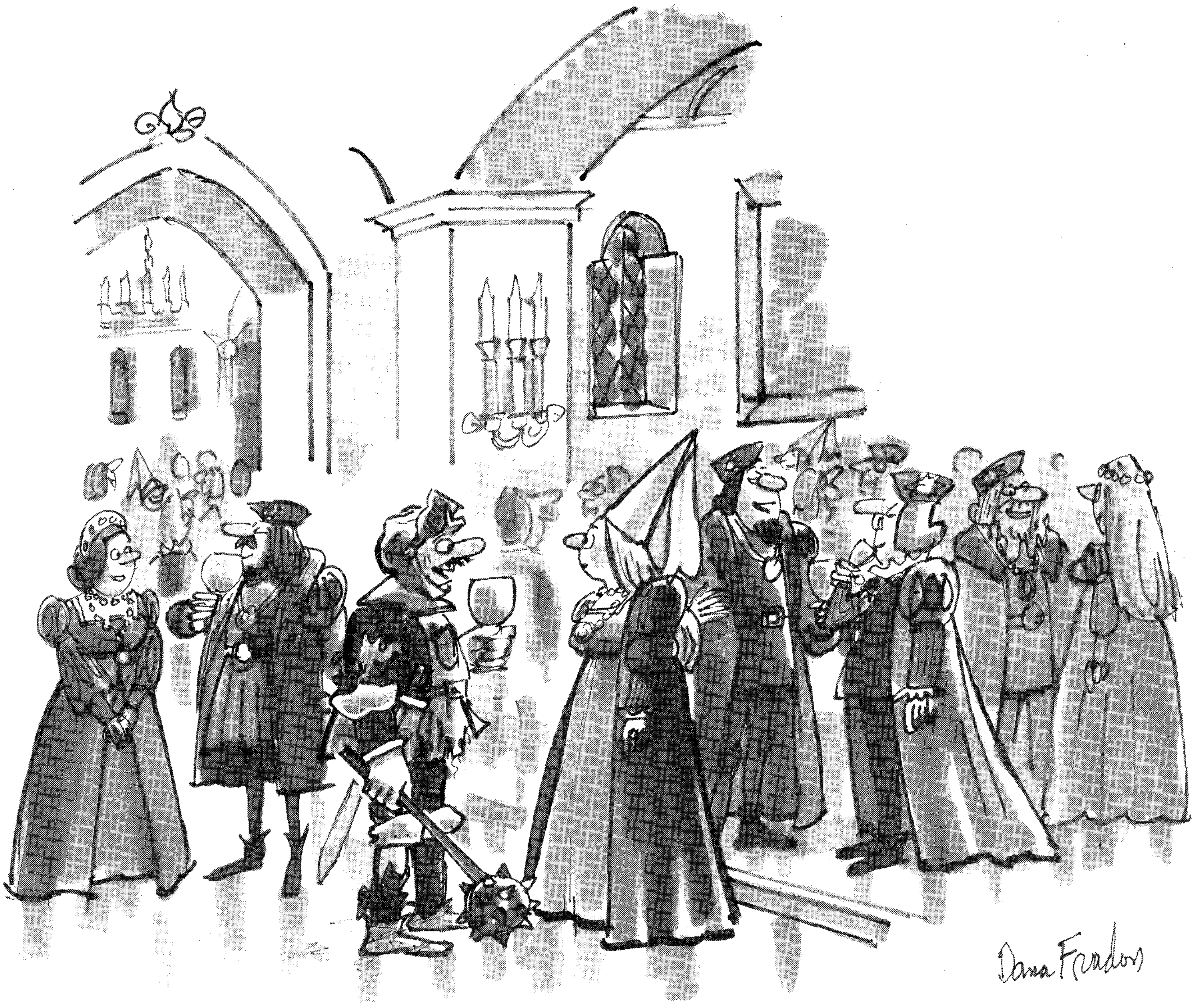

"I came right from work."

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handed me a little book. "This might prove useful. And remember, don't feel shy. If you have questions, or you need something, you just come right downstairs and ask."

"I don't suppose I'll be bothering you often," I said, taking the opportunity to discourage further visits from him. "I'm really just here to—"

"Of course," he said. "You're young and adventurous. You didn't come here to hang around with a couple of old—a couple of old . . . people."

Young and adventurous, I thought irritably, as we went out together; young and adventurous. But as I closed the door behind us I glanced back into the room, and I felt as if I'd been slapped. With the jars of cream out on the bureau, it was true that the place looked like a girl's first apartment, like the apartments my college roommates had gotten for themselves when we graduated and I'd moved back in with my mother.

WHEN I opened the front gate the town I'd driven through only the day before took me by surprise, as if my imagination had perversely reconstructed a fleeting hallucination. The concave whorl of tangled streets lay below me in a glaze of sun, and I wound downward, baffled by the high walls. How quiet all the people around me were! They spoke in low voices, and averted their heavy-lashed eyes as I passed by. Even the children made hardly any noise. Trucks and motorcycles and an occasional flustered chicken provided all the sound.

At the base of the town, I found a small square, and although I was anxious to do a few errands and get my bearings, its lacy little white iron benches looked so ceremonial and expectant that I felt obliged to sit down for a moment. I chose a spot in the shade of a broad-leafed tree and surveyed the odd patch of a park around me. Paved walks threaded through it, and it was dotted with tiny tiled fountains. Heavy prismatic beams seemed to converge on it from many different suns, giving everything an exaggerated dimensionality in which it was impossible to judge distances, and in the very center was a band shell, confected from curls of iron and pearly glass, whose dome rose above the leaves of nearby trees. Around the edges of the square, people who looked like dolls in costumes, with black yarn hair, sold things: painted toys, hardware, bursting red fruits, clothing, hideous stuffed dogs, or masks—a fantastic, impossible catalogue of items. Aromas of ripe—overripe—fruit, and dust, and some kind of peppery cooking oil swirled lazily around me.

It was hot. I looked at my watch and was dismayed to find that it had stopped. What ought I to do, I thought, standing hurriedly. But I forced myself to sit back down and relax. I opened the little book that Norman had given me—a compilation of phrases in English and translation which the author seemed to consider indispensable to travellers:

> This dress is too long (too short).
> " " is made to fit badly.
> It is badly made.
> That is more than I can pay for this dress (basket) (rug) (bowl).
> No, thank you, I do not want it.
> Good. That is a fair price.

"Is it something unpleasant that you read?" I heard, and I looked up to see a man standing over me. He seemed so close, in my alarm, that every detail of the medal lying on his exposed chest looked immense: the hair around it, and the skin, glistening with sweat, appeared magnified. "No," I said to the large, white teeth above me. I snapped the book shut and walked off on trembling legs.

Soon I had gotten myself back under control, and I paused to see where I was. Next to me an opening in the street wall gave onto something that appeared to be a sort of general store. Inside, past dusty cases of beer stacked along the buckling aqua-colored wall, I found coffee and other things I needed. At the counter, two almond-eyed little girls painstakingly picked what I hoped was the correct amount of coins from a heap I put in front of them. Supervising this proceeding was a large woman in long, ruffled skirts, who grinned at me. I was painfully aware of being the absurd tourist, and I stared at the woman, who only grinned with greater gusto.

It took me quite some time to find my way back to the square, where I stood looking helplessly at the streets that twisted up in a funnel around me. Eventually I managed to identify my route back, but at its mouth a row of women now sat, wrapped in shawls, and as I approached they stretched out their hands without glancing at me. There was no way to avoid them. I divided my change into equal portions and distributed it among the women, being very careful not to touch them.

THE first thing I saw when I opened the door to my apartment was my heartless line of creams and lotions on the bureau. I quickly put the jars into the medicine chest, and then I examined the packages and cans of food that Norman had provided. Later I lay down to read. But instead of holding the book I was rising up to where I saw myself asleep. I dreamed of a cool, dark sleep that was ruptured almost immediately by noisy intruders who disputed and harangued for hour after hour in many guises and landscapes. Several times during the night they drove me into the solitude of wakefulness, at the boundaries of which they waited, shrieking and bobbing, until I was weak enough to be captured again.

In the morning I woke to see my few purchases of the day before on the bureau, where I'd left them. How odd this light made everything look—the coffee, the sugar, the soap—like menacing little idols. And later, when I opened the gate onto the street, I once again experienced a little shock, as if the town, simmering below me in the dusty gold, had just materialized to greet me.

I was determined to get a good start on the day, so I headed right down to the square, where I remembered having seen a news kiosk. Most of the publications for sale turned out to be comic books devoted to slaughter and tragedy, but there were several magazines with interesting pictures. I paid the older of the two boys who worked at the kiosk, while the other, who must have been around seven, stared at me, his face an upturned circle with a point at the chin.

In the heat of the afternoon, when shutters rolled down over the shop doorways, I inspected the restaurants and cafés that faced the square, but they were filled with roughly clothed men, drunk even at that hour, and foreigners speaking English or German at an arrogant volume. Sorrowful venders circulated among the tables, and there were flies.

Persisting, I discovered a restaurant in a little courtyard which looked clean and quiet. After I settled at a table near a blossom-clogged fountain, I realized that the restaurant was part of a hotel, whose guests—small, ancient people in dressing gowns—spoke a language I did not recognize. I managed to order something from a young waiter, who encouraged my clumsy efforts with unwelcome enthusiasm, but when my meal came, steaming and covered with an assaultive spicy

Mood Indigo

sauce, I could feel that the expression on my face duplicated the one I had so often seen on my mother's when she confronted her tray of trembling sickroom substances. I watched, humiliated, as the wizened diners around me ate hugely, with evident enjoyment, and I reminded myself that if I were in Chicago I would have no trouble obtaining a nice, crisp salad and a refreshing glass of iced tea.

Norman was on his terrace when I returned, chatting with a man and woman who seemed to be about my age. The three of them sipped from frosty pink glasses, and a small boy squatted nearby, barking menacingly at a baleful dog. "Stop that, please, John-John," the man said.

"Oh, he's all right," Norman said, smiling at me in greeting. "Mister's used to children—aren't you, Mister?" The dog yawned with pleasure as Norman scratched his ear. "Mister and that old bunny rabbit belong to the people next door, but they like to come visiting."

"Excuse us," the man said as the boy sprinted off in tight circles, spluttering like a balloon releasing its air. "I'm Simon Peter Murchison, and this is my wife, Annette. And that dignified personage now disporting himself in the compost is our firstborn, John-John."

"Would you believe it?" Annette said. "We bought that little shirt in Florence for him."

"Don't be in a rush, now," Norman said. "Won't you sit down and have a drink with us, please? Dolores," he called.

"Where has our son picked up these *habits*?" Annette smiled, inviting me to marvel with her.

"Yes, we've been all over since he was born," Simon Peter explained loftily.

"For pleasure?" I asked.

"For a pittance." He chuckled in the direction of his drink. "University salary."

"How nice to have a field that takes you around," I said obediently, as I craned to read his watch.

"History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in Colonial Countries," Simon Peter said. We all glanced up at the silhouettes of crosses that stood out on the peaks around us, black against the shining sky.

"These are so delicious, Norman," Annette said, accepting a fresh drink from Dolores. "What do you put in them?"

"Oh, just about any kind of fruit you can think of. And then just about any kind of alcohol you can think of." Norman winked at me.

"Are you teaching here now?" I asked Simon Peter.

"I've picked up a semester," he said. "But essentially we're based in Europe for the moment."

Annette turned to me. "Do you know Europe?"

"No," I said.

"You should," she said. "You should try it. The things that are good here? They're even better there. Of course, prices have really soared since we first went. But now here, even with the devaluations, prices are a completely different thing than they used to be. We're priced right out now, on Simon Peter's salary." She cast a sour glance at the house. "You've certainly found yourself a bargain."

"I've just come for a short time. Besides," I said deliberately, "I inherited a small amount of money."

"There," she said. "You see?"

"Anyhow, we're glad to have you with us," Norman said.

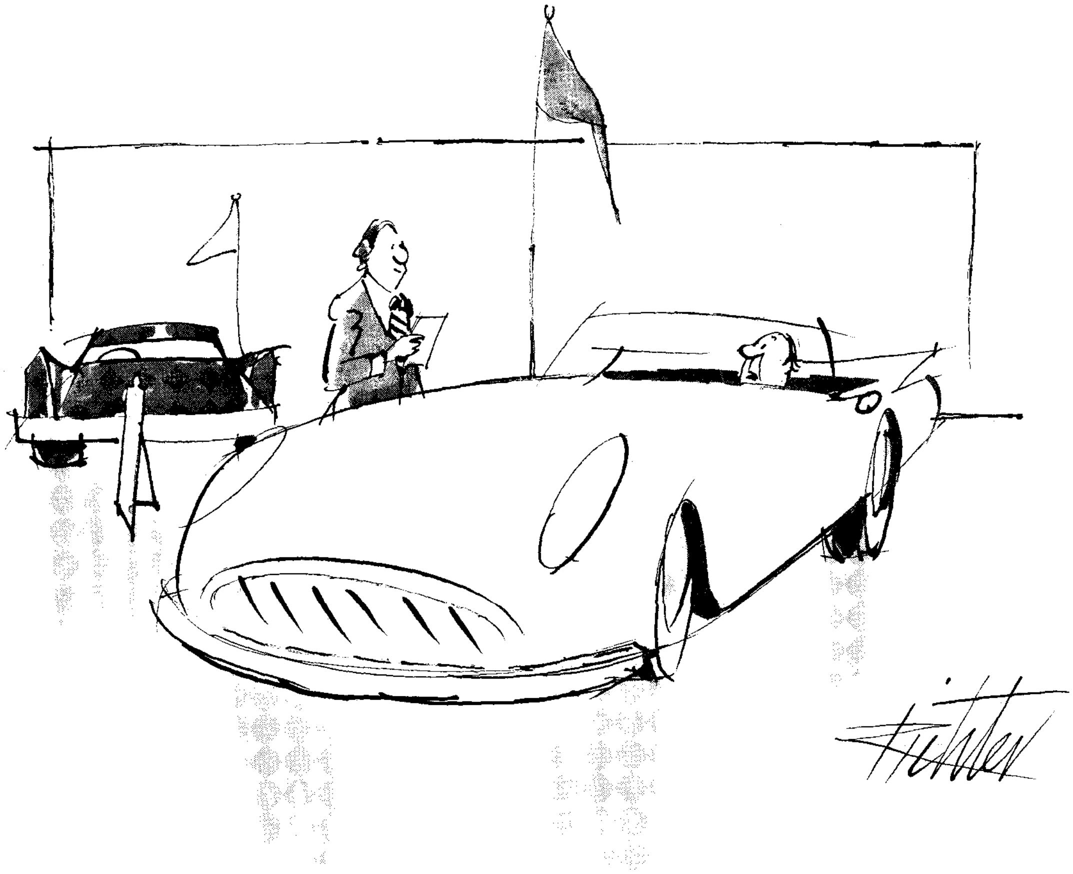
"It seems like a wonderful place for children," I said.

"In many ways, yes," Simon Peter said with a vague judiciousness. "In many ways I suppose it is. At least they're happy enough."

"These children here can afford to be happy," Annette said. "They're spoiled rotten."

"Well, anyway," Norman said.

"No, it's a shame," Annette said. "I know these people. My parents came here every winter until I was twelve. These people are sweet, kind people; I grew up with them. They don't want to hurt anyone—they're Indians. But they're so irresponsible. They keep having children and having children—they just can't be taught to



"Are you sure this doesn't have mid-life crisis written all over it?"

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stop. And there isn't enough food, there isn't enough money, and so they starve. And now these people have become dishonest. You used to be able to leave them to take care of your house while you were gone, with all your silver or anything. Now they'll steal your wallet right on the street."

"They're a fine people, really," Norman said to me. "For the most part. And the little ones are darling."

"John-John," Simon Peter called warningly to his son, who towered over a plant from behind which the rabbit peeked out, twitching.

"No, I love these people, Norman," Annette said. "But you can't trust them anymore. Well, everyone has to eat, of course. I understand that. But they breed like"—Annette glanced with annoyance toward the shrubbery, where John-John now crouched holding a rock—"like I don't know whats."

"Well," Simon Peter said, "the climate's still perfect."

"Have you been up to the mountain yet?" Annette gestured toward the empty sky.

"I've really just arrived," I said.

"We'll go while you're here," she said. "There are some very good market towns up there. You can still get the most marvellous textiles and ceramics for practically nothing."

"How nice," I said. "Well . . ." I felt I had spent enough time on these witless marauders. "I really must be going upstairs now." As I stood, I realized how potent Norman's drink had been.

"Will anyone stay for some supper?" Norman asked.

"Don't you wish Mommy would let you?" Annette said to John-John. "Thank you, Norman. We wish we could."

"Well, please come back soon," Norman said. "Sandra will be dying to see you both."

"Hush now, honey," Annette said to John-John. "We're saying good night."

"She's due in at the end of the week," Norman said. We all looked at John-John as he tugged at Annette's hand and loosed a descending wordless whine. "Sandra."

"Well, isn't that wonderful, Norman," Simon Peter said, frowning.

So this was what was meant by "travelling," by "taking a vacation"—these unnavigable currents, this sudden immersion in the lives of utter strangers, their thin, dreadful lives.

That night sleep came for me like a great ship sliding between the dark sky and the dark water, and it bore me off to a territory that I recognized with horror, as I lost consciousness, from the night before. My dreams coiled and merged until I could no longer sustain sleep and woke exhausted, tossed by a shrill crowd onto the bed where I found myself.

The air was faintly sparkly, and a freshness drifted in through the open windows. While I lay there, trying to emerge into full consciousness, a memory permeated me like a single, low vibrating tone: My mother stood in the water, smiling at me. She would have been just slightly older than I was now. I wore a bathing suit the shade of vanilla ice cream, with the most special little candy-colored blobs—special, delicious colors. My mother held out her hand to coax me out farther. The cool sand where I stood became wet and wet again with a mild pulse of water. The sand gave beneath my feet each time a wave pulled back, then smoothed mysteriously before each return. I took my mother's hand and walked into the water to where the sand became round stones. I looked at my divided legs, and at the stones that wobbled when I moved, in the clear, different thing. My mother was happy. When had I ever seen her so happy? Where could we have been? I clung to her hand and edged in farther.

When I woke again the sun was a yellow, rayed circle over the garden.

FOR about a week I saw nothing of Norman, and the curtains of the main house were drawn. But Dolores continued to come and go, smiling her luminous smile, and a gardener appeared several times to redistribute mounds of dirt with an aggressive air of weariness and expertise which was

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PSALM TO THE NEWT

Look at the newt. He is worth watching.
The small stars of his hands sign the water.
His fingers thread beads of water on threads of water.

On the canopy of seaweed, he knits his proverbs.
Behold the newt: a weak arm may stir great secrets.
His arms, thin as stems, part curtains of water.
He is a rock to the snail and a snare to the worm.

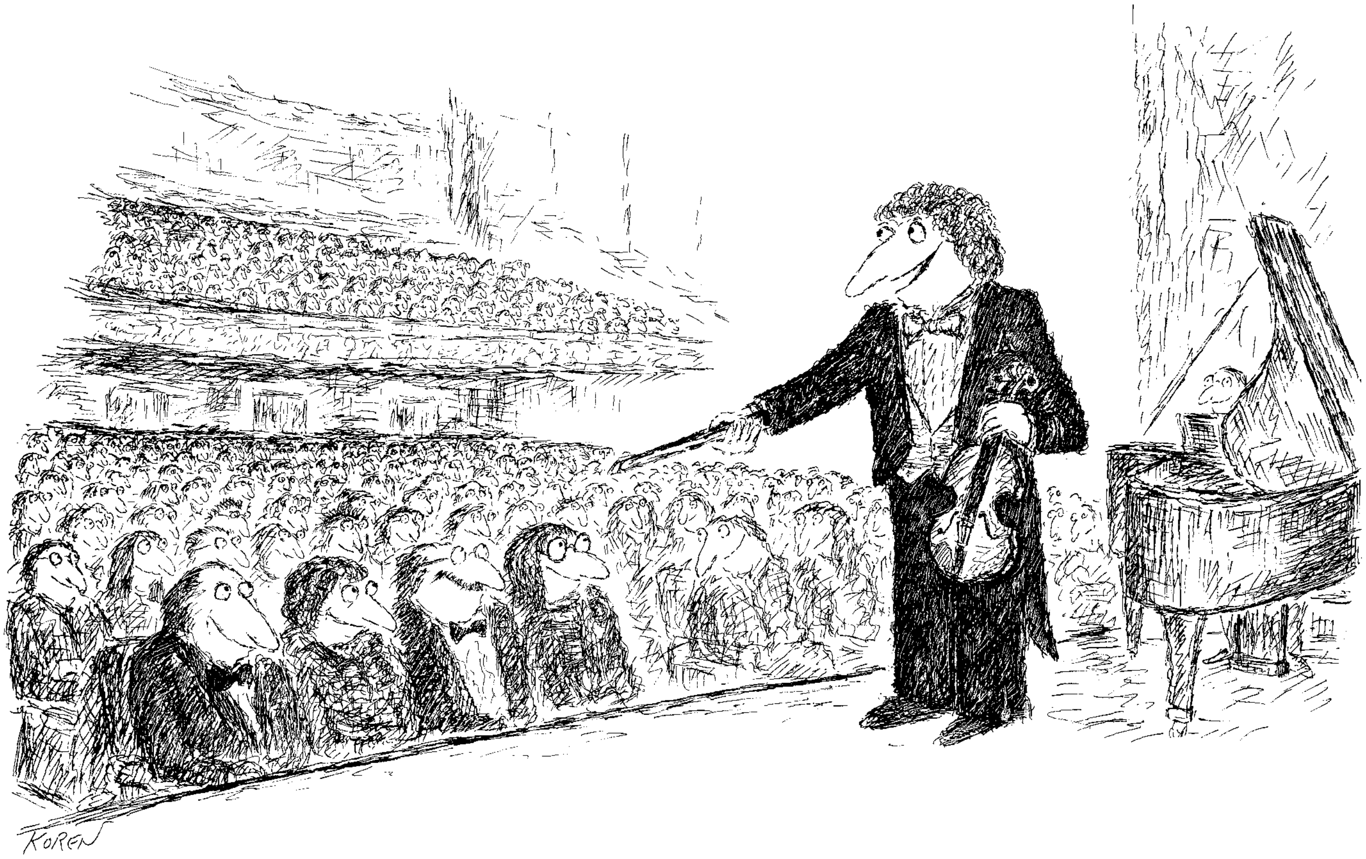
His back raises an island—sad, a used tire.
The grainy dark of his skin glistens.
To the snails he brings the wet bark of trees.

Old shovelhead, guardian of patience,
you break through the silver roof
of the parliament of water
in the tiny pond of the aquarium.

You who sharpen your tail on the sunrise,
in your livery of cold flames you greet us,
in your vest buttoned with embers you greet us.

You turn on us, slowly, your hooded eyes.
Are you trying to change into something else,
or change us into clouds,
shadowy behind glass as the lost gods?

—Nancy Willard



"My appearance this evening is funded, in part, by the family fortune."

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surely intended for Norman's eyes. And so, as there seemed no need to inquire after Norman, I did not. In the mornings I hurried down to the news kiosk and then had my juice and coffee in the hotel restaurant while I looked at my magazines. I walked, then visited the dilapidated little museum in town, and after a midday meal I would join a busload of rapacious tourists to visit one of the nearby villages where Indians made textiles or worked copper, or I went to the square to read about the history of the area. Afterward, I shopped for the small evening meal I would assemble back at the apartment. I had no time to spare.

Then one morning, as I came downstairs, I saw Norman climbing out of his car with a load of parcels. He looked cheerful in his crisp white clothes, and he gave me a friendly wave as he headed toward the house.

"What have you brought me?" a woman called out to him from the doorway. "Treats," she said. "Good. And look—an American girl. He's wonderful," she said to me. "He does everything he can to keep me from—to keep me amused. You *are* an American girl, aren't you? You do understand what I'm saying—"

"This is our little tenant, Sandra," Norman said.

"Well, at least he didn't bring me the Van Kirks," the woman continued. "Or the Murchisons. Or, God forbid, the Geldzahlers."

"Oh, now, Sandra." Norman chuckled hesitantly toward me.

"But they'll be over soon enough. And besides," Sandra said, "we love them. They're our friends. Now." She smiled formally at me. "Are you going to stay and at least have a—a glass of juice with us, or are you one of those busy, busy people who have to rush off somewhere all the time?"

"Nowhere to rush to, here," Norman said.

"I'll stay for a moment," I said reluctantly, "but I do have errands." What if the hotel stopped serving breakfast at a particular time?

"Dolores—" Sandra looked around and then left the room.

"So . . ." Norman said, sitting down.

I could leave my magazines until after breakfast, of course, but I hadn't brought anything with me to read. Furthermore, I'd planned to go to the museum right after breakfast, and the kiosk wasn't on the way. "How nice," I said to Norman, "that your wife has arrived."

"Looks well, doesn't she?" he said vaguely.

"Tell me," Sandra said as she came back into the room, "do you play bridge? Or golf?" She was tall and athletic-looking, and her bright sundress suited her, but she had the hardened flesh of someone who has lain too long around a swimming pool.

"I'm not much for games," I said.

"Good," she said, pushing back her wiry bronze hair. She seemed exasperated by her own sensuous, slightly ramshackle vitality, and I felt grateful to have my orderly body. "Norman just plays to bore himself nerveless." Norman, who had been fussing with some small pieces of wood, smiled up at his wife cautiously, but she avoided looking at him. "He used to make such fun of them. Thank you, Dolores." She smiled brightly at Dolores, who set a glass of juice in front of each of us. "Alas. You must come and entertain me while he plays with his . . . *cronies*." She turned to Norman suddenly. "What have you got there?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, opening his hand to reveal a little dog he'd assembled from the pieces of wood. "One of these silly things. Cute, aren't they? Japanese." He and Sandra gazed at the little figure in his palm, perplexed and abstracted.

"What pretty glasses," I said, picking up my juice.

"Yes," Sandra said. She reeled her attention back from Norman's hand. "Those. Yes, they are quite pretty, aren't they? They're local work. It's a shame they don't make them any longer."

"Well, we've got ours," Norman said with a jolly lift of an eyebrow. "We got them years ago, and we still have them."

"Like everything else we got years ago," Sandra said crossly. She took a sip of her juice and set the glass down, pushing it away from her on the table. "They used to do such lovely work in this area," she said to me. "Norman and I used to bring carloads and carloads back home with us. Oh, those trips!" She looked at Norman for an instant. When she looked away again, she held out her hand, and he clasped it. I was decades away from them in the long silence.

"Would you like something instead of the juice, darling?" Norman said.

"Would I like something instead of the juice." Sandra looked at him and withdrew her hand from his.

"No, I just—" he said and stopped. He set the little wooden dog on the table and watched it as if it were going to perform a trick.

"Well," Sandra said, seeming to remember me. "But I hope you're having a lovely, lovely time."

"She is," Norman said.

"We always do, ourselves," Sandra said. "Wonderful climate, wonderful friends—pool, sun, tennis . . ."

"And they're a happy people," Norman said.

My day, of course, was pretty well ruined. To salvage something of it I took an unfamiliar street into the square; although every street looked alike, and the walls, their colors softened by an aged, powdery bloom, hid most of what lay beyond them, each doorway and gate opened onto a little scene as precise and mystifying as a stage set, and today I walked slowly, to look. Here and there I could see part of a garden littered with fallen flowers, or the twisted trunk of a tree whose branches arched above the walls. I passed a shop where paper goods were displayed as proudly and elaborately as if they were precious rarities, and a tiny restaurant consisting of several cheerfully painted tables and a stove, on which sat a stewpot. A jewel-colored parrot presided from his perch. Nearby in a roofed space, a woman leaned back against a polished sports car, resting, her eyes closed. She wore a little uniform with a starched pinafore, and she fanned herself slowly with a large stiff leaf. Stretching out behind her, on and on, was a slope covered with tiny shacks. Lines of washing crisscrossed it, and children played there. Several ponies—real ponies they were, of course—stood, flicking their tails. When the maid opened her long, obsidian eyes I was unsettled, as if something potent were being released through them. But she didn't seem to see me. Perhaps I was invisible in the strong light.

Later I wandered through an outdoor market I hadn't come across before. I was attracted to an array of miniatures spread out on a blanket, and I picked one up to admire it. It was a tiny scene exactly like the one I stood in front of at that moment: a woman wearing a shawl around her head and shoulders and a long skirt sat behind a display of her wares just like the woman who looked up at me now. But the miniature woman sold tiny foodstuffs—the smallest imaginable carrots and scallions and tomatoes and bottles of milk. I was charmed by the little tableau, but when I tilted it to inspect the toy woman's face I saw that it was a skull, its mouth open in greedy bliss. Seeing my expression, the living woman in front of me broke into peals of laughter, and my hand seemed frozen to the nasty toy. I was shaking when I reached the news kiosk. Both boys looked at me with concern, and I was glad that it was not possible for us to communicate with one another.

Upstairs that night I took myself by surprise in the mirror. An American girl—no wonder Norman and Sandra insisted that I was young. I'd seen a small-featured face, unusually composed, and an almost aggressively fresh, pink-and-white complexion that seemed to have been acted upon by neither internal nor external weather. I had always assumed that life would start for me at about the age I had reached now; it was the age at which my mother considered hers to have started, the age at which she had married for the first and only time, had conceived her first and only child. But soon after that late, small budding of her life she had been left with only a wedding ring, a settlement, a disease, and a daughter, of course—a daughter who was now thirty-four years old.

AFTER Sandra's arrival there was a great deal more activity downstairs. Sandra and Norman were often out sunbathing, or sitting on the terrace, where Dolores brought them elaborate little meals. In the evenings, they frequently had gatherings. The guests, often people who hardly would have spoken to one another in the United States, were bound together here by the conviction, based on the spending power of their dollars, of their own merit, and necessarily, therefore, the merit of their companions. They reinforced this conviction by continuous complaints about the town (and it was true that nothing ever happened on time, nothing was ever properly done, there were endless, inexplicable shortages of goods—it

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was a world of exasperating shrugs and smiles), and all conversations on these evenings were suspended in a medium of expatriate complicity, where no one had ever suffered any past indignity or disappointment, where no one, in fact, seemed to have any antecedents whatsoever. No one ever asked me anything about my own life. Any sharp-edged remnant of life "back at home" that might mar the smooth afternoons was washed away in the evenings' floods of alcohol. The morning sun burned off the hangovers. There was only one beautiful day and then another, and life being squandered.

During these parties of Sandra and Norman's I would go upstairs as soon as possible. But the loud voices and laughter seemed amplified in my little apartment, and after an hour or two I would feel weak with grief and rage, as one does when one is ill. When I managed to avoid an event of this sort altogether, Dolores would appear at my door with an invitation for me to join the company, and on those evenings that I sent her downstairs with excuses she would return with a tray of party food, decorated with flowers or paper constructions or carved miniatures. Usually I put the food into the refrigerator and saved it for several days before I threw it out, but once, as soon as I'd shut the door behind Dolores, even though I was terribly hungry I threw it wrathfully into the garbage. When there were no parties I sat inside with the lights dimmed, fearing the exhausting importunities that would surely ensue from downstairs if I were to be seen on my balcony.

One evening, to escape from Norman and Sandra I went to the square. And as I approached I was amazed to find myself in the company of the entire town. The street walls exhaled the retained heat of the day, and a sudden scent of honey was released into the air as people filed in from all directions,

"Your horoscope says that it's a good day for you to shop for socks and underwear."

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arm in arm, and perched on the embellished benches or the rims of the tiled fountains, or strolled along the little paths. The sky flowed pink to green, and across it birds convened in wide streaks, screaming, and settled, with the dark, down into the trees.

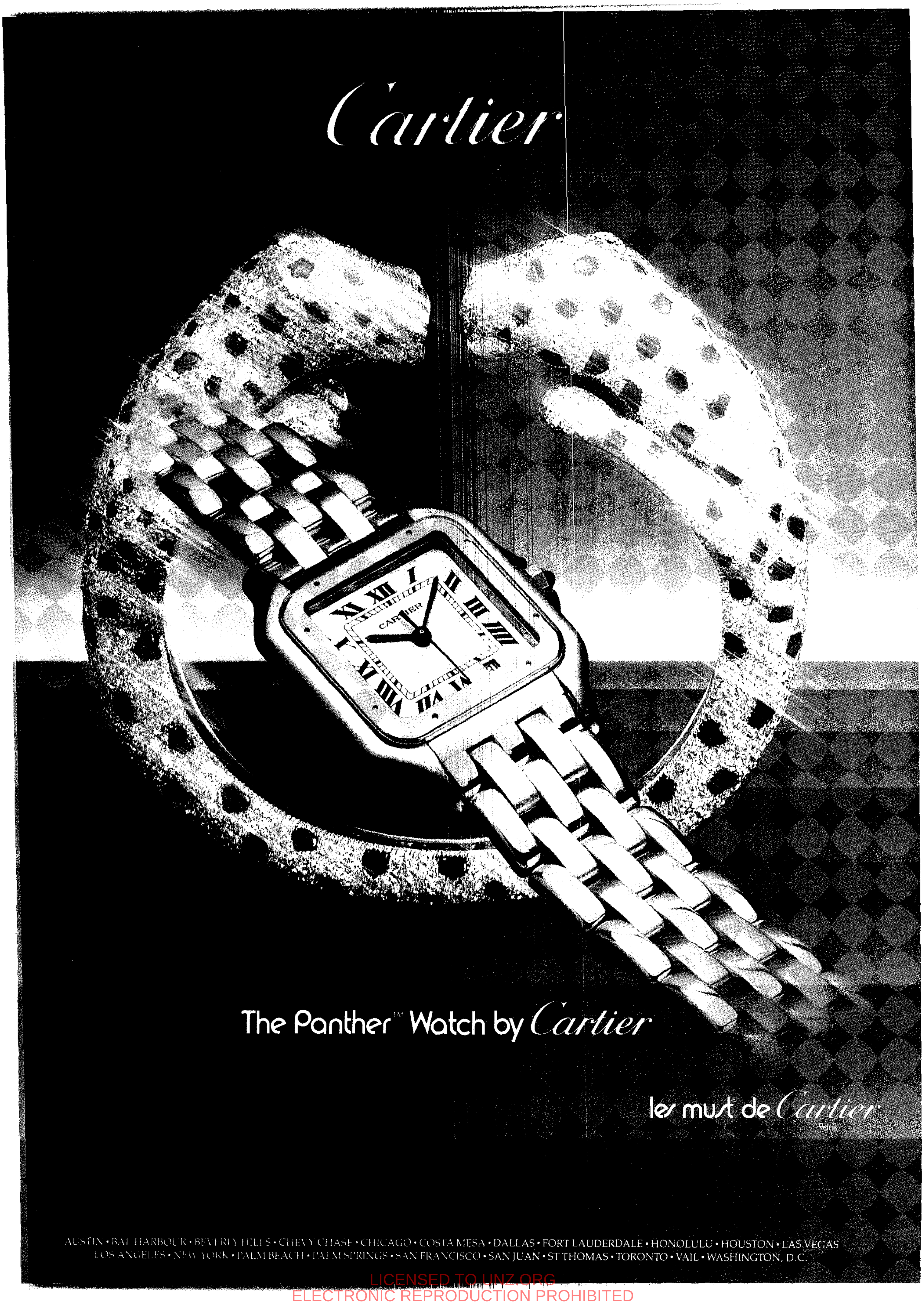
I found a spot for myself on a bench between two elderly women. A sheen of daylight glazed the sky high across from me, but here under the canopy of trees and birds it was truly night. The steady intricate play of the fountains wove up all the sounds, and small lamps spilled light onto the glossy leaves. All around the square the cafés filled with customers.

No one bothered me. No one spoke to me. I watched the children tumbling about, playing tag up and down the little paths or kicking large bright, slow balls to one another. Two little girls in identical starched and ruffled dresses bought a balloon from a boy hardly older than themselves. Expertly, he disengaged their choice from the massive cluster that bobbed above him. A group of little girls, with ribbons in their silky black hair, tottered, still rubbery with infancy, under a stream of translucent spheres that bloomed from the wand of a vender of bubble liquid. Little boys ran up a flight of shallow stone steps and slid down its broad border over and over. Teen-agers sat entwined, kissing or reading comics, and older couples meandered hand in hand. Some venders had spread out cloths to display their goods, and others sold sweets from carts, or glowing drinks made of crushed fruit. Musicians played—some in groups, others singly—without reference to each other, and then a band appeared in the little bonbon of a band shell, the brass of their instruments flashing more brightly than the sound. The porous night absorbed noises rapidly here, and activity streamed silently around one, like the sort of dream that binds the body and absorbs the voice as one struggles to break into the waking world.

After that, I often fled to the square in the evenings. It was like being part of a little music box. Every night the figures assumed their positions—the birds, the boys and girls, the parents, the grandparents, the couples, the venders, and the musicians all took their places at the same time, and the men who sold bubble-making liquid sent their streams of bubbles tirelessly into the air while the tiniest children twirled, enchanted, beneath them.

Later the town would pitch and boil as I slept. Faces I'd hardly noticed in the square rose up around me and spoke urgently, but I could not understand the words. The flowery walls that lined the streets split open in the pale brilliance of my dreams, revealing broad veins of cardboard shacks where bodies tossed and groaned in their own sleep. Women sat wrapped in their shawls; they reached out, but when I put change into their open palms they threw it on the ground, shrieking. I was ill; I lay in bed, dreaming, with my hands on the covers, unable to move or call out. My mother stood with her back to me, moonlight sluicing down on her. She poured transparent juice from a pitcher into a glass, but it made no sound. She turned and walked toward me, grinning in pain, making a balloon dance on a string. Inside the balloon was a baby. Its face swam toward the surface, hugely distorted. My mother jerked on the string, grinning, making the balloon dance. I saw it was falling, I saw it was plummeting down toward the slate ground, suddenly a great distance away, but a roaring silence masked its impact.

I always awoke into the quiet before dawn with my heart pounding. I would pour myself a glass of water and swallow it slowly to regulate my breathing as I walked back and forth in my room. The moonlight that streamed into my dreams had given way to a softer dark, but how bright the stars were still—like tiny holes in a skin that hid a pure light beyond. Often I hardly knew where I was, as I drank my water and walked, so altered had the world been by my sleep. And all around me dream images of my mother—forgotten images from all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the ages at which I'd known her—slipped into shadows. I myself was no age in my dreams, the age one is to oneself. Exhaustion would topple me back into the life of my sleep, which seemed to be flowing on independently of me, just like the life my body entered in the mornings. And after several more hours I could feel myself working free again, but just as I sped up toward a sunlit surface the picture would spin and I would wake plunging downward into a daytime world as protean as my dreams.

In the afternoons, when the sun had baked the town into opaque, reliable shapes, I sat in the square and refreshed myself by reading about the history of the peoples who had occupied the area. Throughout the history of the military struggles, the vanquished had absorbed, to some degree, the victor, and had ultimately asserted at least some subtle ascendancy. And although the stately cities thought to be buried beneath me in layers were as invisible as the mountain where the remains of the pyramid still stood, pockets of ancient languages and customs had survived intact among the people who pursued their quiet activities around me in the square. It seemed remarkable to me that these people were adrift at the margins of a history now generated elsewhere, and yet were the living descendants not only of the ultimate, fierce Spanish conquerers but also of the glamorous nations that had ruled here when this had been the center of civilization. I read about them all—the succession of vivid, vanished empires that ended during the reign of a bellicose, death-obsessed people, who had been technologically and martially accomplished but otherwise less refined than their predecessors. These final Indian rulers used the pyramid as an altar for human sacrifice, and I could not bring myself to visit the ruins. I wondered if Norman or Annette ever imagined the blood that had flowed down stone steps over his picnic spot, her marketplace.

ONE night when I came up the hill from the square I found Norman and Sandra on the patio with a young couple utterly unlike the reddened, tuberous creatures who were usually to be found there. "Come here," Sandra called. "I want you to meet Marcus and Eileen." The woman's skirt flounced out from her tiny waist, and her toylike, high-heeled shoes were dazzlingly white and free of dust. "They're our neighbors."

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"Yes, I am Marcos," the man said, standing. "And my wife, Elena."

"Now, where did I get 'Eileen' from?" Sandra said.

"For whom can I get something to drink?" Norman said, clapping his hands together.

"It's Dolores's night off," Sandra said. "God knows what she does."

"What is it you are drinking, Norman?" Elena asked, reaching out a slender arm.

"Water." Norman smiled sheepishly.

"Yes, certainly, but let me taste," Elena said. Her long red nails gleamed against the glass.

"A little water," Norman said as Elena took a delicate sip.

"A little water with a big gin," Marcos said.

"Yes, give me one of those, please, Norman," Elena said.

"And for me, too, please," Marcos said.

"Nothing for me, thank you," I said.

"Oh, come on," Sandra said.

"No, really," I said. "Thank you."

"These two live right next door," Sandra said, indicating the hedge through which Mister and the rabbit made their frequent appearances. "And *this* one"—she tucked my arm under hers—"lives upstairs. She came all the way from—from—America," Sandra landed with relief on the word, "and now she's right here in this garden. She *hates* us, isn't that right?" Sandra winked at Elena. "We're bad neighbors and she hates us."

"You must forgive me, please," Elena said to me. "I do not speak very well English. Marcos, my husband, he speak it very well."

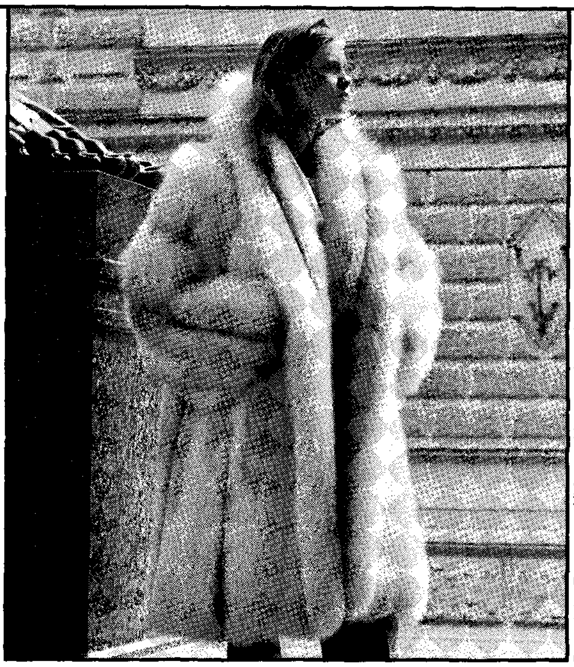
"You speak English like a princess," Sandra said. "Just like a princess. Isn't it odd, you know, how you can live right next door to people and never see them at all?" Marcos smiled, allowing a dark radiance to flow briefly out to Sandra.

"Here we are," Norman said. "Three waters, one water, and a nothing."

"Norman and I were just telling these lovely people about some of our other friends right here in town," Sandra said. "Now. You don't know Dr. and Mrs. Rafaelson, you said. Skipper and Lillian."

"Unfortunately, we do not," Marcos said with finality.

"Let's see," Sandra continued. "The Van Kirks, the Geldzahlers, the Murchisons— Oh! You must know



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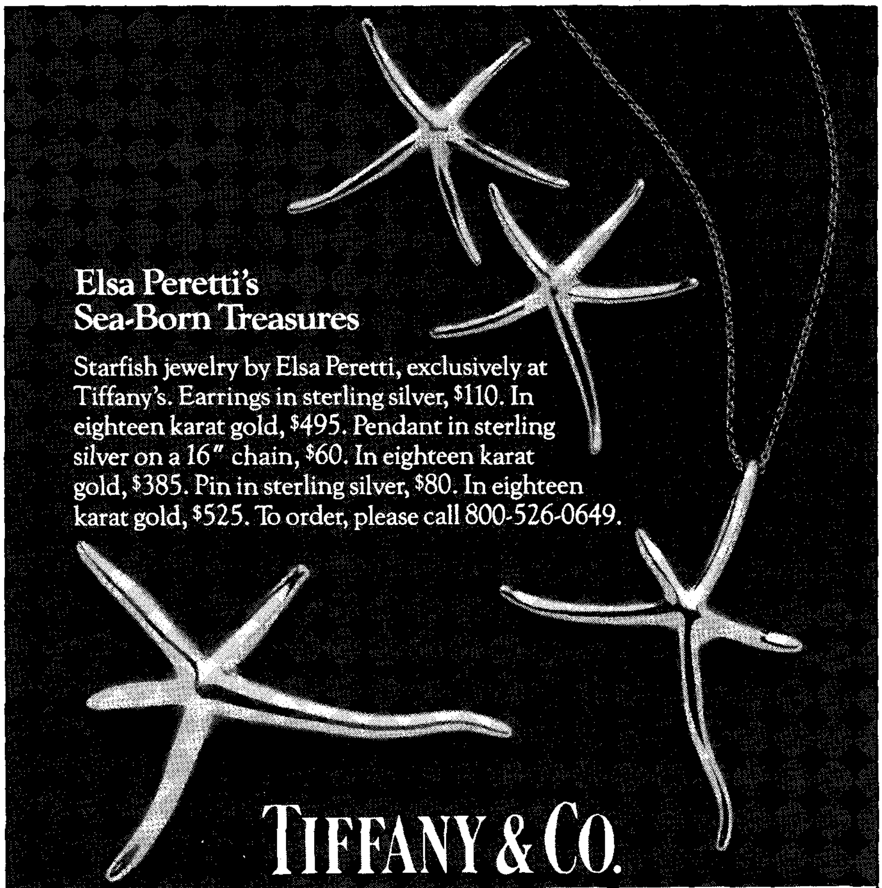

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the Dawsons. They do a lot of charity work at the church."

Elena's black hair seemed to flex and breathe as she smoothed it back. "I do not think so, do we Marcos?" Marcos took a sip of his drink and shook his head without looking up. I feared I was to be condemned along with the other invaders from the U.S. without getting my own trial.

"Well, we're all very fortunate to be able to live in a town with such fine people," Norman said.

Mister squeezed through the shrubbery and seated himself between his owners. He looked up adoringly at Marcos, his tail beating on the ground, and Marcos raised his glass slightly in salute. "Poop on Mister," Sandra said as Elena bent down to stroke his fur.

"Poop on Mister," Norman said. "Mister Poops. We love Mister," he explained to me.

"Mister is a very good dog," Elena said. "To get Mister we have to go to the place where—how do you say, that place—"

"Pound," Sandra said. "Kennel."

"The place where they make the dog that have the history, the good family . . ."

"Dog breeder," Norman said.

"Yes, and now if Mister have good children they are worth very much in U.S. dollars."

"Oh, yes," Norman said. "Lovely things, setters. Sandra and I have had many fine animals ourselves."

"But we don't try, we don't try to have him, how do you say that thing?"

"That's a thing we don't say." Sandra nudged me. "We don't say it."

"Bred," Norman said, nodding.

"Yes, bred," Elena said. "We don't care about this thing."

"No, who cares?" Sandra said. "Dirty old dogs. Oh, Mister knows I love him."

"Yes, if they are healthy, the children, this is what we care," Elena said.

"Look." Marcos rested a finger lazily on my wrist. "Do you see?" And I could just make out, in the direction he indicated, the outline of a peak—flat, like a shadow cast from some original behind us—that rose above the others.

"The mountain," I said, pleased. "This is the first time I've seen it."

"It does not like to be seen often," Marcos said.

"No?" I responded reluctantly to his coyness. "Why not?"

"It is consecrated ground," he said,

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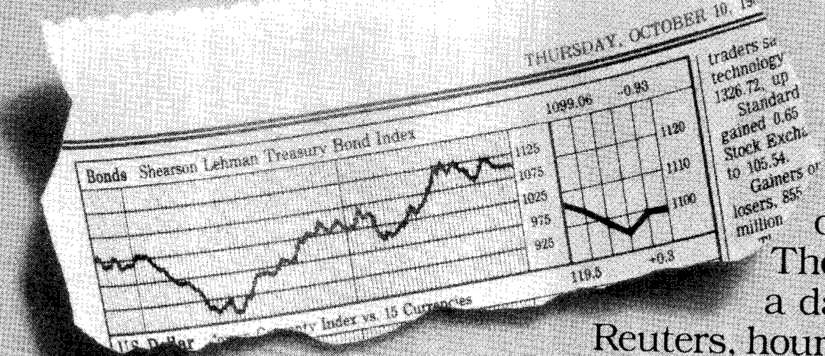

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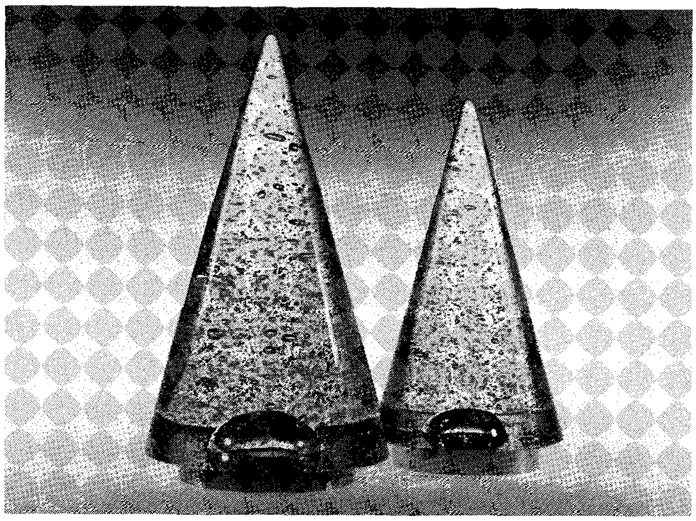

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tracing a pattern on his frosty glass. "Young girls used to be sacrificed there." Perhaps he hoped to shock me, but of course I was already familiar with the facts. "Their blood was dedicated to the gods who made the sun rise."

"I know," I said. "Those poor girls."

Marcos shrugged. "Those poor gods," he said. "Compelled to make the sun rise, the days go around in their circle."

"Compelled?" I said. "I would have thought that gods could do as they liked."

"Oh, no." Marcos lifted his eyes to me. I was annoyed by the degree to which he and his wife made their good looks a public concern, but I was not able to look away. "There are advantages, I am sure, to being a god, but that is not one of them. After all, prayer forces gods to respond, does it not?"

"I suppose one could think of it that way," I said. "I don't happen to."

"No?" Marcos said. "But the rain, the revelation, the vision, the growth of crops, the investiture of wisdom or power, even salvation—these things have always been granted if the preparation is correct."

"Nevertheless," I said, becoming crude in my irritation, "it seems rather wasteful, doesn't it? All those girls hacked to bits to make the sun come up, when it seems to come up all by itself these days."

"Perhaps it does." Marcos smiled. Against my will I imagined him dressing in front of the mirror, buttoning his shirt (as far as he had buttoned it) over his muscular chest while his eyes narrowed with satisfaction. "Or perhaps we benefit from the unselfish labors of our predecessors. Here the past lives on in us. Do you not see it when you look at me? The raised basalt knife, the bound virgin, the living heart plucked from the breast—"

"Please," I said. "That's quite enough. Besides, everyone has a history. I suppose you're saying that I'm a . . . that I'm a . . ." But I was too addled by his gruesome joking to think of an analogy.

"Yes," he said. "You see? You do not know what you are. You come from a corner of America that eradicated its original population. For you the past is something that is terminated, because your own past is an erasure. What a sad thing, I think! You cannot look back and see your

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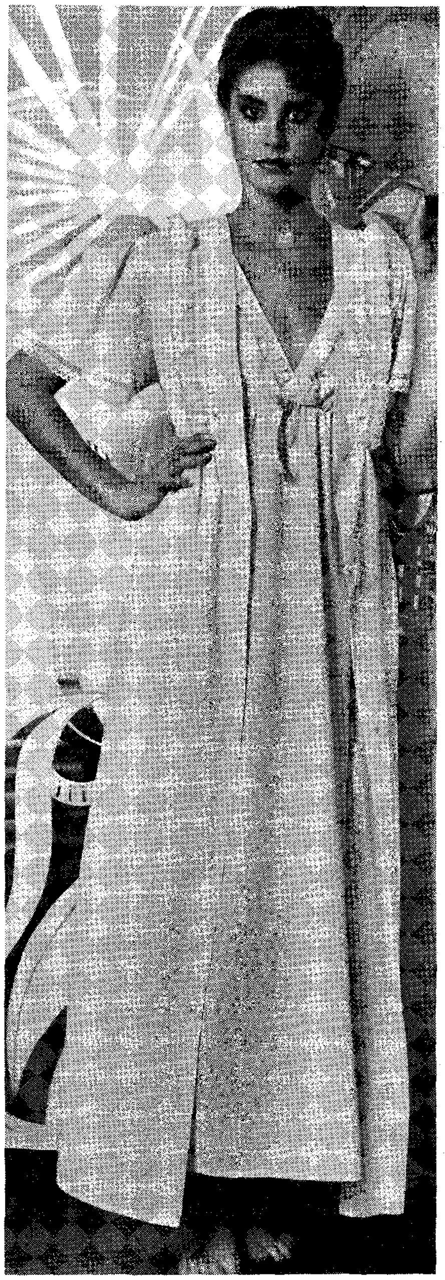

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present, you cannot look inward and see your future—"

"That may be so," I said evenly, though I could feel myself flushing with rage—surely it was the presence of Sandra and Norman that had provoked this platitudinous sermonizing. "But I should think you would be grateful to have that particular chapter of your history shelved. Some people consider it barbaric, you know. Besides, it seems to me that you're making great claims for an area that itself no longer has an indigenous culture. The people here now come from all over."

"From all over," Marcos agreed, delighted. "Bringing with them civilized customs, yes? They come from wherever one can be indicted for tax evasion. Or war crimes. Or fraud. They come for the climate." He looked at me. "And for what have you come?"

"The climate," I said, tears stinging from behind my eyes as he laughed.

"I have upset you," he said. "But I am only playing." A spoiled, stuffy look came over him as he became bored with tormenting me. "My family, of course, is pure Spanish."

"Such a relief," I said, "to learn that it is your practice also to usher in the sunrise without all that . . . preparation, I believe, is what you called it."

"Oh, I do not think we are suited for that now, in any case—that preparation," he said. "Because at the final moment all of it must be discarded."

Now that I was utterly beside myself, Marcos seemed to have forgotten me entirely, and he spoke as if he were musing in private. "I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," I said stiffly.

"Yes," he said. "Selecting the sacrifice, bending one's being to the desired thing, achieving the proper conditions for prayer—at the final moment this labor and struggle fall away like torn cloth, and the petitioner must face his goal unprotected. I do not think we, now, would be able to endure that."

"Endure what, you two?" Sandra said, turning to us. "What don't you think we could endure?" She gestured vaguely. "We can endure this. Anyhow—" She took both my hands as I stood up to go, and she looked into my face searchingly. "The main thing is, Are You Having Fun?"

"Yes," I said. "Of course."

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"Good." She released me and shook her head slowly. "Because that's the main thing."

NOW Marcos began to appear in my dreams. He was a jeering, insistent, impinging presence, but once, just before I awoke, he repented and took me, for comfort, into his arms. I showered immediately upon getting out of bed, but the feeling of him clung to me maddeningly throughout the day.

One morning soon afterward I was on my way out when Norman and Sandra called to me from the patio. "If it isn't just the lady we were talking about!" Sandra said. "Come have breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Useless. Dolores," she called, pointing at me.

"Of course, we don't want to keep you if you have things to do," Norman said, as I hesitated.

"Oh, she doesn't have anything to *do*," Sandra said.

"No, the reason we hoped to see you this morning," Norman said, "is that some very old, very dear friends of ours, Gerald and Helen Moffat, have just come in from Minneapolis, and we're having a little party for them this evening. We thought maybe we'd forgotten to tell you."

"Are you from Minneapolis?" I asked.

"No," Norman said. "Our friends are."

"Norman," Sandra said, "have you spoken to Skipper and Lillian again?"

"Well," Norman said, "they'll do their damnedest to make it, but apparently Skipper hasn't been feeling too well. Nothing serious. But," Norman said to me, "there will be plenty of lovely people, and you're a lovely person, and we know you'll enjoy the others."

"Thank you," I said. First my morning, and now my evening. "I'll certainly come, unless—"

"Now, where—" Sandra twisted around in her chair. "Oh, there," she said as Dolores approached with a glass of juice and a plate of bacon and eggs for me.

Norman broke off a gardenia from a plant near him and put it on my plate. "Don't we do everything beeyoutifully?" Sandra said.

"Bee*you*tifully, bee*you*tifully," Norman chanted.

"And will the Moffats be staying with you?" I asked.

"No, no," Norman said. "They keep a lovely place here in town. Right

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out where our old place was. Just the other side of the golf club."

"Golf club," Sandra said. "Golf club, golf club. Who knows what anybody's talking about, with golf *clubs* and *golf* clubs? Anyhow it sounds like some kind of expression, doesn't it?" I looked at her politely. " 'Those people live just the other side of a golf club.' It would mean, for instance, a tiny bit, but too much. Just beyond the pale, kind of." She laughed and clapped her hands together. "You would say, 'Oh, those two? They're lovely people, but they've gone just the other side of the golf club.' "

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Dolores," Sandra said, "we're *waiting* for our coffee."

Norman turned to pinch back the gardenia plant. "They have a marvellous pool," he said. "Just let us know if you want to use it. They'd be delighted."

"Is that to make it flower?" I asked him.

"Yes," Norman said. "I don't know. These silly things just flower in this climate no matter what you do." He got up to inspect some plants that made a border along the hedge. "That darned rabbit did a lot of damage, Sandra," he said plaintively. "We're going to have to get the boy to replace these."

"Well, anyhow," I reassured him, "I haven't seen it around lately."

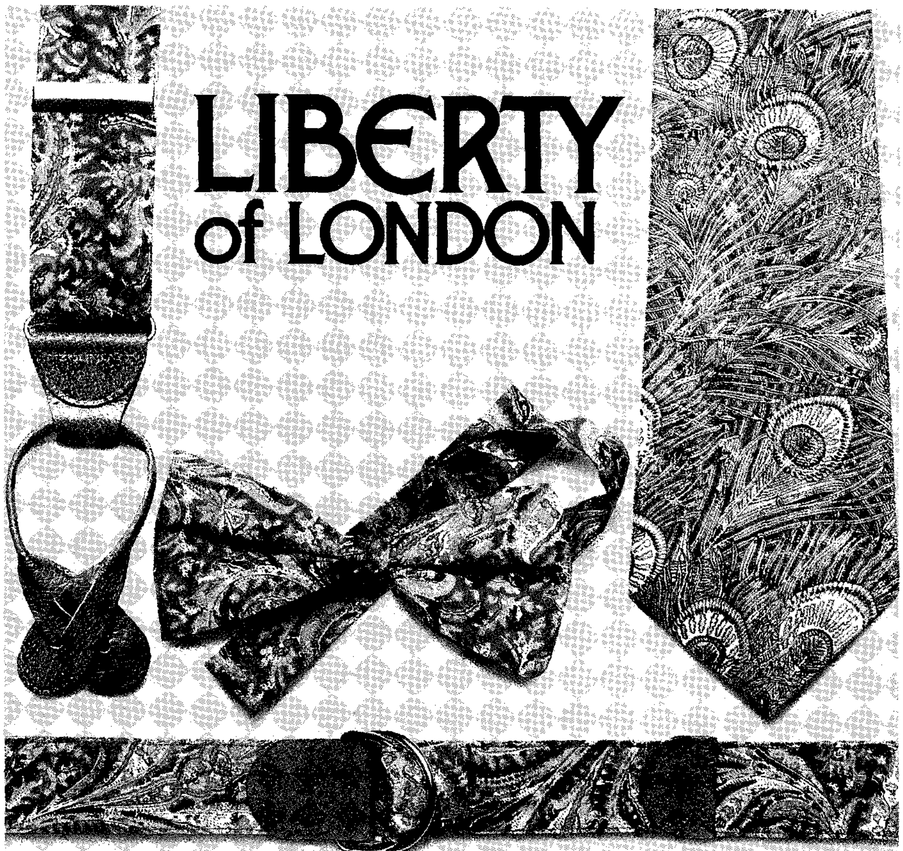
"I'll bet you're dying for your coffee," Sandra said. "I know I am."

"Where do you suppose it went?" I asked. "The rabbit."

Sandra made a face and brushed some crumbs from the table. "Just look at this mess," she said.

Norman straightened up and sighed. "He had to take it out," he said, looking at the ground. "I don't know why."

As Norman wandered farther along, poking at the plants, Sandra spoke rapidly to me in a low voice. "I think those people next door ate the rabbit," she said. "But I don't want to say that to Norman. He'd have a fit. He loves rabbits. That rabbit was such a pest, though, wasn't it, eating all those plants. But it was cute. We don't have them at home. Well, we do, I suppose, we could, but people eat them here." She watched absently as Dolores approached, but then continued, enraged, "Oh, well, why not, after all? People have to eat." As Dolores poured our coffee, Sandra looked at me and raised an eyebrow. "Thank you, Dolores," she said with exaggerated graciousness.



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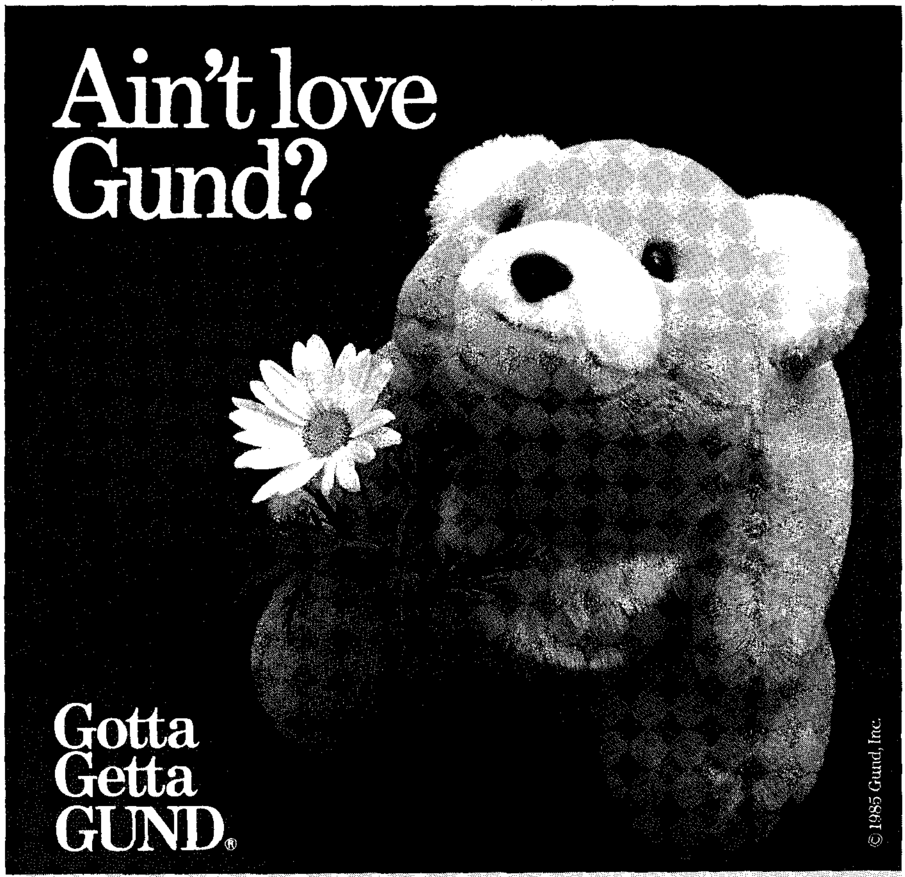

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I was embarrassed, but Dolores seemed oblivious of the sudden savage rudeness that Sandra would occasionally unleash. "We eat cows," I said.

"You don't happen to have anything like—a Valium, do you?" Sandra asked. "Or upstairs?"

"I don't," I said. "No."

"Well, good for you. Who needs that stuff? Yes," she said after a moment, "that's true. We do eat cows. And chickies. And piggie-wigs. But they're all revolting."

We sat and looked at Norman as he peered about among the plants. "This coffee is delicious," I said.

"Oh! If you want delicious!" Sandra said, jumping to her feet. She went inside and came back with a bottle. "Just try it," she said.

"What is it?" I asked. I looked from Sandra to Norman, who had returned to stand above me.

"Don't feel you have to, if you're not in the mood," he said.

"Oh, Norman. It's practically the national *drink*," Sandra said.

"But if she doesn't want to—" Norman said.

Sandra opened the bottle, and we all listened while she poured some into my coffee. "It's just for her. To try."

I took a sip. "Lovely, isn't it?" I said, although I found it strong and peculiar.

Sandra watched me as I drank, her chin resting on the backs of her clasped hands. "Yes," she said.

She shook herself, as if from sleep, and poured from the bottle into Norman's cup and then into her own. "Sandra—" Norman said. But she didn't look at him, and the three of us drank, our eyes lowered.

"Well . . ." Norman sighed. He raised himself up and shambled back to the border plants.

"He can't sit still," Sandra said. "It worries me."

Norman shook his head once again over the plants and then turned back to us, shading his eyes from the sun. "Can I give you a ride somewhere?" he asked me. "I've got to go down to the golf club for a quick game."

"You see?" Sandra called gleefully. "Well, stay this side!"

"I'm going into town," I said. "I don't think it's on your way."

"Got to drive anyhow," Norman said. "Just jump into the car, hippity-hop."

THAT evening the party glimmered below me with candles and lanterns. My room was like part of the evening, and as the rich mur-

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mur rose up to me I watched Dolores and a boy, who were both dressed in white with local weavings over their clothes, as they circulated, carrying trays among the guests. When I shut the door behind me to go downstairs I could feel my apartment swell with dreams poised to overtake me on my return.

I made a quick circle through the garden—naturally, Marcos and Elena were not there—and I noticed Simon Peter heading in my direction. I turned away just in time, and found myself facing a snub-nosed woman in a ruffled dress, with sticky-looking yellow-brown rolls of hair like varnished wood shavings. "You don't have a drink!" she said. "Well, I hope you can hold out for about an hour. The best thing to do is just to go in and pour yourself something, but it makes Norman so miserable if he sees. How long ago was it they moved from the big house? Nine years? Ten years? Still, I suppose it's a difficult adjustment. Sandra looks quite well, though, doesn't she?"

"Yes," I said.

"Sometimes it's worse when she's just come out of the clinic," the woman said. "It's hard to remember, isn't it, that she was the one who really ran the show all those years when Norman was such a souse. Oh, she was just as capable as anything! Of course, he was always just . . . *sweet*, wasn't he? A *gentle* man, Bob always says."

How dare she, I thought. How dare this stranger tell her friends' secrets to me. But as I thought it I realized that Sandra and Norman had already offered me this information about themselves, and I looked down to avoid the reflection in this woman's face of my own brutality and cowardice.

"Such a pity about this weather," the woman said. "All this haze. Or smog—whatever it is. We never used to have this." She patted her careful permanent. "Oh, I see that you're admiring my sash," she said. "Guatemalan. Old, the girl said, and she seemed honest. I think she was German."

"I'm sure," I said, looking around for Norman and Sandra. I would say good night and then leave.

"Excuse me?" the woman said.

"Pardon me?" I said. "Yes, it must be."

"Well, at least I was told it was," the woman said. "They still do marvellous things, of course, but I wouldn't recommend it. Bob and I were horribly disappointed ourselves last year.

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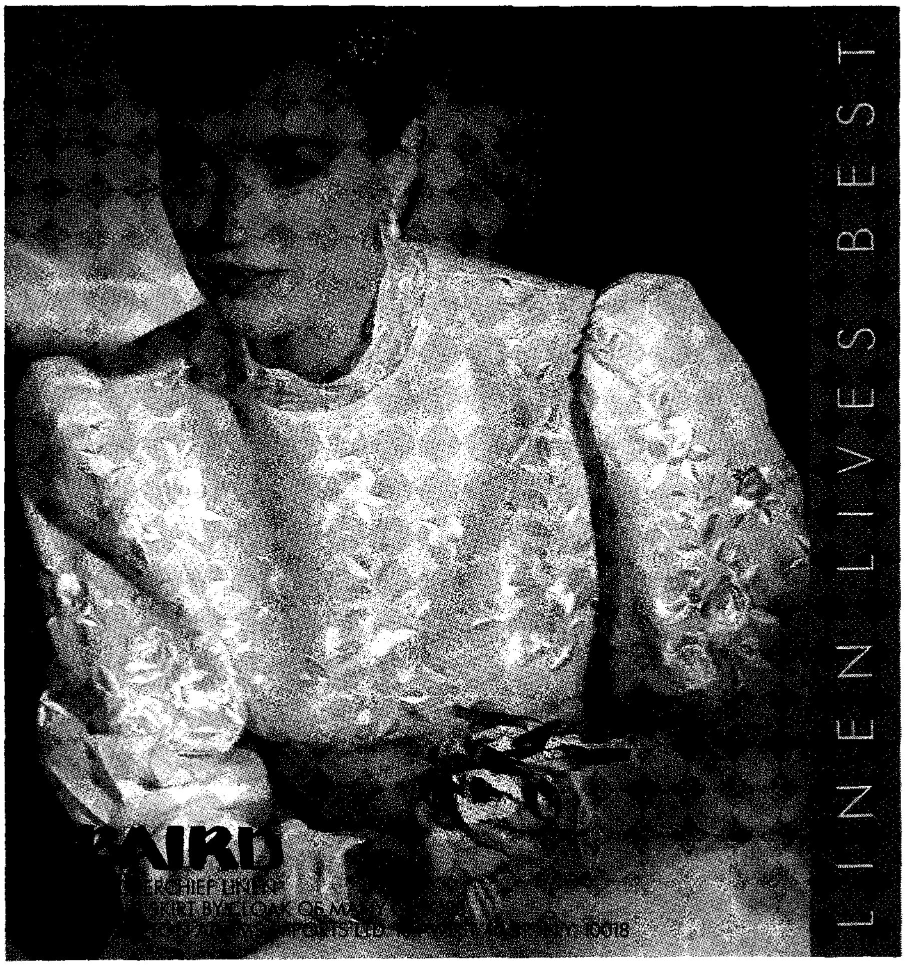


We had a wonderful view of the lake, but otherwise it was impossible. And the meals! Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you that it really wasn't food at all."

"Perhaps I will go inside and get myself something," I said, but at that moment the boy appeared with a tray of frothy drinks. He was very young, really a child, and he was absolutely radiant. He seemed delighted with his tray and his uniform.

"Uh-uh," the woman said loudly as the boy started to move off. "Hold still, there." As the woman drained her glass and exchanged it for a full one, I realized that the boy looked exactly like Dolores—he must have been her son.

"Hello, hello," Norman said. He was crossing past us on the lawn, and he held firmly by the elbow a woman who walked unsteadily in high-heeled sandals. "All set up, I see. Good."

"Muriel," said the woman with Norman. "No one *told* me you were here yet."

"Just," said the woman I was talking to. "Barely a week."

"Marvellous," the other woman called back over her shoulder as she and Norman continued on their way. "And how's Bob?"

"Well, you know." Muriel leaned across me to answer her retreating friend. "He's been out on the course all day." Both women laughed and waved. "Actually," Muriel said to me, "he just can't stand to come to their parties any longer. He was so close to Norman, after all, and since they lost the Fort Lauderdale place Bob has hardly had the heart to see them. But I feel we just have to come out for Gerald and Helen, don't you? You know" —she paused and turned on me a look of blind radar—"I don't remember you from Fort Lauderdale—"

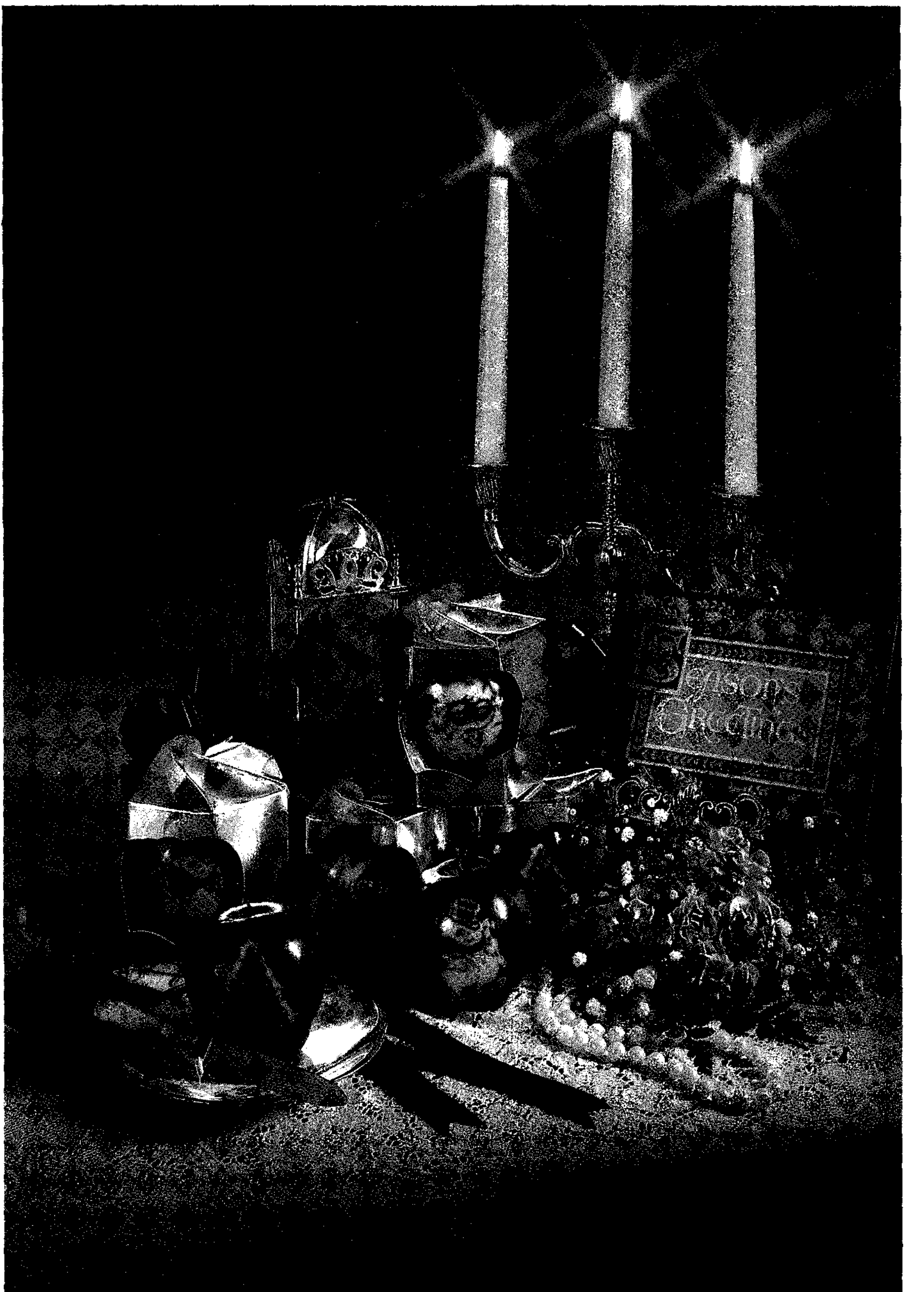
"Isn't this lovely," said Sandra, arriving in a whirl of skirts. She put a bare, somewhat slack arm around Muriel. "Everyone all together."

"Just a moment, dear," Muriel said, reaching over with a piece of Kleenex to wipe a bit of lipstick off Sandra's tooth. "There. I was just telling your young friend here about your beautiful, beautiful place in Fort Lauderdale."

"We had such fun, didn't we?" Sandra said.

"Where do you two know each other from?" Muriel said.

"Oh, she's my darling," Sandra said. "Isn't she cute? But she's so busy. Full of important things to do." She



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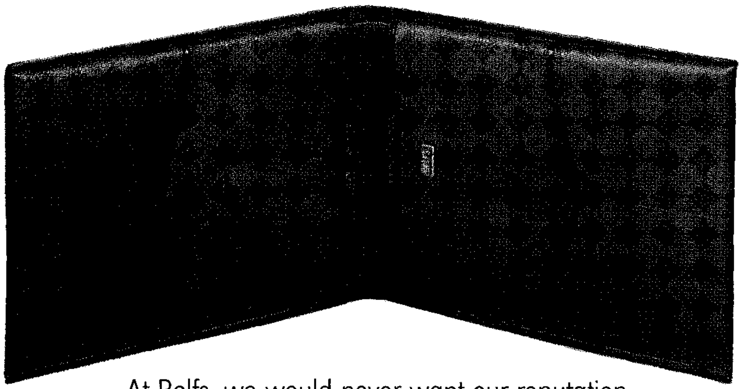

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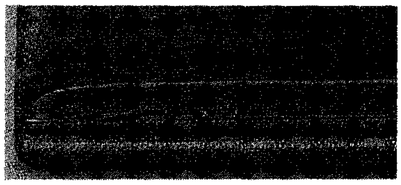

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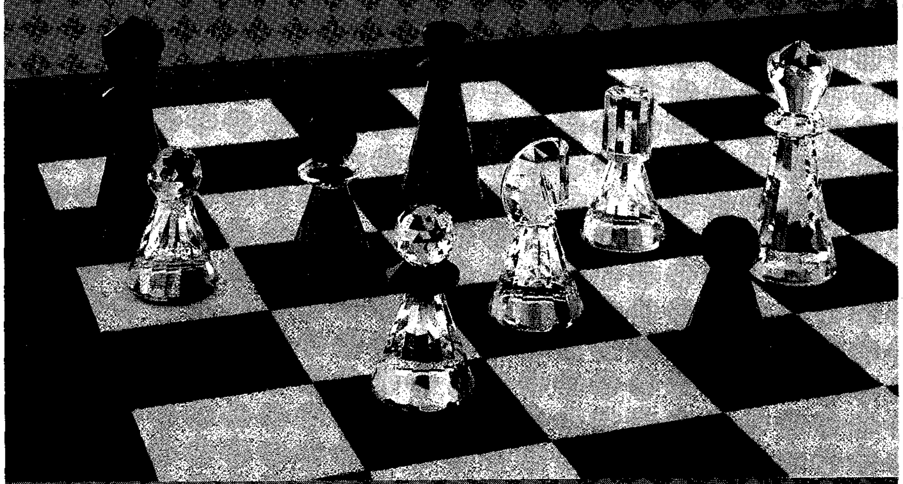

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crinkled her nose and put it against mine for a moment. "I hate you when you're busy," she said. She turned to Muriel. "Where's Bob?" she said. "I haven't seen Bob all evening."

"He was miserable not to be able to make it," Muriel said. "But he was simply exhausted. He spent the entire day on the course with Dr. Skip."

I realized that I'd never seen Sandra's face in repose before. She focussed dispassionately on Muriel as Muriel carefully picked a fallen blossom off her dress, and when Muriel looked up again Sandra was still gazing at her. "He gets tired," Muriel said, glancing at me to enlist my support. "He's not as young as he used to be." But I was looking at her in just the way that Sandra had looked at her, and Sandra turned and walked off.

"There!" Muriel said. "Well, I suppose I've done something now, but that's just the kind of thing—" An expression of dull triumph spread across her face. "She blames us. She blames Norman. But what else can Norman do? He's the only one with the authority to commit her."

But over on the patio something was happening. Just as Norman reached down to take a drink from Dolores's son, Sandra strode up. Norman seemed unable to move as he watched Sandra grip the child's shoulder and with her free hand take a drink from the tray, lifting it high above her head. The child stared, his huge eyes gleaming with fear, and the glass seemed to hesitate where Sandra released it, twinkling lazily in the air, before it shattered on the slate. The sound seemed a signal for the party to resume, more noisily than before, and the entire event was swallowed in the cleft of silence that closed behind us while Sandra raised the glasses one by one from the boy's tray and let them drop.

As I crossed the lawn, a pulpy hand grabbed mine. "You're not going to be all upset now, are you?" a voice said. The voice and hand belonged to a large man in Bermuda shorts. "It's over and done with," he said. "Tomorrow no one will even remember." I snatched my hand away and continued across the lawn.

I found Sandra in the living room, leaning on Dolores, who comforted her as if she were a child. Her crying sounded like a small intermittent cough. Norman stood several feet away, looking up at the moon. His face was wet with tears, I saw, and, like the face that looked back at him

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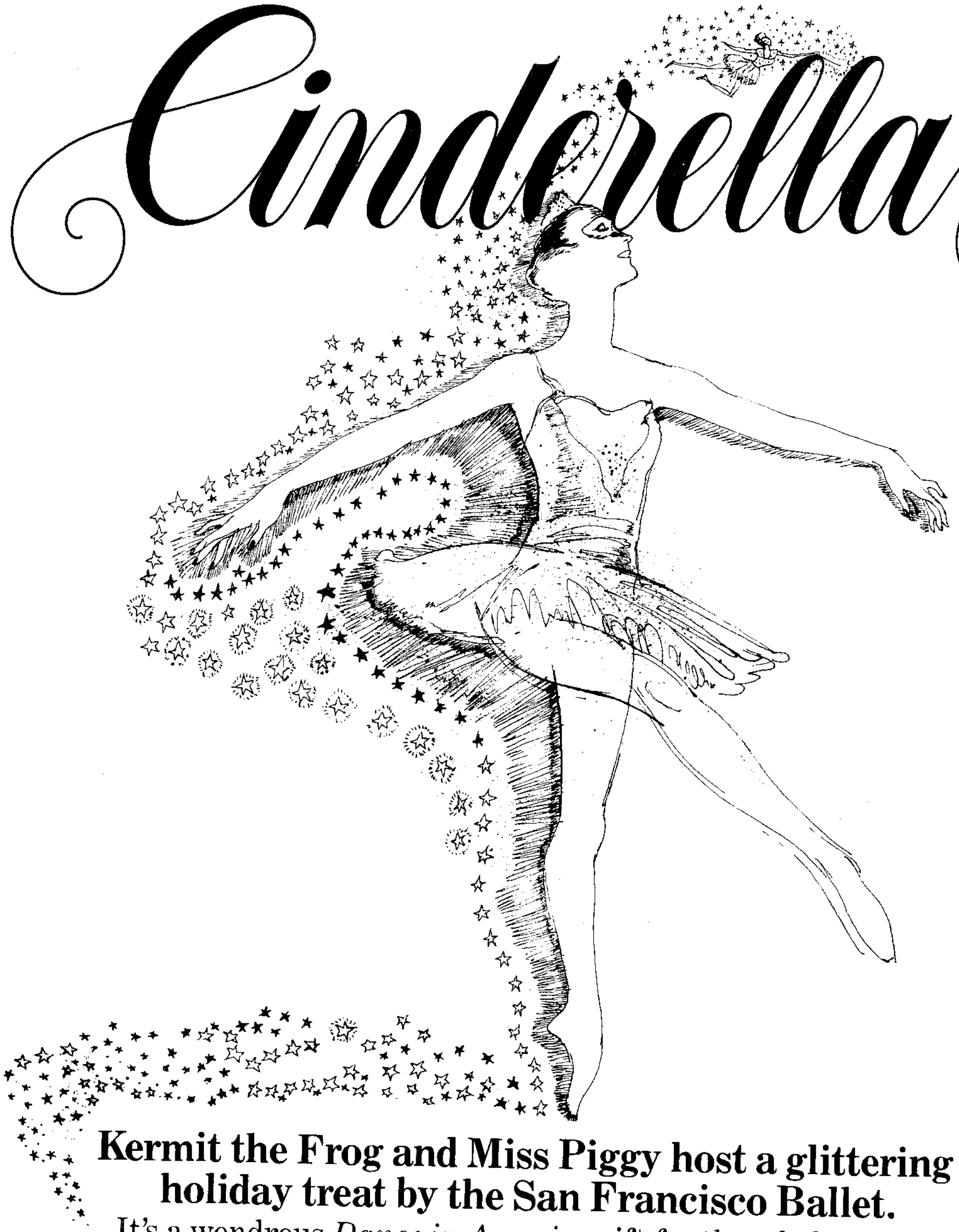

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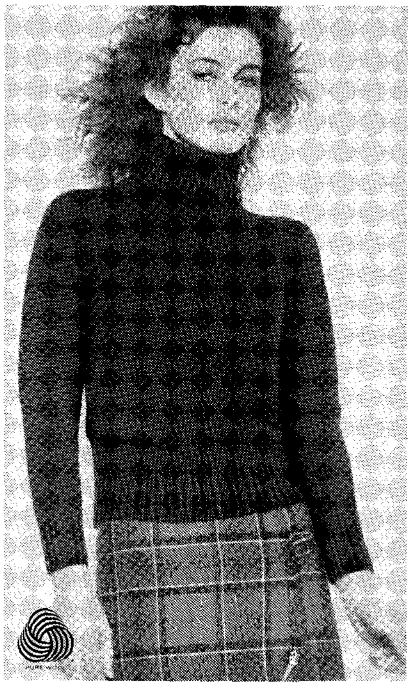

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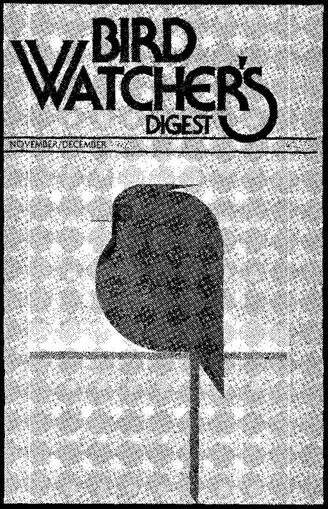
from the moon, it was indistinct, as if it were being slowly worn away. There was nothing I could do here.

Near the gate, Dolores's son was kicking listlessly at the wall. We pretended not to notice each other as I went out.

BY the time I got to the square it was nearly empty. Four men still stood at equidistant points around the band shell conjuring streams of bubbles from their bottles of colored liquid, but the other venders and the crowds had disappeared, and the last remaining people must have assumed, as I sat down on a bench, that I was waiting for something.

Had Sandra and Norman ever been aware of the life they were making for themselves? Probably not. It seemed that one simply ate any fruit at hand, scattering the seeds about carelessly, and then years later found oneself walled in by the growth. I cast my mind back into my own past, straining to see any crossroad, any telling choice, that would indicate the destination toward which I was moving, but there was only the gentle clacking of the broad leaves above me and a slight scent of roses eddying through the night air.

If only I could be lifted up and borne off to someplace further along in time, to where the hours would move forward in a benign, steady procession and I would spend the modest coinage of daily life among pleasant people. I closed my eyes wearily for a moment, and when I opened them a piece of chiffon seemed to wind around me, a billowing thing that had belonged to my mother's mother. I pored over it, studying the thrilling colors that were unfaded by previous exposure to memory. I held it up, filtering a cold afternoon light through its ravishing thinness. The patterns were larger, and the threads and the dark interstices between them, and then it was gone and the night was around me again. Yet I'd seen that forgotten scarf as perfectly as if some globe underfoot had rotated thirty years back, placing me right next to it. And now there was another rotation, and I was crouching in the alley, where garbage cans clustered like mushrooms, and the brick apartment buildings rose up and up, casting a private weather around me. Most of the windows were dark and vacant, but in some white shades were pulled halfway down. One cord and ring turned aimlessly, ominously, in a ghostly breath of air. I watched



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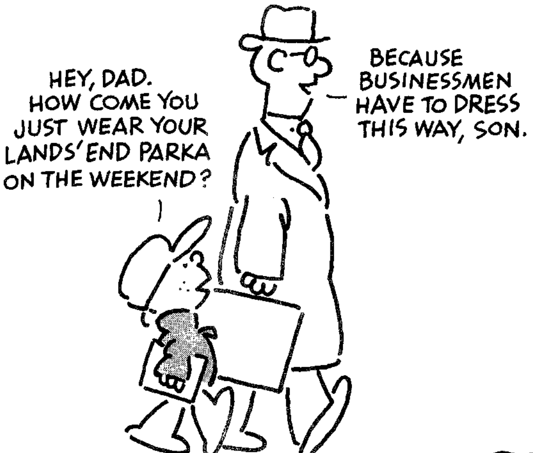
HEY, DAD. HOW COME YOU JUST WEAR YOUR LANDS' END PARKA ON THE WEEKEND?
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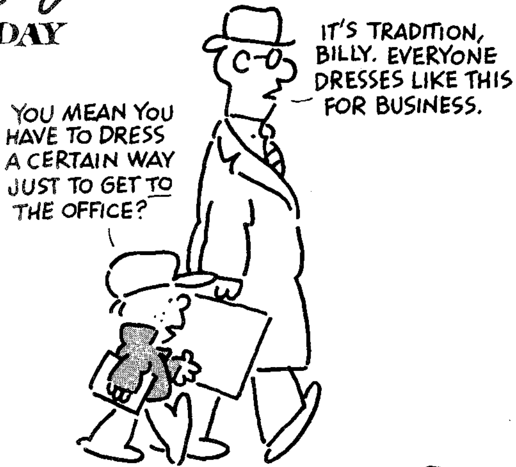
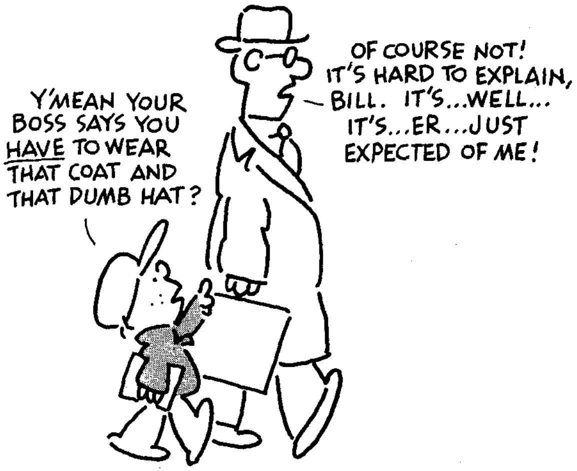
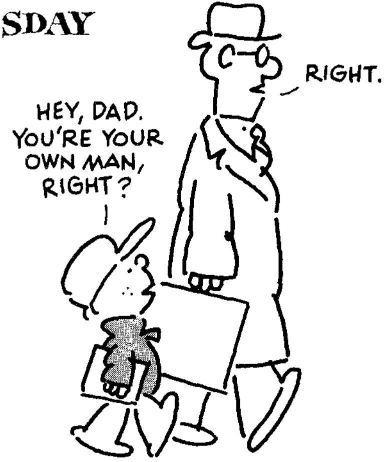
MONDAY


YOU MEAN YOU HAVE TO DRESS A CERTAIN WAY JUST TO GET TO THE OFFICE?
IT'S TRADITION, BILLY. EVERYONE DRESSES LIKE THIS FOR BUSINESS.

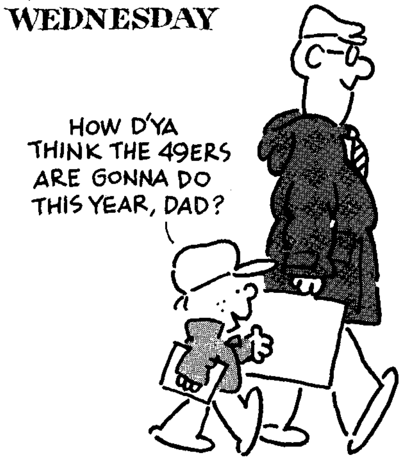
TUESDAY


Y'MEAN YOUR BOSS SAYS YOU HAVE TO WEAR THAT COAT AND THAT DUMB HAT?
OF COURSE NOT! IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BILL. IT'S...WELL... IT'S...ER...JUST EXPECTED OF ME!

WEDNESDAY


HEY, DAD. YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN, RIGHT?
RIGHT.

THURSDAY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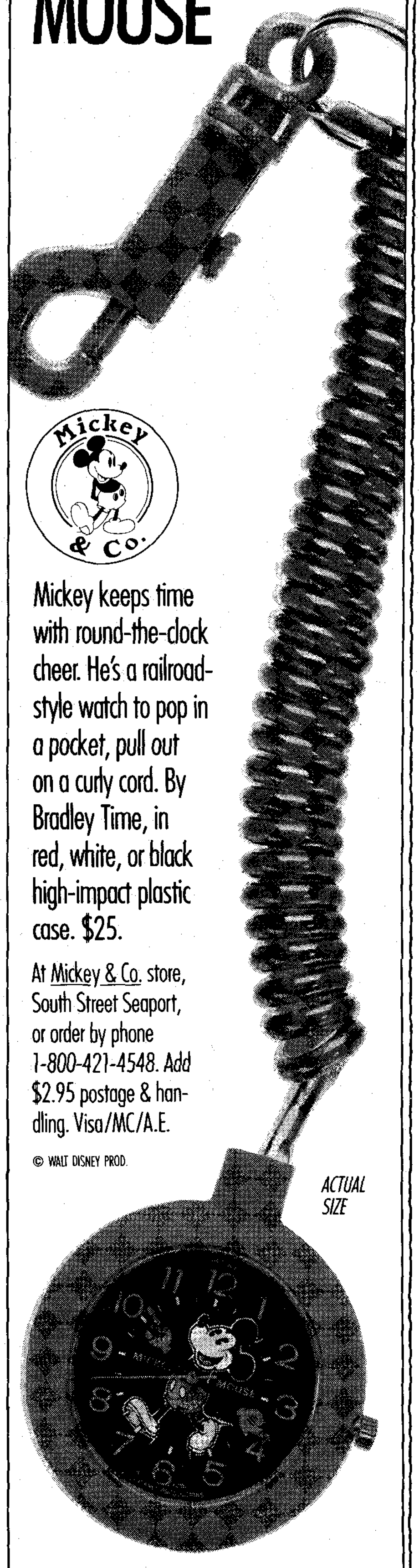

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BY J.G. HOOK

and watched until a tightening circle of darkness closed around it.

I sat shivering and miserable at the edge of a community pool where my mother sent me to swim on Saturdays. Lights, reflected from under the water, rippled on the dark walls and ceiling, and the tile room echoed with loose booming sounds. Chlorine stank, and burned in my nose and eyes.

During recess I leaned against the fence as classmates played tetherball—an awful game, I thought, dogged and pointless. Sharon, a bossy fat girl, came over and stood next to me. She had never talked to me before, but now she asked me to go skating after school. I looked at her uneasily. Had she felt sorry for me? As I stalled, I saw anxiety erode her self-assurance, and her purpose became clear—she thought I'd be easily acquired. "Sharon is making friends now," her relieved parents would be able to say. Well, I did not have to be her life raft. "No, thank you," I said. My strength had returned. "I have to get back to my mother."

In the university library I talked with a man from one of my classes. His skin looked like pastry dough—I felt I could see the beard growing up through it. I was stricken with the fear that he was going to ask me to have coffee, and while I waited, trying to concentrate on what he was saying, his face became less and less familiar. Suddenly, he checked his watch and turned away, leaving me confused.

My friend Pamela and I sat in our favorite café after an early Sunday supper, studying our check. We opened our purses, and each of us carefully counted out what she owed. The headlights of the cars that drove past were sulfurous yellow in a cold autumn drizzle. Time to go—the office tomorrow.

Well. Yes. That had been only last month. I blinked at the shapes of the foliage becoming visible against the velvety night. What random, uneventful memories. In any case, it must be terribly late, and I ought to be asleep, but as I rose to go, there was the sudden rush of entering a tunnel, and I sat with my mother, holding one of her hands. I traced with my finger the huge, adult bones, the fascinating veins that crossed it like mysterious rivers; I fitted my attention exactly to the ridgings of her knuckles, the wedding ring, her pale, flat nails. "Your hand is so beautiful," I said.

"My hand is hideous," she said,

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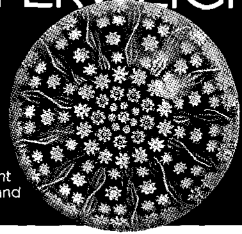

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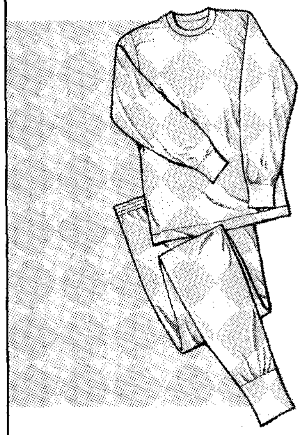

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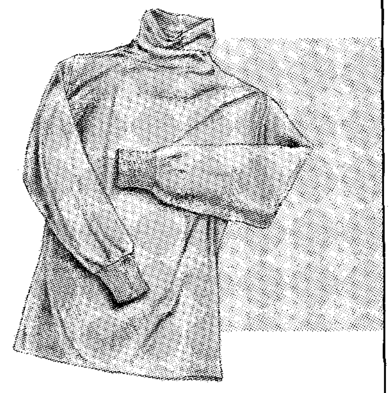

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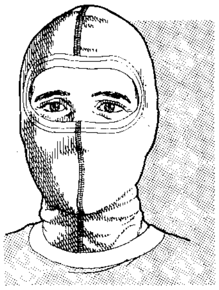

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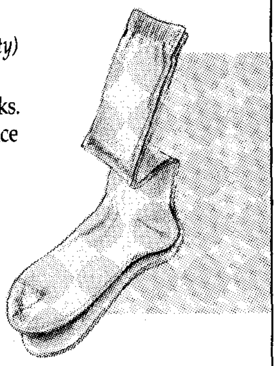
Silk Sock Liners *$6.95 ea. (in quantity)*



The last word in cozy, warm toes. Wear right next to the skin under your sport or dress socks. Keep an extra pair in your car, briefcase or office desk for traveling during those wet, chilling January thaws. Men's/Ladies' XS-XL sizes. Color: Champagne. Items #018 & 019.

Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners: 1 for **$7.95/pr.**; 3 for **$7.50/pr.**; 6 for **$7.25/pr.**; 12 for **$6.95/pr.**

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Men's Shoe	7	8	9-10	10½-11½	12-13
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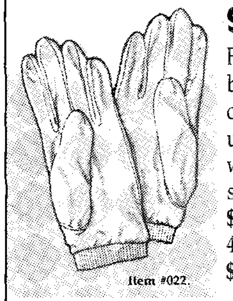
Silk Glove Liners *$5.70 ea. (in quantity)*



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			#047—Men's/Ladies' Featherweight Silk Turtlenecks	see above	
		Champagne	#022—Men's/Ladies' Silk Glove Liners	see above	
		Champagne	#018—Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners	see above	
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withdrawing it. "I have hideous hands. They're old."

Later, in private, I cried until I felt sore. How old had I been then? Not more than seven, I suppose, but how well I knew those hands when I saw them lying, truly old, as frail as paper on the hospital coverlet. The light from the window fell across them, and across my mother's sleeping face, her skin soft, like a worn cloth, as I stood in the doorway wondering if I should make some small noise to see if she was ready to wake. But light was coming through the walls of the hospital room, and they faded, and my mother faded, into the sparkling dawn.

Heavens. Vanished. How quickly the long night had turned to morning. How little there was behind me. I got up from the hard bench, stamping slightly to bring the blood back into my feet. Colors began to pulse into the day, and a terror took hold of me at being out here in the open as, deeper and surer with every beat, colors filled up the leaves and the flowers and the steep walled streets and the circle of mountains all around me, and the sky, too, where a round yellow sun was rising.

People were appearing in the square, quietly preparing for business, and I saw that there was a row of women already sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk, waiting for change. As I quickly distributed mine among them, one of the women said something to me. How thin she was, that woman—there was practically nothing left of her. At the correct moment she would need only to shrug off her ragged shawl in order to ascend from the sidewalk, weightless.

When I passed the news kiosk, only the little boy was there. My terror intensified; where was the boy's brother? I wanted badly to ask, but of course I was not able to, and as the child waved to me I caught a sudden glimpse of what those gods of Marcos's would see if they were to look down now at their former venue: a dying beggar; a little boy beginning his working life in earnest; a community of refugees from failure, ravaged by their pursuit of some deadly spectre of pleasure; a lonely woman moving into middle age. We would be a pretty sight, I thought, rocketing along our separate courses—tiny shooting stars burning out. But they were not going to look down, those gods. They had been released, and now they were free behind the screen of smog and pollution that protected them from the clamor of their new, unskilled peti-

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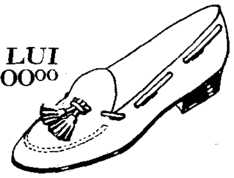

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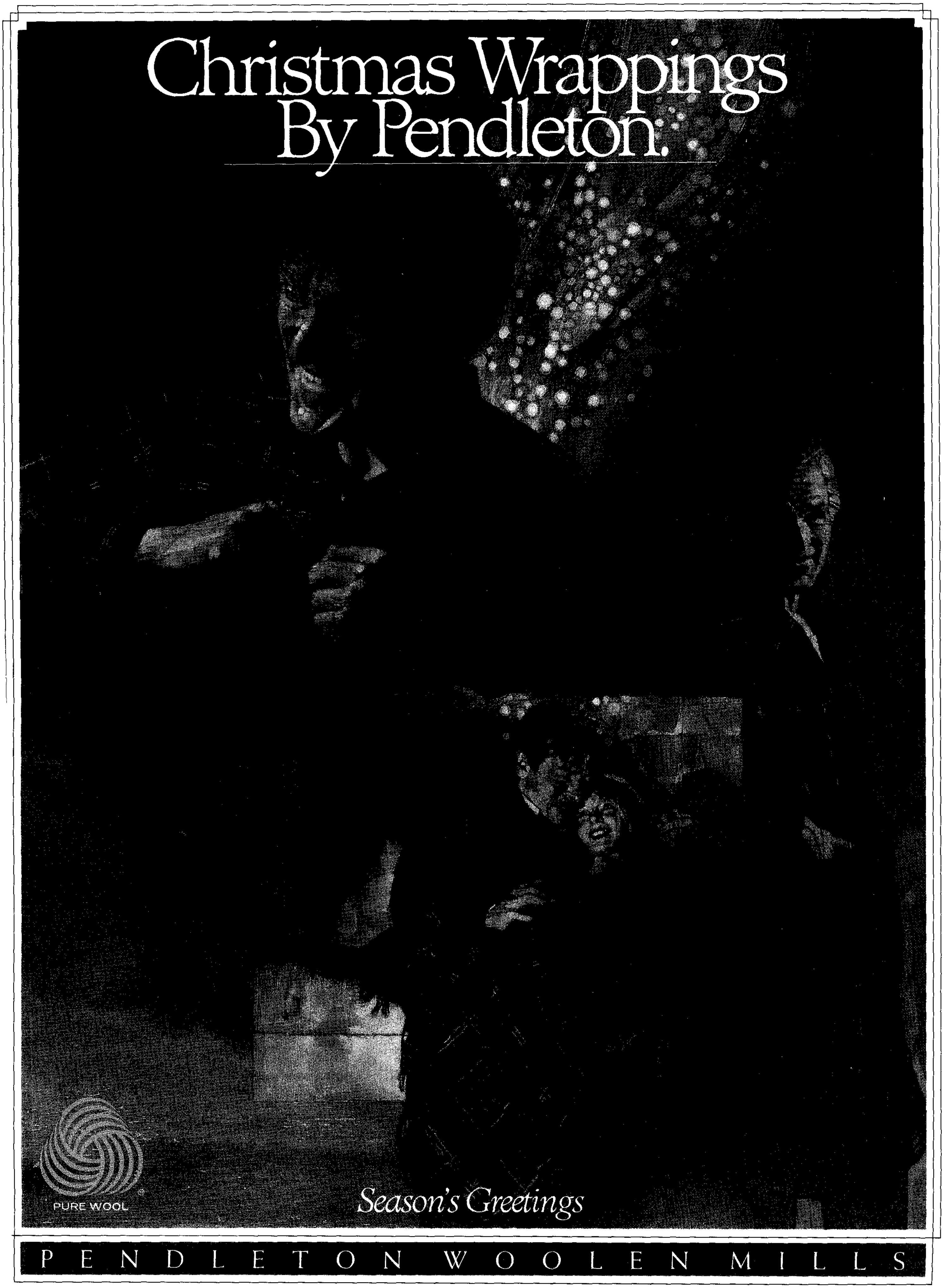
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tioners, and as the day carried the people around me toward whichever of the positions they were to assume that night in the square, I would have to search unaided through my raucous sleep for the dream in which my mother would take my hand and step into the moving current.

All around me the tin shutters were rolling up, and the streets grew crowded and noisy with traffic, and people with bundles of goods poured down into town like cataracts of melting streams, and in what seemed to be no time I'd been flung upon this tide back at the gate, breathless and dishevelled. But as I headed for the refuge of my apartment, a gleaming from among the stale litter of ashtrays and dishes drew me over to the patio. Oh, so many of the beautiful glasses—a little heap, I thought, of something over and done with. How sorry Sandra was going to be when she woke up!

I bent over the flashing splinters, and when I raised my eyes again I saw to my surprise that the living-room curtains were open and that Norman and Sandra were already awake. I peered cautiously into the dim interior, and I watched, shading my eyes, as they moved slowly about, making an ineffectual attempt to neaten up after the party. When they came to the door to answer my knock, I was shocked to see how old they were in this morning light, and seedy in their worn robes, like people just come from a hospital. They looked at me bewildered, as if they couldn't quite place me—and, goodness knows, I had never come to them before—but I wasn't able to explain myself or to speak at all. And as we stood and stared at one another, I saw on their faces the record, which was changing right in front of me, of countless challenges met and usually lost, and then, understanding what they must do, they composed themselves and invited me in.

—Deborah Eisenberg

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Mechanicsburg* (*Pa.*) *Guide*]

We started our meal with Oysters Rockefeller, $4.50, which featured four large clams filled with a delicious combination of spinach and cheese.

•

(CBN) Wackiest Ship in the Army; 60 min. Trevor Nunn directed this 1983 production of Mozart's 1781 opera set in ancient Greece.—*Listing in TV Guide.*

Mozart's had a rough time of it lately.

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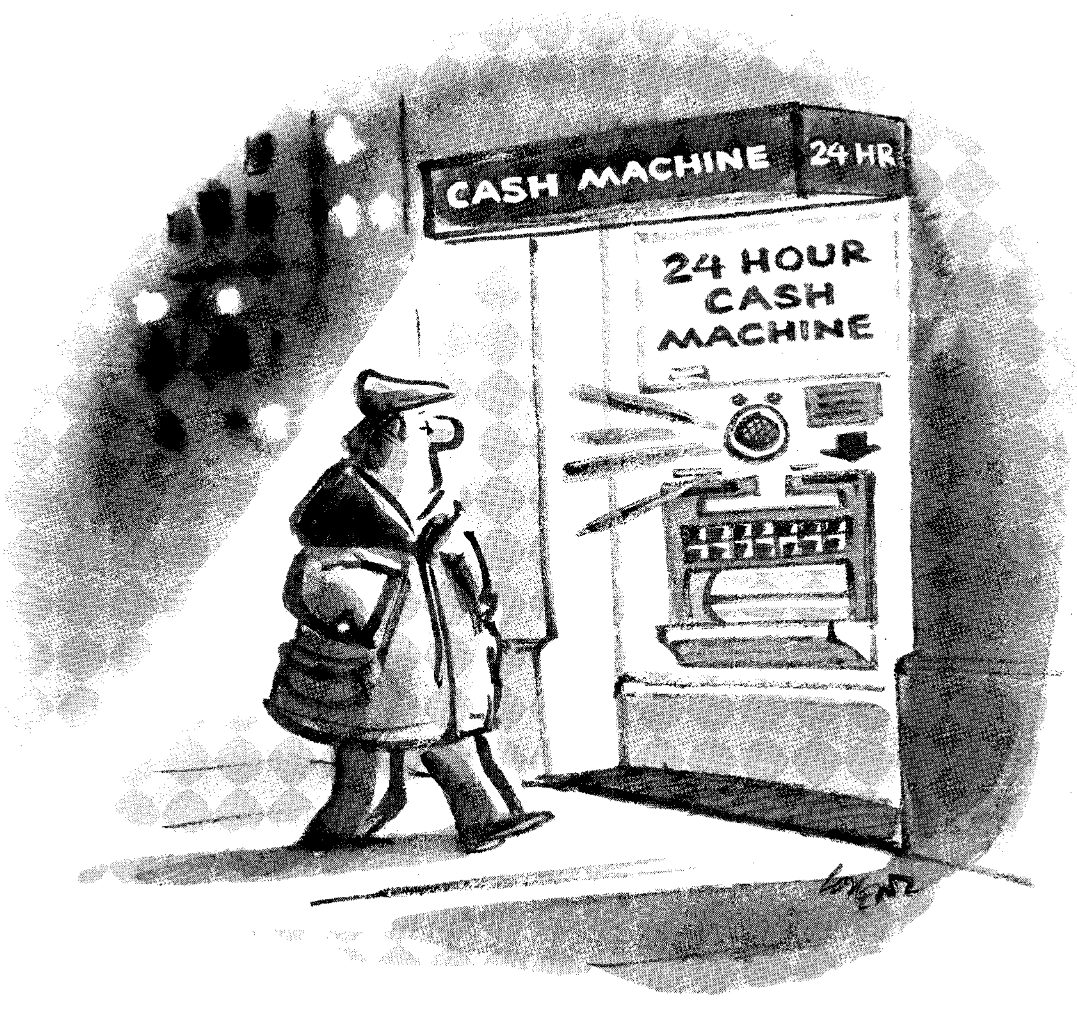
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

STANDUPS

THOSE shots on television news shows which consist of microphone-bearing correspondents facing the camera at various outdoor sites and delivering brief on-the-scene reports are known in the trade as standup spots, or standups. Thanks in large part to the development of communications-satellite technology in recent years, the standup has become ubiquitous. Images pour in from everywhere—trenchcoated correspondents reporting from windy street corners here, outside embassy gates there, from points overlooking the Champs-Élysées and the Arc de Triomphe, from positions on a level with the top of the Kremlin walls, from the Albert Embankment, with Big Ben and the towers of Westminster in the background, or, in Washington, from the steps of the Capitol. But, of all the settings for standups, surely none has become more familiar than the grounds of the White House. Evening upon evening, year in and year out, no matter how steamy the heat of the Washington summer or how bitter the winds blowing off Pennsylvania Avenue in the depths of winter, viewers have become accustomed to the sight of network correspondents standing out there on the north lawn of the White House, against a backdrop of white pillars, while they look their audience in the eye and, in authoritative tones, sum up the latest developments within the executive mansion, comment on the big political picture, or offer the lowdown on White House reactions to current events here or abroad. In fact, so familiar have the images of the network correspondents in front of the White House become—Sam Donaldson, of ABC; Lesley Stahl and Bill Plante, of CBS; Chris Wallace and Andrea Mitchell, of NBC, are household faces by now—that their presence has taken on the quality of a permanent encampment on the lawn.

To find out more about this curious phenomenon, I went down to Washington a while ago and, after putting up at a hotel overnight, checked in at the northwest gate of the White House grounds at 6:45 A.M. I had never had any reason to visit the White House grounds before, so I had been asked, by a young woman named Denny Brisley, who is an assistant in the office of the President's press secretary, to supply some advance personal information—professional affiliation, date of birth, Social Security number, and all that—which would enable me to be cleared by the Secret Service. As I approached the White House that morning, I could see right away that security around there is certainly tight these days. To reach the northwest gate after crossing Pennsylvania Avenue, I had to thread my way past roadblocks made of concrete highway dividers and upended sections of big concrete pipe. For appearances' sake, one section of pipe had been topped with pots of flowering plants. At the guardhouse by the gate, where I produced my press credentials, to be checked against a list of cleared visitors, I had to stand in front of a metal detector and have my briefcase searched very carefully before I was handed a Secret Service visiting-press badge, prominently numbered and good for one day; the badge, orange and made of hard plastic, came with a light metal chain, and I was to keep it hung around my neck while I was on the premises.

Sometime that morning, I wanted to catch up with Chris Wallace, the chief White House correspondent for NBC. To get to the NBC News booth in the pressroom of the White House, I was told by a guard, I should follow a driveway that would lead me south toward the West Wing visitors' entrance, and make a sharp left turn onto a paved walkway running east



"Hey, buddy. Got any spare change?"

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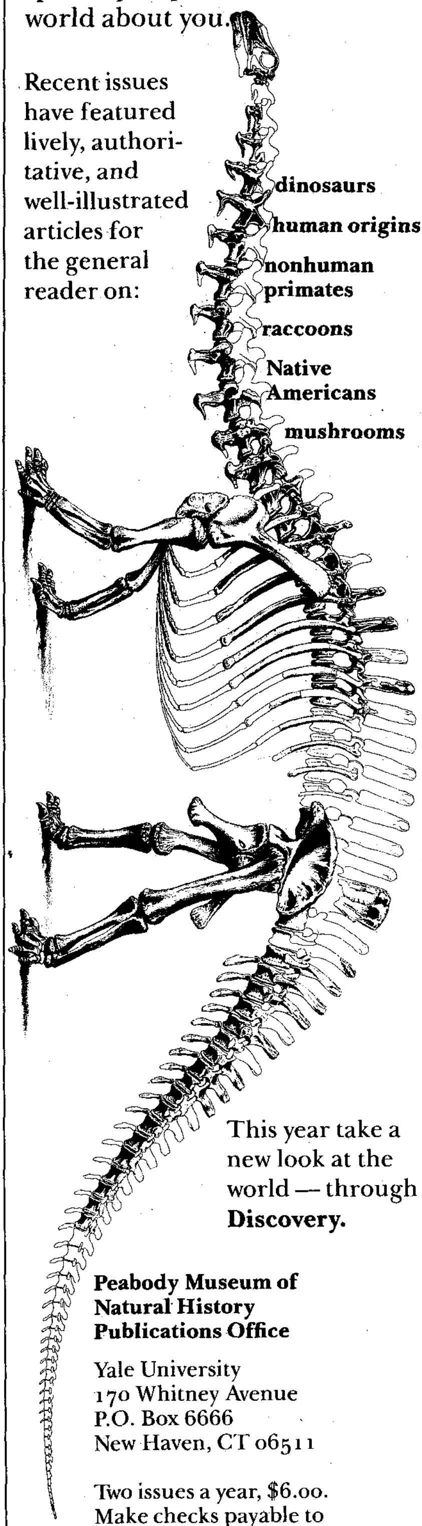

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along the front of the West Wing; I would find the pressroom entrance marked by a small canopy.

As I began walking toward the West Wing entrance, I glanced left, to the expanse of beautifully maintained lawn where, I had figured, the TV correspondents customarily performed their standup reports for the evening news. Since it was now almost time for "The CBS Morning News," "Today," and "Good Morning America" to go on the air in the East, I had been hoping that I would be able to catch sight of TV crews getting ready to shoot the morning-news correspondents doing standups for these shows. But the lawn was unoccupied, the morning dew undisturbed.

Something about the scene gave me a feeling of not being oriented properly. I had been expecting to have the pleasure of a side view of the famous North Portico of the White House, but I found that I couldn't quite be sure where the front of the building was; in fact, I could barely see the White House at all. Then it occurred to me that although through the years television correspondents out on the lawn had been announcing themselves as speaking from "the White House," the classic image of "the White House"—the tall, elegant North Portico, once visible in the background of nearly all the standups—lately had disappeared from the screen, replaced by what looked like a revised TV-news image of "the White House," consisting of a considerably smaller and less impressive portico. Now, looking south, I could see that it was to the West Wing visitors' entrance, a hundred yards away from the old site, that the television-news people had transferred the customary "White House" image.

Entering the building, I found myself in the room used by the White House press secretary's office for daily briefings of reporters. Only a few people were on hand. I took a look around. The briefing room was perhaps sixty feet by twenty, and most of its space was taken up by eight or so rows of flip-up, theatre-style seats arranged six abreast, with narrow aisles on either side. The seats were covered with a blue material, and the seat backs were beige plastic. The walls were painted a sickly beige, with blue and gray accents. The carpet was motel-corridor blue, and dirty. At the front of the room, on a platform, stood a walnut-colored podium equipped with two long-necked microphones. Be-

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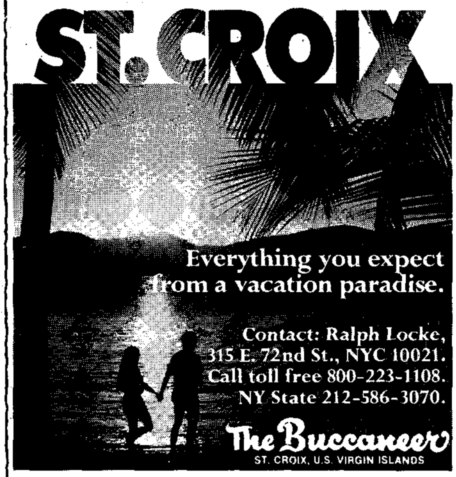

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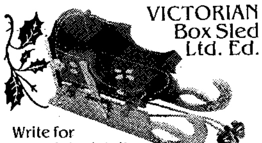

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hind it were bright-blue curtains with ostentatiously distinct pleats. In the central part of this curtained area, well above the top of the podium, hung a big oval plaque, of the kind that the podiums at hotel trade conventions display, bearing a legend like "Washington Hilton" or "Chicago Marriott." The one in the briefing room featured, in bas-relief against a blue background, a representation, in bluish-white tones and looking much airbrushed, of the north façade of the White House. And, to make sure that there could be no misunderstanding, the space under the bas-relief bore, in big, bold raised lettering, also bluish white, the legend

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

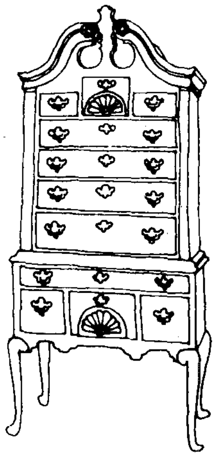
The carpeting and the curtains and so on suggested that somebody in authority had decided that blue was just the color for this media setting—a television color.

Near the rear of the room was another platform, on which stood some empty tripods. Several TV cameras were lying about on the platform. Behind this array were three tall, narrow open closets side by side. These were stuffed with monitors and other broadcasting gear, and in front of the closets cameramen and technicians were lounging in swivel chairs, some with their feet up on the edges of shelves containing the equipment. Several of them were keeping an eye on the images of news programs appearing on the monitors inside the closets.

I fell into conversation with a couple of people in the camera crews, and asked one of them, an NBC cameraman, why the image of the White House in the TV standups had shifted from the North Portico to the West Wing. He said that the change had taken place a year or so ago, when the north side of the White House was being renovated. This work meant that the façade was marred, pictorially, by staging equipment and protective curtains, so the networks had decided to position their correspondents in front of the West Wing entrance. A Cable News Network camera-crew member put in, "After a few months, everybody got used to it. Now so much attention is focussed on it that nothing is supposed to change. Instability—that makes everybody nervous, even if it is only in a TV picture."

Besides the renovation work, which was completed last spring, there was a further reason for the change of back-

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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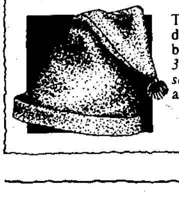

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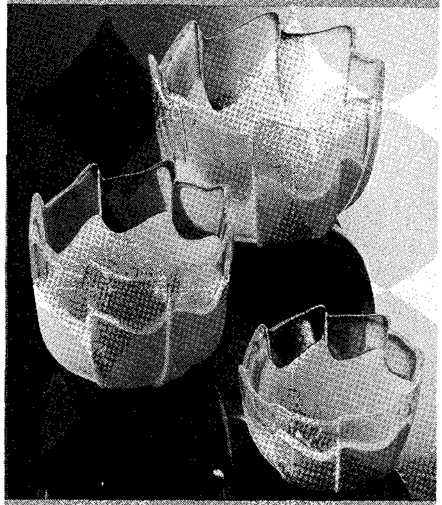
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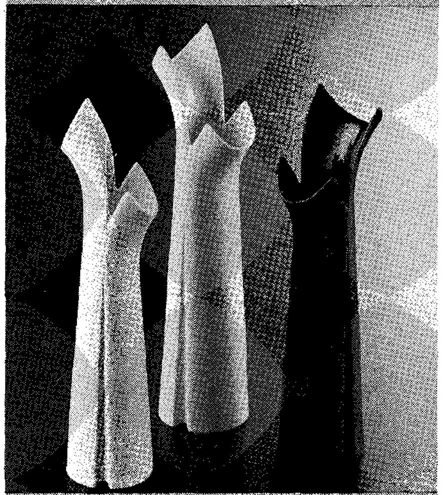
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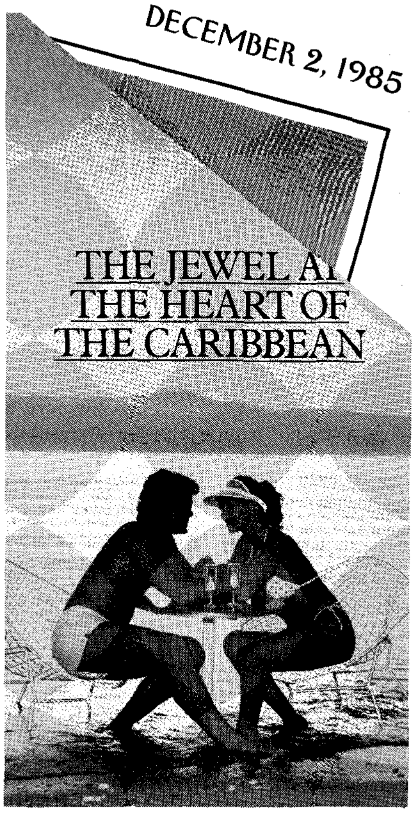
ground: trees. In winter, the camera-crew people said, it was still possible to get relatively acceptable views of the North Portico, but by late spring the foliage was making things difficult, and by summer the North Portico was all but invisible from the part of the lawn that had previously been used for standups. "What made our problem much worse over the past few years was that in 1975 Betty Ford, before she left the White House, planted a young tree on the north lawn, just in a gap that we had been able to shoot through to show the North Portico," one of the cameramen said. "Now that tree has grown and spread out so much that it blocks our shot of the North Portico for most of the year."

While we were talking, White House reporters were drifting into and through the briefing room, most of them heading for a working-press area reached by a corridor they entered from one side of the camera platform. Moving along myself, I found Denny Brisley, of the White House press secretary's staff, in the lower press office, a closed-off area to the left of the podium. A short, trim young woman with frizzy hair, Miss Brisley told me she'd been with the press secretary's office for seven months, and added, "Before this, I was with Dave Stockman's office." Miss Brisley is the liaison between the TV-news people and the Administration. She introduced me on the spot to a correspondent who had just dropped in on her—Sheilah Kast, of ABC News, who does a lot of standups for "Good Morning America." Miss Brisley explained, "If Sheilah is doing a standup on the tax plan, she'll come to me and say, 'We're doing this piece and we'd love to have Donald Regan in it. Can you set up an interview?' So I'll say, 'When do you plan it for? Give me the basics on it. What day do you want to do this? What's the piece about? How much time do you want for the interview?' And we'll run it through the system. Then, if it's O.K., we set up the interview so Sheilah will have, say, five minutes with Regan on the tax plan, and then she uses what he said as part of the standup: 'Yesterday, the Administration did this and this and this,' and 'The senior Administration official indicated . . . ,' and they cut in with part of this interview."

Miss Brisley told me it was easy for her to see standup reports being made—all she had to do was look out a window of the office around the time when the network evening news was



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to go on. "There's lots of bustle before they go out there on the lawn to do their takes," she said. "Lots of getting ready to look good, lots of hair spray. 'Where's my crew? We've got to go on in five minutes!' "

Recalling various White House correspondents delivering their standups in the dead of winter, I told Miss Kast that I had felt sort of sorry for them.

"Well, it's the crews you should have felt sorry for," Miss Kast said. "The correspondents aren't out there in the snow for more than a couple of minutes. And, as far as I'm concerned, snow is not a problem, because you can get done before it really hurts your makeup."

"In a light rain, you can see the crew guys out there like this," Miss Brisley said, hunching her shoulders, leaning forward, and holding an imaginary protective covering over her head, "waiting for the correspondents to put in their appearance."

BACK in the pressroom, beyond rows of chest-high open cubicles used by print reporters, were three tiny adjoining offices; these were the domain of the correspondents of ABC, CBS, and NBC. At the NBC office, I introduced myself to Chris Wallace—a dapper, alert-looking man in his mid-thirties with very black hair, who speaks in crisp, rapid tones that remind me of his father, Mike Wallace, of CBS. Chris Wallace told me that so far it looked like a pretty slow news day. The President was having a breakfast with Senate Republicans, but Wallace doubted whether this or any other White House activity that day would produce news that would make for a standup report. Nevertheless, he said, he and the NBC White House crew, along with other TV people, would be waiting outside the visitors' entrance of the West Wing for any comment from the senators when they emerged from the breakfast meeting.

Wallace explained that the general format of the network evening newscasts called for a section on White House affairs, and that the standup report usually served as the closing passage of this section. He had been chief White House correspondent for NBC since 1982, he said, and compared with what he knew about television coverage at the White House during earlier Administrations the White House nowadays was not "a very visual beat," because there were so many days when "we're never going to see the President." He said that one result

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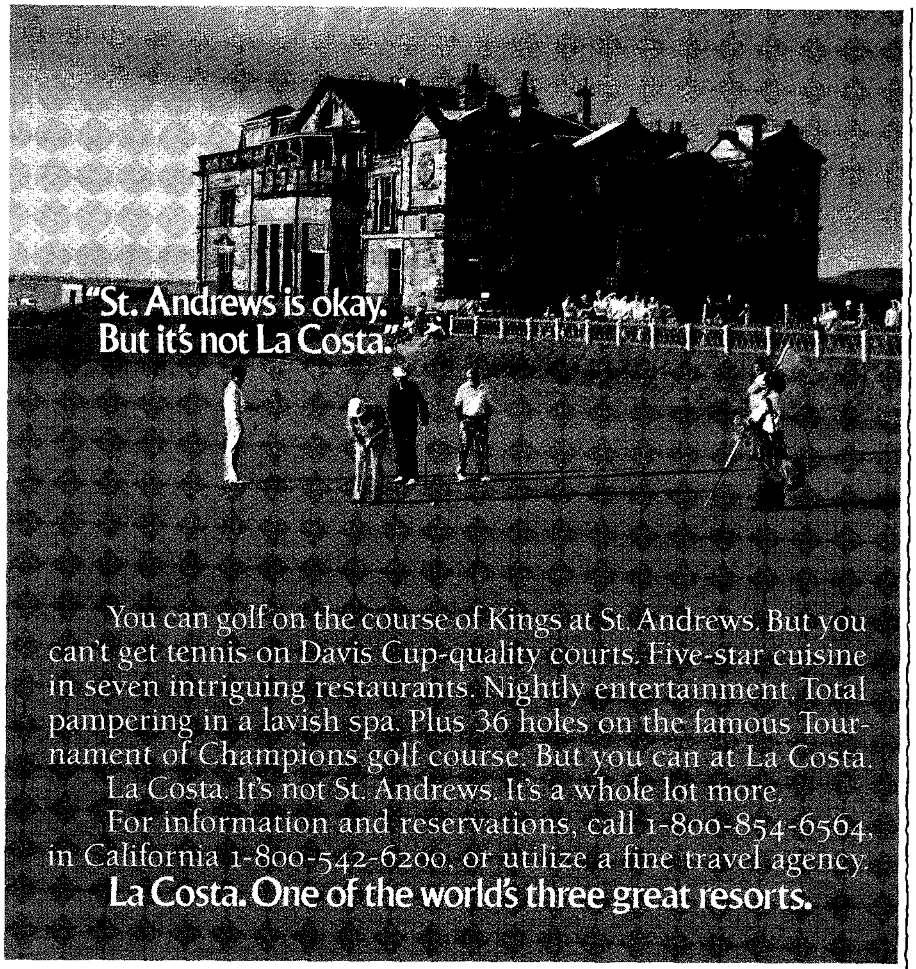

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of this was that "you have to talk on camera about what you've heard in phone calls and from other sources, because there's no way of illustrating what has been going on." Lately, though, he went on, "the format has been modified somewhat, with the development of all these electronic graphics, so that often now, while you as a White House correspondent don't get to see the President much of the time, there may be a section on the evening newscast where you have all kinds of arrows going one way, and graphics and charts, that make it look like some sort of electronic game, and then you come on camera for the last fifteen or twenty-five seconds."

But even though the time usually allowed him for his standups was so short, Wallace found the experience of doing them far from unsatisfying. He said, "You might take it all for granted when you're rushing out to do a standup and go on the air a minute later, but the fact is that to go out there and do a standup on the north lawn *is* exciting, a mark that I can achieve something in this business. Plus the fact is that you're covering history as you stand there covering the White House. Not that the background should matter"—he was referring to the stately white pillars shown gleaming over his shoulder—"but every once in a while it does bring back the degree to which you are reporting history and the basic institutions of this government."

Wallace continued, "At glamorous moments, you're out there, and it's the night of the big news conference, or it's a crisis and the lights are burning inside, and there's this tremendous sense of history. On the other hand, during the days of a long-running story—for example, the T.W.A. hostage crisis this past summer—because you might have to go on camera at any moment, our crews are set up out there with telephone lines connecting them to the bureau on Nebraska Avenue, in Northwest Washington, and they're out there all day, eating lunch, sunning themselves, reading. And under conditions like that, with crews not only from the networks regularly represented here but crews from foreign and regional networks, too, the north lawn can take on the look of a parking lot after a lot of tailgate picnics. With those telephone lines, our NBC standup position on the north lawn is, to some degree, our office, too." Wallace went on, "The pluses are that, covering history, you are going to be in Geneva when Reagan meets Gorbachev, and in the meantime you're covering the budget one day, arms control the next day, and Middle East policy the day after that. The negative side is the extreme regimentation here—it's the velvet trap. You have to be here for the briefings—there's a whole Administration media machine putting out its message on things—and you have to try to see past that. Often, though, you are a kind of traffic cop, rather than a detective; you just try to keep up with the daily pace. Yet, with all the frustrations, you get a forced education in a wide range of subjects. And—this is no small consideration—you get on TV a lot. A recent study done for Cornell shows that of the correspondents who got on the most in the evening newscasts the majority were White House correspondents. Not that quantity replaces quality, but if you can do good work and get on the air . . ."

Wallace told me that each network had more than one standup position. He said that besides the position regularly occupied by NBC he himself had two other on-camera positions, which he sometimes used in poor weather. "The second position is right beside the entrance to the pressroom, by the awning over the entrance, and if it's misty, not *really* raining, they'll put up a big umbrella to cover me, and we can get a kind of side shot, showing the west part of the North Portico in the background," he said. "And if it's raining hard we can do the standup inside the pressroom. But we try to avoid that. First, because there are a lot of reporters working there, it's noisy, and a standup showing all the reporters moving about in the background is distracting; second, because a standup in the pressroom doesn't make for an attractive picture or backdrop, the way being outside the White House does."

Wallace told me that the north-lawn positions now used by the networks were quite close to one another, so there was "a fairly strict etiquette" governing the way in which the correspondents worked, and he noted that although there had been one or two exceptions in the past, people played by the rules. "These are that when it's near six-thirty and you're out there on the lawn and somebody sets up close behind you, you try not to be talking into the cameras at the same time, because that's going to bother both of you, and the sound of what I, for instance, am saying on my newscast

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might wind up being carried on Sam Donaldson's standup for ABC," he said. "If I get out there first, I try to get done quickly, so Sam will have time before six-thirty for his standup. The standups are always used as the summation of the material in the piece that immediately precedes them. Standups, whether out on the north lawn or elsewhere, are almost always taped, but NBC does live standups more than the other networks, mostly because Tom Brokaw"—the NBC anchorman—"likes it and is good at what's called cross-talk. Let's say they've had a story on the Hill, and he'll say to me, on camera from the anchor desk, 'Well, what are they thinking about that at the White House?' as I'm out there on the north lawn, and then we're talking live, back and forth—cross-talk."

WALLACE had some telephone calls to make, so I left the NBC booth and went into the CBS booth, next to it. There I found Bill Plante, who, like Lesley Stahl, is a senior White House correspondent for CBS News. (That morning, Miss Stahl was at the CBS News bureau in Northwest Washington, preparing for the Sunday-morning show "Face the Nation," for which she acts as moderator.) Plante is a broad-faced man with a courteous manner and, like all the TV correspondents I have met, he speaks in a resonant voice; his off-camera voice, however, conveys a quiet, reserved quality. I said that I had been wondering why, given such difficulties as bad weather and increasingly impenetrable foliage, the networks didn't just put their White House correspondents on camera in their Washington studios and why, if the producers felt they had to show the White House behind the correspondents, they couldn't just supply a good still picture of the north face as a backdrop.

Without making a direct response to such unvideolike speculations, Plante summarized some of the considerations involved in the delivery of standup reports from the White House lawn. "There are several agenda items that keep the standup going," he began. "There is the desire of the various news organizations to identify their correspondents on this beat, in the belief and hope—although nobody's ever said this to me—that people will come to recognize and trust the information they get from the individuals they see at the White House. I also think that seeing reporters at the

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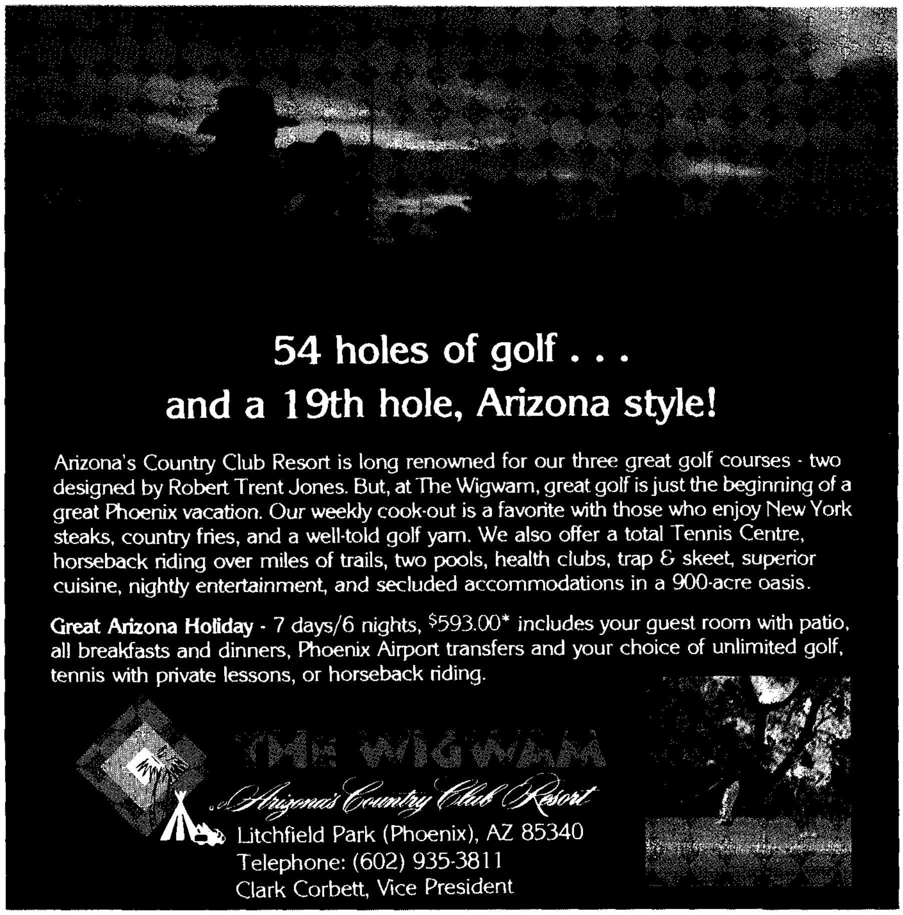
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White House has given a sense of location and a focus to this beat, which is really similar only to that of a reporter covering Capitol Hill, who is seen with the Capitol dome behind him or her. On Capitol Hill, there are many voices. Here there are relatively few. So it's easier to focus a story here at the White House. It's *symbolic* in many ways, I think. It bespeaks the government."

I said Chris Wallace had mentioned that President Reagan was relatively inaccessible to the White House press corps.

Plante said that he agreed with Wallace, pointing out that the last Presidential press conference, which had taken place two weeks before, was only the thirty-first press conference Reagan had held—about half as many as President Carter had. Plante emphasized that this relative inaccessibility did not mean that the President's advisers weren't taking an active role in putting forward the topics they wanted the media—and television in particular—to emphasize on any given day. And of the conduct of Presidential press conferences Plante said, "It's the President who sets the agenda, rather than the news organizations. Usually, a news conference, when it happens, is entirely under the control of the President, and no matter what kinds of questions reporters ask he can deflect them—turn to somebody else."

IN the area reserved for the print media, I ran into Helen Thomas, of United Press International, who, as the dean of the White House correspondents, winds up Presidential press conferences by saying, "Thank you, Mr. President." I had caught a glimpse of Miss Thomas earlier that morning as she was entering the White House grounds. Like all the other regular White House correspondents, she had been wearing as a pendant a rectangular brown-and-white Secret Service identification badge, which differed from mine in that it had the wearer's picture on it; she had also been carrying a brown paper bag that had the look of containing breakfast. Now, in the pressroom, I introduced myself to her, and she invited me into her office—a small enclosure, almost a room, containing a desk, a typewriter, three telephones, and a considerable pile of reporters' notebooks. Miss Thomas has an open and friendly manner. I told her that I was interested in the standup reports of the TV correspondents on the White

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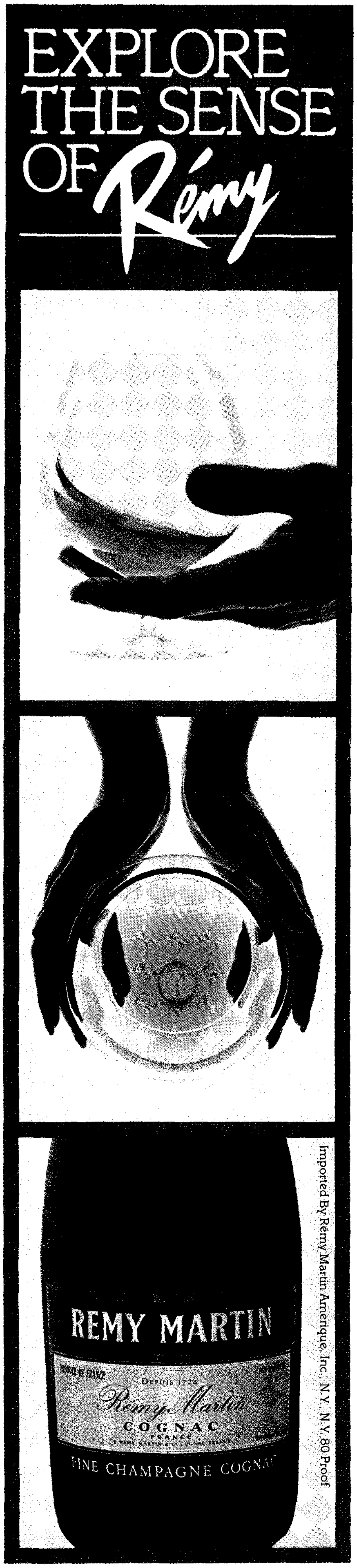
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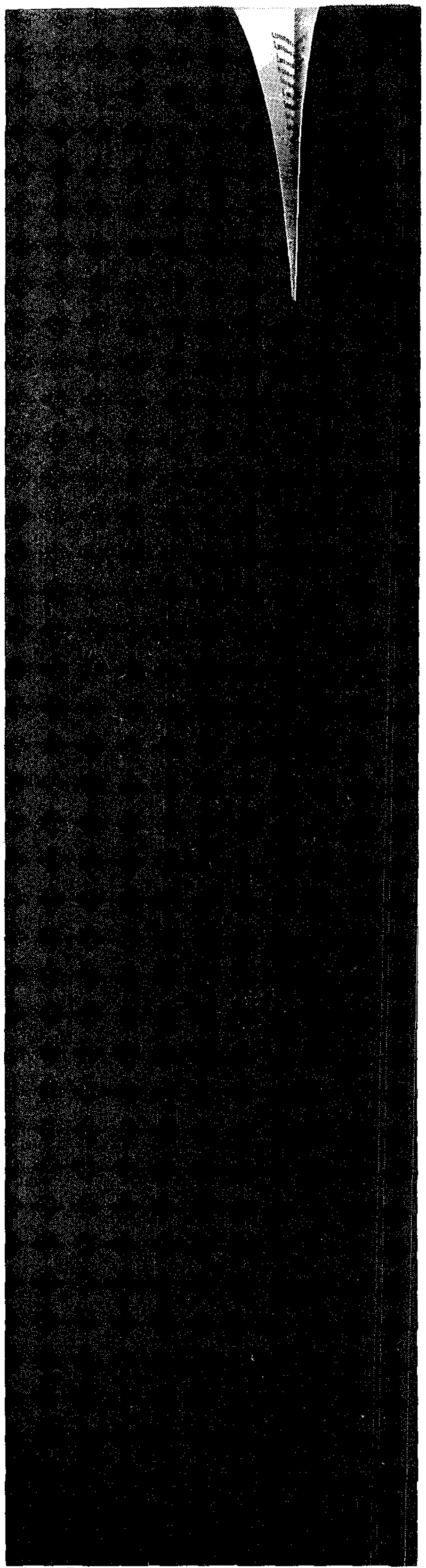
House lawn, and asked her if this sort of coverage might affect the way print reporters covered the White House.

"Well, you'll get the President on the nightly news for a couple of minutes, and his advisers *think* in television terms," she said. "They would much rather reach scores of millions, as they can through television, than have the President give an interview that would appear in the press. Print reporting has definitely taken second place to television here. The Administration people calculate what they want on the television evening news. The picture is everything to them. Often, still photographers will be brought in"—to the Oval Office or some other part of the inner sanctum—"for a particular appointment that the President may have with someone, without reporters being allowed in. But TV dominates the scene. The network-TV correspondents at the White House work very hard—they're here at the crack of dawn. I have to take my hat off to them. There are no lazy television reporters here. I'm sure it's very frustrating for them to cover events here all day and sometimes not get on the air. Airtime, even a few seconds of it, is their Nirvana. As for print, at the wire services here we write *everything*. We're the giant street-cleaner. One minute we'll be writing about the appointment of a new U.S. marshal in Texas, and the next minute about the big pronouncement on preparations for the summit." She said that the network-television news organizations were far more heavily dependent than they cared to admit on wire-service copy to alert them to breaking news. Of the evening news on network television, she said, "It really reduces life to a fifty-second bite." And of the TV correspondents and their standup reports she remarked, "If they get two minutes, they're in seventh heaven. Twenty-seven minutes, or whatever it is, of actual airtime on those shows, and they're covering the *world*. I think we have become a country of news junkies."

Continuing to speak of the extent to which electronic journalism dominates the scene in White House news coverage, Miss Thomas told me that at the regular morning White House senior-staff meetings, which are held at eight o'clock, the discussion includes "what answers the Administration is going to give to the questions that are probably going to be asked later at the press briefings, and what story they want to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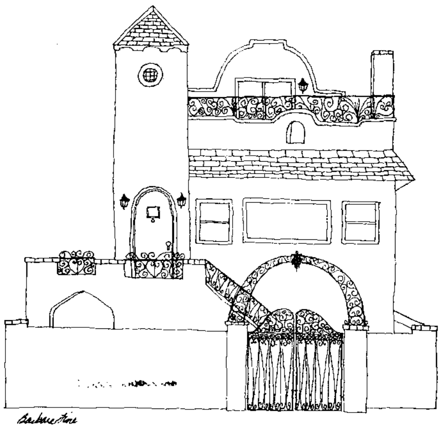
project today—one, they hope, that will get the President on the nightly news programs." She went on, "They don't deny it. They realize that by doing this they can be reaching sixty million people a night. These people"—the President's advisers—"have managed and controlled news; it's the state of the art now. They're unbeatable in that respect. Access to newsworthy events at the White House is determined by them, and they decide every day what we can cover and what we cannot cover. I think that any major news story is geared for television. These people think in terms of television, not in terms of the print press. We have become second class."

Miss Thomas added that the networks themselves generally accord their White House correspondents a high standing. "At the networks, the White House backdrop is a magnificent springboard to becoming an anchorperson or, at least, to moving up in the ranks of television," she said. "Dan Rather covered the White House. So did Tom Brokaw, John Chancellor, Frank Reynolds, Harry Reasoner—those are some of the big names. Covering the White House for TV, you have an identity, a recognition factor."

I remarked that I had recognized Miss Thomas earlier that morning because I had seen her so often on television asking questions at Presidential news conferences.

"There's no doubt that some print reporters have gained identity because they've appeared on television," Miss Thomas said. "You can write for a newspaper for twenty-five years, with a byline, and you have anonymity—you're faceless. But you're seen on television a few times at a news conference, and people put your face to your byline—they identify you with shouting a question at the President and having the President call you by your first name and that sort of



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thing. TV has really projected some of these print reporters into a new realm. They were invited on TV talk shows; they became public personalities, celebrities. In the last few years, reporters have become a commodity on television, especially if they represent a point of view, like the columnists. They cannot be a blah personality and be on TV for long. You have to represent something, or you don't come through and you're not asked back on the TV shows."

I suggested to Miss Thomas that after she had worked for U.P.I. for so many years, and now found herself appearing on television not only at White House press conferences but sometimes on network panel shows as well, her relationships with a lot of people—in Washington, at any rate—must have changed somehow.

Miss Thomas gave a short laugh and said, "And do I like it—*yes!*"

NEXT, I headed for the press-briefing room and the morning briefing session—"the morning goat feeding," a former White House correspondent once called this institution. The briefing was to be conducted by Larry Speakes, the White House principal deputy press secretary. In the corridor leading to the briefing room, I passed a bulletin board on which was posted the President's schedule for the day:

8:15 A.M. breakfast with Senate Republicans, State Dining Room.
3 P.M. Secondary School Recognition ceremony, the South Lawn.
5 P.M. reception for Supreme Court Justices, the Residence.

Another notice listed the correspondents, camera-crew members, and still photographers assigned to pool coverage of other official events of the day, and a third notice offered spaces for the signatures of correspondents who wished to apply for credentials that would allow them to accompany the Presidential party to the summit conference in Geneva.

The briefing room was filling up with reporters. The briefing had been scheduled for nine-fifteen, but at about nine o'clock word got around that it had been postponed. A rumored main reason for the postponement was to allow the press to witness the exit from the West Wing visitors' entrance of the Senate Republicans who had been attending the Presidential breakfast and, it was supposed, would be available for comments on the meeting. Along with some other people in the

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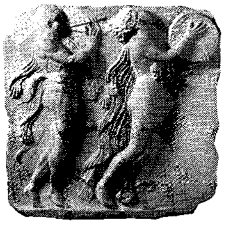

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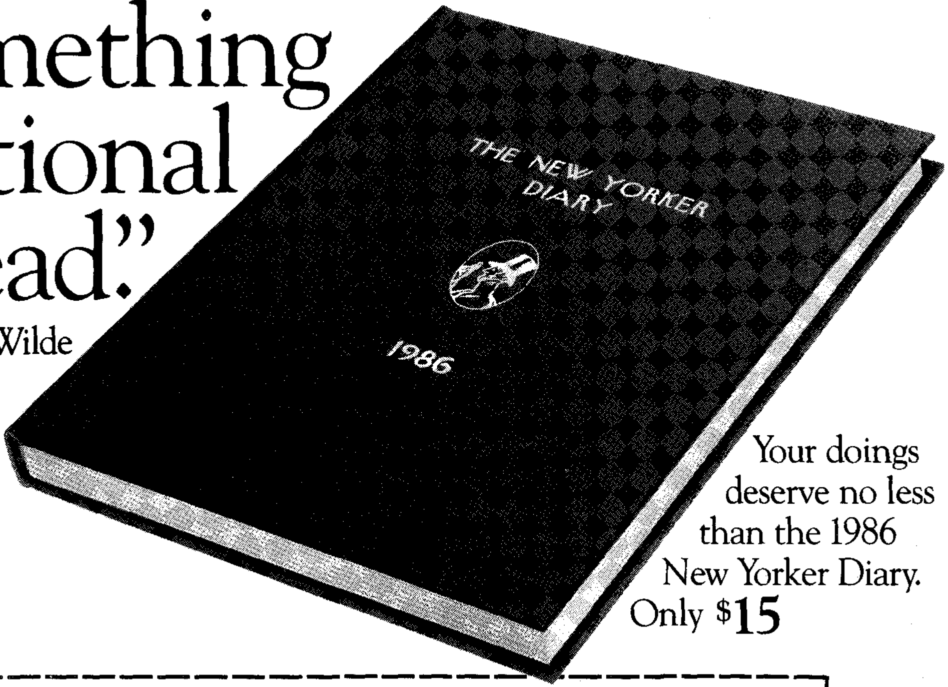

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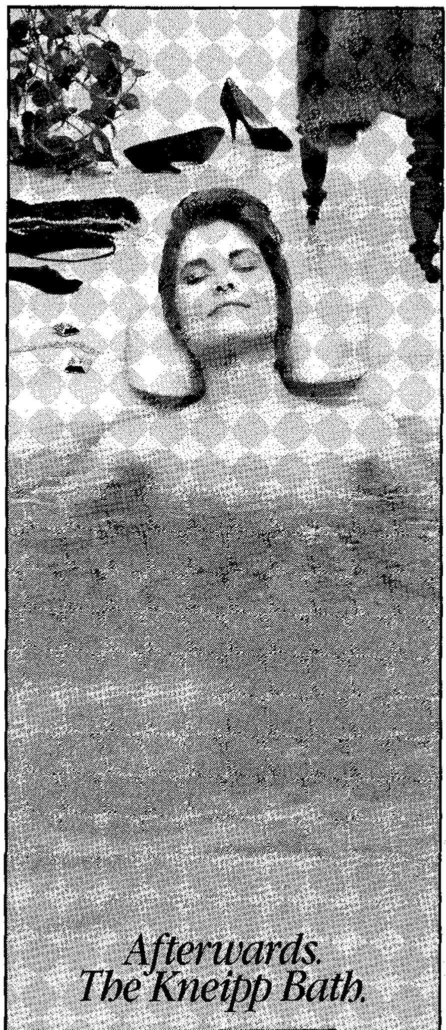
briefing room, I went outside and walked toward the West Wing portico. On the edge of the curving driveway leading out from the portico, perhaps eight television cameras on tripods had been set up in a semicircle, along with a stand holding a cluster of microphones. Around the outside of the semicircle were piles of camera gear, portable microphones covered with fuzzy black foamlike material (windscreens, the technicians call them), and blue, gray, and maroon bags filled with equipment. Television cameras and angles were being adjusted; a lighting man was moving into position, aiming a bright light on a tall stand at the West Wing entrance. A number of print reporters and still photographers were on hand, but I noticed that the network-TV correspondents kept apart from the general crowd; they stood talking together in front of one side of the semicircle. Among the TV correspondents in this group were Chris Wallace and Andrea Mitchell, also of NBC News; Bill Plante; and a tall man I recognized as Sam Donaldson, the chief White House correspondent for ABC.

It was turning out to be a sunny, cloudless day. Donaldson had, for the moment, only his right arm in a sleeve of a blue jacket; the rest of the jacket was dangling from his right shoulder, while in his left hand he was holding a plastic-foam cup of coffee. From what I had seen of Donaldson on television, at Presidential press conferences and on other shows—he is the anchorman on ABC's "World News Tonight—Sunday" and is also a regular interviewer on and participant in "This Week with David Brinkley"—I had the general impression of a dour personality, with thick black eyebrows that met right on the bridge of his nose, a heavy scowl characterized by a single vertical crease extending down his forehead to the junction of eyebrows and nose, and above the forehead black hair covering a sort of cranial plateau in a way that dimly reminded me of the character Flattop in the Chester Gould comic strip "Dick Tracy." Donaldson struck me as being the most testy and aggressive of the correspondents I had glimpsed at Presidential press conferences, and I had often noticed that he seemed to adopt a hectoring tone when he put questions to guests on the David Brinkley show. Yet off camera and here in the sunshine, Donaldson seemed to be a jaunty man, with a



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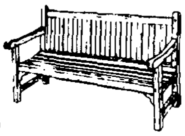

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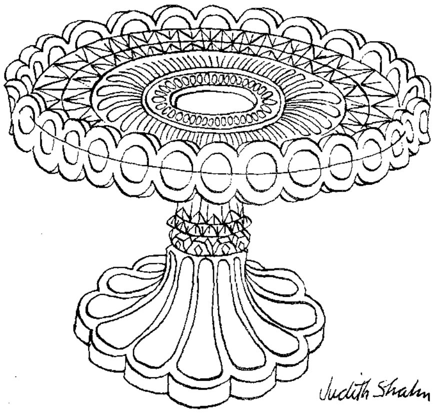
cackling laugh and an actor's presence. Nothing at the West Wing entrance seemed to indicate imminent action. There was a general buzz of conversation, punctuated occasionally by a laugh from Donaldson, and from time to time I could hear some of the desultory talk.

"Is Helms here yet?"

"And my desk sent over a producer—without my knowledge. Fourteen crews. What's going on here!"

A print reporter in the waiting throng explained to me, "Usually, when congressional visitors come out of the West Wing after a meeting they deliver themselves of their wisdom to the TV cameras and to us. Politicians are magically attracted to TV cameras and microphones. Then they march to their cars, which are commonly parked near where those trucks are"—he pointed to a V.I.P. parking area between the West Wing and the ornate Executive Office Building—"and we pursue. A little after that, if some of them feel like getting further points across on TV, they'll go to the television cameras set up by CNN and the rest on the north lawn for individual interviews. I notice that these guys from the Hill seem to enjoy the TV cameras a lot more *here*, whereas on the Hill they seem ready to pay relatively more attention to us scribblers."

In the course of our conversation (some of it a bit later on in the pressroom), I asked this reporter what he thought of the Administration's handling of relations with the press and television generally. He complained that the control that White House officials had over the news-gathering process on the premises made innovative reporting difficult. While he made it clear that he considered Larry Speakes punctilious about answering all the correspondents' questions during briefings, regardless of the importance of the news organizations they repre-



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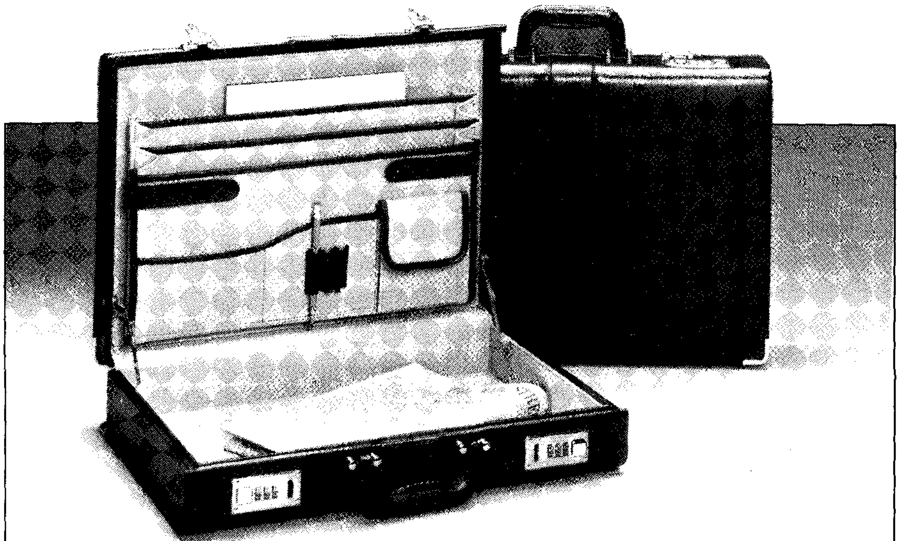

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sented, he dwelt on the extent to which Speakes and his associates were able to act as gatekeepers, governing the access of both print and TV correspondents to senior White House officials within reach of the Oval Office. "If you work hard as a reporter on the Hill, you'll be a success, because there are five hundred and thirty-five congressmen from two competing parties up there, and if one won't tell you what you want to know, another one will," he said. "But at the White House working hard is absolutely no guarantee of success; the sources here tend to be so restricted that for many reporters access to senior officials ranges from limited to nonexistent. This situation calls for every bit of ingenuity you have. Important officials here may get fifty calls a day from reporters. Which do they answer? Those from the correspondents representing the most power. The others don't get called back. Somebody like Donald Regan is off limits to all but a very few reporters. Among the print news outfits represented here, it's the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post* that get the privileged treatment. Through them, policy shifts are tried out, information and ideas are leaked."

During the wait at the West Wing entrance, I walked over, with another print reporter, to a solitary, low-slung black car that was standing, unoccupied, on the driveway leading to the northwest gate. The car had an Arizona license plate. The reporter and I peered inside. The dashboard was covered with dials, one of which, the reporter told me, was an altimeter, and many of the dials on the right side were tilted so as to be visible to the driver. There was also a ham radio. We walked back to the semicircle of TV cameras. Now there was a hubbub—people were on the alert. At the entrance, a Marine guard, who had been standing with legs apart and gloved hands lightly clasped before him, moved to open the door, and an elderly man came out and walked slowly, not in the direction of the cameras but along the driveway toward the parked car. It was Senator Barry Goldwater. The crowd of media people came running across to him and quickly surrounded him: TV cameramen in front of him, slowly moving backward, cameras on shoulders, aimed like bazookas; sound men holding up angled microphone booms and big black directional microphones behind and to each side of the walking

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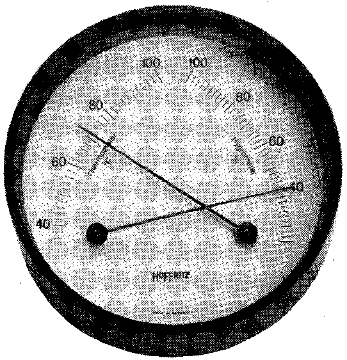

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figure; and TV and print correspondents pressing in upon him.

From within the crowd, a female voice—I was pretty sure it was that of Helen Thomas—sang out, "What is the President talking about today?"

"I was sitting so far back I couldn't hear," Goldwater said. This got a few laughs.

The same voice: "What do you think of the fifty-per-cent-cut proposal for nuclear arms?"

"I haven't looked at it, really," Goldwater said.

Sam Donaldson called out, "Do you think Gorbachev really wants a treaty, or is this just a P.R. campaign?"

"Ask Gorbachev. I haven't talked to him this week—I wouldn't know," Goldwater said. Evidently, this wasn't the Senator's morning to talk to the press.

Donaldson, walking behind Goldwater, called out, loudly and briskly, "Well, your views are stimulating, as always!" There was some more laughter. Then, as Goldwater approached his car, Donaldson called out, "How's your car running?"

Goldwater said that he had just put a new engine in it. He took a key out of his pocket and unlocked the car door on the driver's side.

Somebody asked, "Do you have to lock it on the White House grounds?"

"The damn thing has more electronics in it than *you* have around here," Goldwater said.

The crowd around Goldwater dispersed, he drove off, and the wait at the semicircle resumed. Some time passed with no further sign of the Senate Republicans, and the reporters began to get restless. Addressing the crowd, Donaldson cried, "I suppose we're pretending our employers are getting their money's worth by our being out here!"

But no more senators showed up. That left the assembled press with no comments at all on the Republican breakfast meeting. The vigil ended, and the cameramen began dismantling their equipment and taking it back to the briefing room. The senators had left the White House by the diplomatic entrance, on the south side, and, from a parking area invisible to the waiting press, had been driven out of the White House grounds through the southwest gate.

THE postponed morning press briefing got under way shortly after ten o'clock, and the audience filled nearly all the available seats. The

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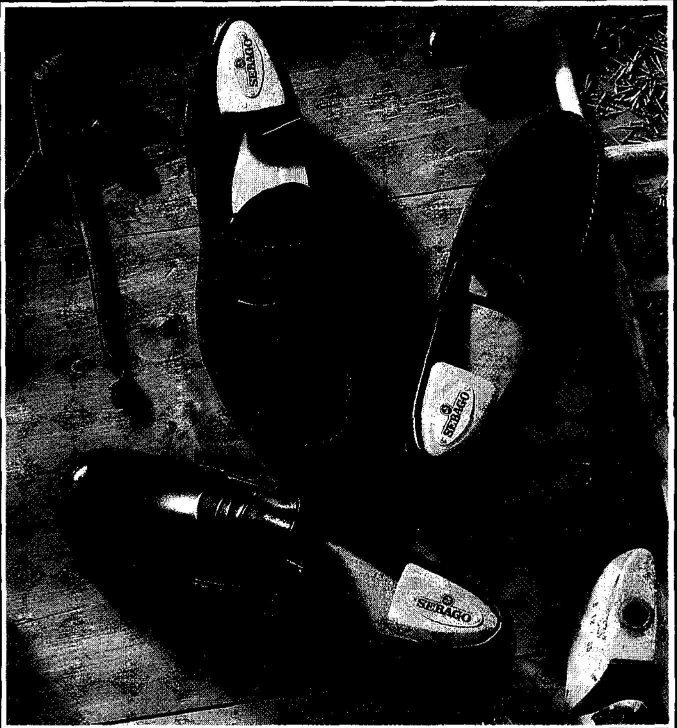

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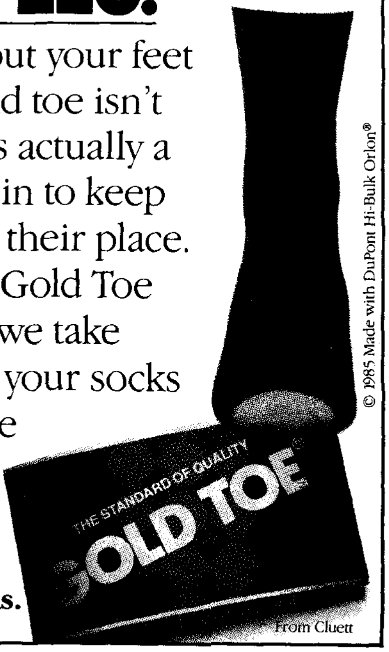

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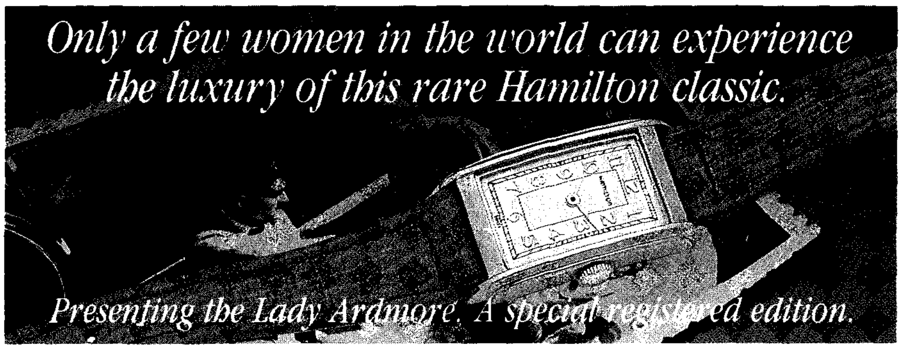
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room was bright, with floodlighting provided not only by the portable equipment of the networks but also by strong photo lamps on ceiling tracks, which supplemented the normal ceiling lights. Larry Speakes began by reciting the President's appointments for the day, including a couple I hadn't yet been filled in on. At two o'clock in the afternoon, when the Cabinet members were to enter the Cabinet Room, the President would "open the meeting and ask Joe Wright to discuss the Continuing Resolution, the appropriations bills, and the status of the '87 budget process, as well as the debt-ceiling legislation," Speakes said. Then, at 3 P.M., with open press and photo coverage on the south lawn, "two hundred and eighty-one schools will be honored for the Secondary School Recognition Program and the Exemplary Private School Recognition Project. . . . The President will make remarks there, Secretary Bennett will make remarks, and then each [principal] will be presented with an American flag to symbolize the excellence-in-education project." And at 4:45 P.M.—fifteen minutes before he was to receive the justices of the Supreme Court in the White House—"the President has a photo taken with the leadership of the Sons of Italy."

Speakes continued by giving (or, on occasion, withholding) the official White House reaction to what he called "a couple of stories that are breaking at the moment"—reports of an Israeli bombing raid on P.L.O. headquarters in Tunis ("We do not have anything specific on that. . . . And so, therefore, I will not be able to comment on it") and reports that Soviet diplomatic personnel had been kidnapped in Lebanon ("We deplore this as an act of terrorism. Our policy on this issue is clear. The incident, again, illustrates the need for all states to counter terrorism with effective policies").

A lot of questions were put to Speakes in attempts to draw him out on this statement, but the press secretary would go no further on the subject.

The briefing went on for twenty-four minutes, and included questions and answers on a number of diverse matters. These included the continuation of the cigarette tax; the predicament of Margaret Heckler, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, who had been asked by President Reagan the previous day to give up her Cabinet post to become Ambassador to

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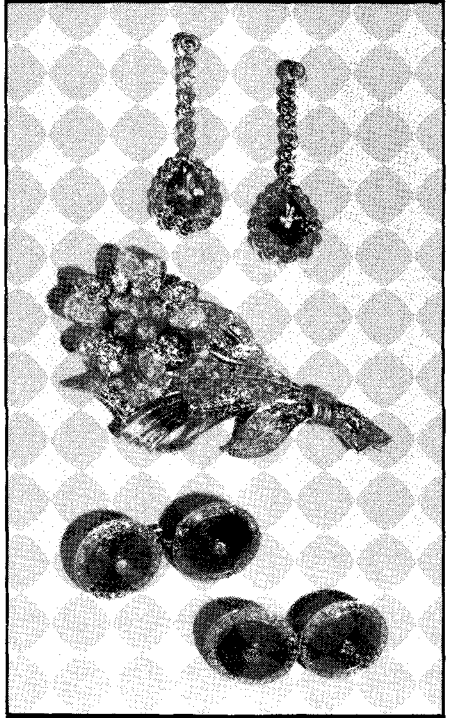

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Ireland; and the Soviet proposal for a fifty-per-cent reduction in the offensive nuclear arsenals of both the Soviet Union and the United States.

Throughout the briefing, and in the face of frequently skeptical questioning—especially from those in the front-row seats, which had been assigned by the press secretary's office to wire-service and network correspondents—Speakes conducted himself with an air of near-impenetrable self-confidence, giving out comments and replies so tersely, and in a voice so tightly controlled and so lacking in variation of tone, that at times his manner seemed almost machinelike. A blond man with a blow-dry look to his hair, Speakes was wearing a blue suit, with a blue-and-red striped tie and a shirt with fine red stripes. Considering him as a head-and-shoulders TV shot—which is what the TV cameramen at the back of the briefing room were at work on with their telephoto lenses—and looking at his blue suit against the blue curtains of the background, I found the general effect to be one of neat color coördination; even the blow-dry appearance of Speakes' hair seemed to blend in with the airbrushed look of the plaque behind his head.

Because of my conversations that morning about news management, I was especially interested in a couple of exchanges concerning leaks that some of the correspondents said had been made very recently by White House officials. One exchange concerned stories that had appeared during the previous weekend in the *Times* and the *Post* about a meeting at the White House between Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, and President Reagan—stories in which Shevardnadze was reported to have made the proposal for the fifty-per-cent reduction in offensive nuclear arms. The stories contained considerable detail on both the nature of the proposal and the reaction of Administration officials to it. At more than one point, several members of the assembled press corps—TV correspondents in particular—questioned Speakes in irritated tones about whether he had known at the time that Administration officials were briefing the newspaper correspondents in selective fashion, to the professional detriment of the TV correspondents.

Referring to the supposedly confidential nature of the Soviet arms-reduction proposal as it was initially received and handled at the White House, and the subsequent supposedly

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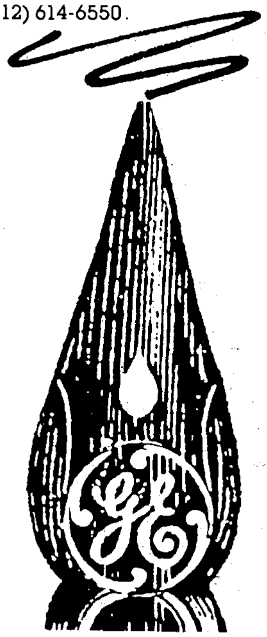

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selective publicizing of details of the proposal and the White House reaction to it, Sam Donaldson, sitting in the front row, pointed out to Speakes that "it is the U.S. [rather than the Soviets] *that* revealed the fifty-percent [proposal]."

In reply, Speakes said, "It was not a public U.S. official who did so."

> Q [Sam Donaldson]: Well, what is the difference? . . . I mean, both sides [the Soviets and the U.S.] are not saying things publicly, on the record, but both sides are briefing reporters like mad with just a thin "background" cover. So where is the holier-than-thou attitude?
>
> MR. SPEAKES: If you are saying detailed briefings from the United States, Sam, no.

But the complaints from the front row went on. Speakes denied knowing who had leaked information on the Soviet proposal to the *Times* and the *Post* over the weekend, and though just a few moments earlier he had remarked to the gathering, "I only hear the television complaining, for a change," he went on, after a further exchange, to explain to the assembled correspondents how things were.

> MR. SPEAKES: There are scoops and other scoops and some days some get scoops and other days—
>
> Q: Oh, no.
>
> MR. SPEAKES:—others don't get scoops.
>
> Q [Sam Donaldson]: These scoops are handed out by your choosing, and you know it.
>
> MR. SPEAKES: These were not handed out by our choosing, I can tell you.
>
> Q: You don't know who gave the information?
>
> MR. SPEAKES: No, I do not.

And so it went.

The other reference to leaks at the White House had to do with Secretary Heckler. For days, there had been reports that senior White House officials wanted Mrs. Heckler out of Health and Human Services, but the accounts made it clear that Mrs. Heckler was being stubborn about leaving, and a front-page article in the *Times* on the day of my visit, datelined September 30th from Washington, reported, "The request by Mr. Reagan is considered a victory for Donald T. Regan, the White House chief of staff, who officials said had waged a behind-the-scenes campaign to have her removed." The *Times* article also quoted President Reagan as saying, "There has never been any thought in my mind to fire Margaret Heckler. I don't know where these stories come from. They are not true." Now, at the briefing, a reporter asked if Mrs. Heckler had delivered her answer to the President. No, Speakes said. Later

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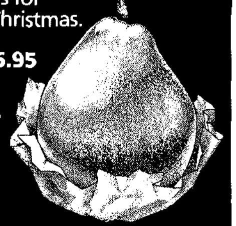

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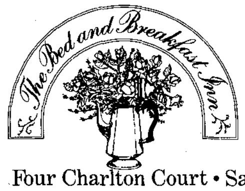
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on, there were more questions about Mrs. Heckler, some of them attempting to sniff out any possible connection between her predicament and the morning's breakfast meeting between the President and Senate Republicans:

Q: Any of the senators raise the subject of Heckler?
Mr. Speakes: Raise—yes, they did.
Q: Speaking in support of her?
Mr. Speakes: More or less, yes. [laughter]
Q: How many spoke up in her behalf?
Mr. Speakes: One.
Q: Oh.

Apparently, the lone defender of Mrs. Heckler at the breakfast meeting had been Senator Orrin G. Hatch, of Utah, who is chairman of the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources.

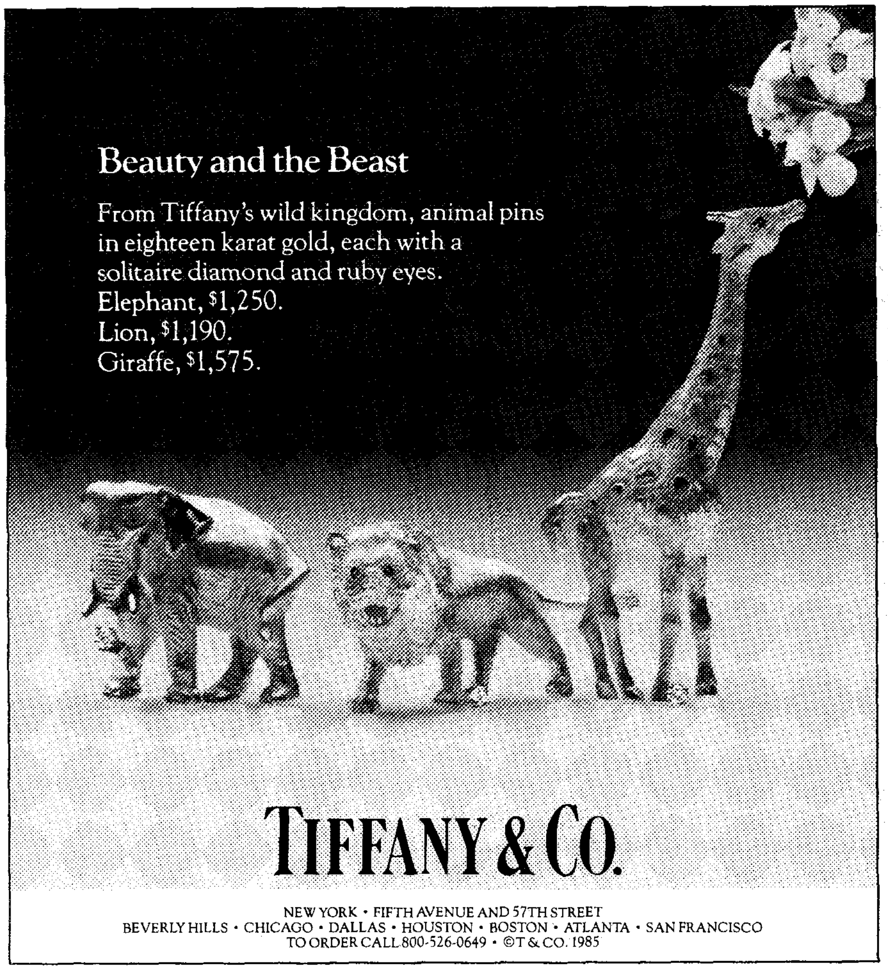
Q: Did the President respond after the Senator raised the subject of Heckler and defended her?
Mr. Speakes: The President gave comments to the Senator that are very similar to the ones that you heard in the Oval Office yesterday.
Q: What one? That he hated leaks, you mean?
Mr. Speakes: He hates leaks, for sure.

There was another briefing at twelve-fifty, and at it Speakes, dealing with the Israeli raid on Tunis, read a statement that said, "As a matter of U.S. policy, retaliation against terrorist attacks is a legitimate response and expression of self-defense." This set off a flurry of questions, including one from Chris Wallace concerning the legitimacy of the Israelis' using American aircraft in such bombing raids, and one from Sam Donaldson about whether, in view of the murder of two Soviet diplomats in Lebanon and Speakes' statement about retaliation against terrorism, it would be considered justifiable "for the Soviets to strike a target wherever they think they can hit the terrorist base." Speakes refused to go further than the statement he had already made.

Questions also continued about Mrs. Heckler. "Heckler: I have nothing on Heckler," Speakes said. And, toward the end of the briefing:

Q: Larry, if you were to have something to say about Heckler late in the day, when would it be?
Mr. Speakes: Don't go to lunch yet. [*laughter*]

JUST before two o'clock in the afternoon, I found the briefing room jammed. There was a lot of talk and an air of heightened excitement. Some news was obviously impending. On the rear platform, nine TV cameras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mounted on tripods were trained on the podium. Toward the front of the aisles, right and left, aluminum ladders had been set up, close together. On a number of the ladders, TV cameramen and camerawomen, with bulky portable cameras, and a group of still photographers were perched in readiness; others were jockeying for position, in the process sometimes intertwining the legs of empty ladders to assure themselves of good camera angles. On the right side of the front platform was an array of network-TV lights; the podium area was brilliantly lit up. Then the door to the left of the platform opened, and a group of Secret Service men entered and began taking up positions around the room. All the seated correspondents rose to their feet, and President Reagan walked in and mounted the platform, accompanied by none other than Margaret Heckler. Immediately, a quietly furious series of *crick-crick-crick* sounds of shutter and film-transport mechanisms could be heard from the direction of the still-camera people on the ladders. (Video cameras make no sound.) The President was wearing a gray suit and a maroon tie. Mrs. Heckler, a blond woman in a red jacket and a flowing black cravat, was smiling, but she looked nervous.

After the reporters sat down again, the President, with a smile and a characteristic sidewise waggle of his head, said that he had come to make an announcement and to say a few words with regard to it. "I am delighted and happier than I've been in a long time—Margaret Heckler has agreed to my request that she become the Ambassador to Ireland," he began. No longer smiling, he went on, "And in saying this I would like to say—and I'm sorry that I didn't start saying it sooner—that the malicious gossip, without any basis in fact, that has been going on for the last several days about this is without any basis in fact. She has done a fine job at H.H.S. . . . And it has been absolutely unjustified, the —whoever has been leaking these falsehoods and intimating—well, for one thing, I certainly have never thought of the embassies as dumping grounds." About her agreement to accept the Ambassadorship to Ireland, the President said, "I had been putting on quite a sales pitch, because this was my idea . . ."

At this, Helen Thomas spoke up from the front row:

Q: What is the malicious gossip, sir, that

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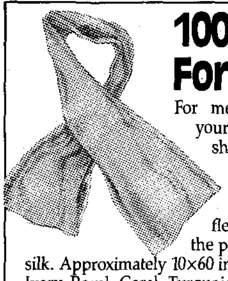

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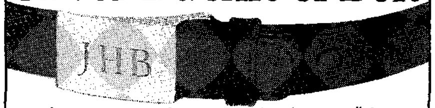

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you refer to? You mean the fact that leaks coming mainly from your Administration said she'd be appointed Ambassador to Ireland?

THE PRESIDENT: No. The leaks that we were doing this in some way because we were unhappy with what she was doing where she was.

Sam Donaldson joined the fray:

Q: Speak to some of that gossip, Mr. President. The word is that she wasn't conservative enough, that she wasn't true enough for the true believers in your Administration, particularly Mr. Regan.

THE PRESIDENT: No, Don was my messenger in carrying the word to her that I wanted her to be the Ambassador, and this was some time ago.

I noticed that a number of the photographic lights suspended from the light tracks overhead had been trained on the front rows of the press corps, and as questions were put to the President the portable cameras to the right would swing around to focus on the questioners, who showed no signs of minding this attention. This was not just journalism; it was, perhaps, journalism verging on show business.

During the exchanges with correspondents, the President looked uncomfortable, almost baffled at times, but he kept answering questions, even when his answers obviously weren't convincing his listeners. Andrea Mitchell and Chris Wallace called out a couple of questions on other matters raised in the press briefings—on the Soviet arms-reduction offer and the Israeli raid on Tunis—but the President fended these off, saying he wouldn't have any comment on them. He seemed to do so reluctantly, however. In a little while, he brought Mrs. Heckler to the podium. She made a short speech: "I'd like to say that I have had a really rewarding and challenging career in public service. . . ." And, addressing the President directly, she said, "Now that you have offered me the post of Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland, I see a new opportunity for public service. . . ."

Someone asked Mrs. Heckler, "Did Don Regan kick you out, Mrs. Heckler? Did Don Regan force you out of the White House?"

A front-page article in the *Times* the next day was accompanied by a picture that showed Mrs. Heckler standing next to the President with a stricken, almost devastated look on her face. The photograph seemed to me to give a wrong impression of the way in which she had comported herself. True, she had been nervous and uncomfortable; just the same, she had

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handled the awkward situation with a certain spirit.

As President Reagan walked back toward the door, questions continued to be showered upon him. He kept turning back to his questioners, and at one point he said, almost apologetically, "We've got to go to the Cabinet Room."

Q: Soviet diplomats have been kidnapped in Lebanon. . . . Do you have a statement to make on that terrorism?

The President couldn't resist. "Well," he said, "I will break my own self-imposed rule only to say this—that terrorism, that kind of violence, is, I think, the most cowardly, the most vicious thing the world is faced with today, regardless of who the victims are. . . ."

Q: Do you think the Israelis [in the Tunis raid] did pick out the right people?

As the President walked out, he turned and called back, "Well, I've always had a great faith in their intelligence capabilities."

After President Reagan and Mrs. Heckler left, several of the TV correspondents looked considerably more cheerful than they had earlier in the day. As Donaldson strode to the rear of the room, he said, loudly, "Well, well, well!"

A LITTLE after two-thirty, a group of TV camera crews, still photographers, and TV and print correspondents were allowed to go under escort to the south lawn to cover the ceremony there—the honoring of two hundred and eighty-one schools for the "Secondary School Recognition Program and Exemplary Private School Recognition Project." Hundreds of school principals and teachers, a lot of them with Midwestern accents, were gathered there, seated on folding chairs or standing about. A woman was photographing some men in clerical collars, and they smiled, smiled, and smiled again at the camera. It was a sunny and benign atmosphere: to the south, the White House fountains were playing; in the background, the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial stood gleaming; and on the south façade of the White House the Truman balcony was gaily decorated with boxes of flowers. Behind the rows of folding chairs a big, many-tiered photographic stand, supported by steel scaffolding, had been erected and stood ready for use. The media contingent was escorted to the stand, which was then roped off. The

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TV camera people quickly got to work setting up their equipment; within a few minutes, there must have been eighteen or twenty television cameras, mounted on their tripods and attended by their crews, on the photographic stand, as well as still photographers with their cameras and telephoto lenses.

Just outside the roped-off enclosure, several TV correspondents stood together talking. A few of the school principals and teachers approached this little group and deferentially asked a couple of the correspondents for their autographs. Chris Wallace signed without comment. Sam Donaldson not only signed but also asked the name of the autograph-seeker, told him, "It's good to see you," and assured him, "We're looking forward to the ceremony!" After the autograph-seekers had moved away, several of the correspondents got into a discussion about President Reagan and Mrs. Heckler:

"The White House staff never want him to linger. He knows that he shouldn't stand there and keep on answering questions, but on the other hand he's such an affable fellow—"

"For years, he was fighting to get his opinions on, and now suddenly to walk away from a camera—I think it's very hard for him to walk away from a microphone. And, you know, I think he really *believes* that this was a promotion for Heckler and that she could have stayed."

"But she couldn't have stayed."

"I know she couldn't have. But I don't know that he knows that."

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Accompanied by Secret Service men, the President came out of the White House onto the south lawn, waving to the applauding crowd. Then, standing at the Presidential podium that had been set up, he gave a speech, beginning, "Y'know, I've been out of school for some time now, but I still get nervous around so many principals."

SHORTLY after the ceremony on the south lawn, I went with Donaldson to the section of the north lawn used by the network correspondents. Donaldson remarked on how much TV coverage at the White House had increased since he started there as the chief ABC correspondent, nine years

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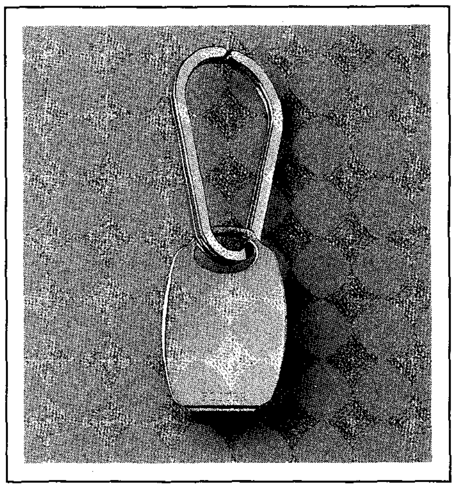

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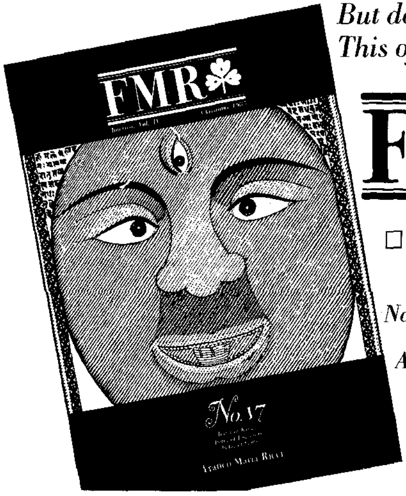

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ago. "I swear that what you saw today"—on the south lawn—"you would never see then," he told me. "Today, you had eighteen camera crews out there, whereas in those days we would have no more than five cameras, unless it was for a really big event." He pointed out a stretch of lawn by a tree near the northwest gate where, he said, network camera crews had formerly placed themselves in order to show the North Portico in the background of standup reports. He said, "There is a great feeling on the part of the networks that if you don't have a location people can identify with they won't believe you were *there*—right? So we all three lined up here and did our spots." The increasingly thick foliage and the White House renovation weren't the sole reasons behind the change of standup locations, Donaldson said. He told me that one evening before the change a correspondent for one network had overheard a correspondent for another network giving her viewers an exclusive report on an imminent Cabinet appointment—whereupon, Donaldson said, the first correspondent rushed into the pressroom, verified the story, rushed back out onto the lawn, and went right on camera to give viewers on her network the same story. "When that happened, I said, 'That's *it*, kids! We're not going to stand here *anymore!*' " Donaldson continued. "So I took myself and my crew up there"—he indicated a position nearer the White House—"but still using the North Portico as the background for my standups." As time passed, he said, "all the foliage became unmanageable, *outrageous*, for me and for others. So I decided that what people want to see is columns, something *white*—they'll accept that. And I then turned my cameras toward the West Wing and its portico. Pretty soon the other correspondents, with their crews, came up closer to my new position, and we all settled in where we are today."

About TV coverage of the Reagan Administration, Donaldson said, "We see the President only rarely. Jimmy Carter—I swear I saw him almost every day as a reporter. And there would be some days—except in the awful last year of his Presidency—when there were so many situations where we could question him that we'd say, '*Him* again!' But Ronald Reagan—he is not accessible except under very controlled conditions."

Donaldson went on to discuss the power of television and its use by the

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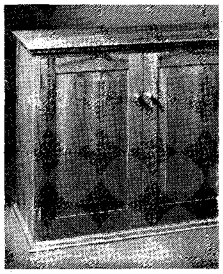

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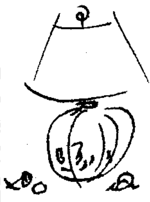

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Administration. "They over there"—he waved toward the White House—"more than any other Presidency I've seen in the television age, have the ability to capture the cameras, to use them for their own purposes without reference to the editorial supervision that the reporters or producers or networks who are in charge of the cameras can exercise," he said. Think of how Deaver came to the DMZ in Korea"—Donaldson was referring to Michael Deaver, the former deputy chief of staff, who supervised coverage of the Presidential visit in November of 1983—"to put on one of those great, huge photo extravaganzas of his. He checked the sun angle, put the tape down in the right place—nothing was left to chance! The President came out in his olive-drab windbreaker and looked across no man's land into Kim Il Sung's terrorist state. The sun was exactly right, the press was positioned, no chance of photographers' maybe getting a bad angle. If they wanted questions, the press was allowed close enough to ask questions; if they didn't want questions, the President was far enough away to be out of easy earshot. Half-tracks that were never there before, just to make the picture look dramatic. There he was: 'These were the boys who won the peace.' They can do it. These people have the mechanics down in a terrific way."

LATER in the afternoon, I stopped by the CBS and NBC booths to check on the preparations for the evening standup reports. Bill Plante told me that he had just got back from the CBS News bureau, where he had conferred with the producer who handled news from Washington. The producer had the tapes of all the day's television coverage at the White House—shots of Senator Goldwater coming out of the West Wing, of the school ceremony on the south lawn, and, of course, of the President's appearance with Mrs. Heckler in the briefing room—and he and the producer had agreed to concentrate on the Heckler story. "We discussed the sound we would use of the President and Mrs. Heckler, and whether there would be any other elements in the piece," Plante said. "I have written a script that incorporates the sound we discussed, and the producer either has begun to or soon will cut the tapes and assemble the material. The standup on the lawn, which is meant to knit the material together, will be used as the

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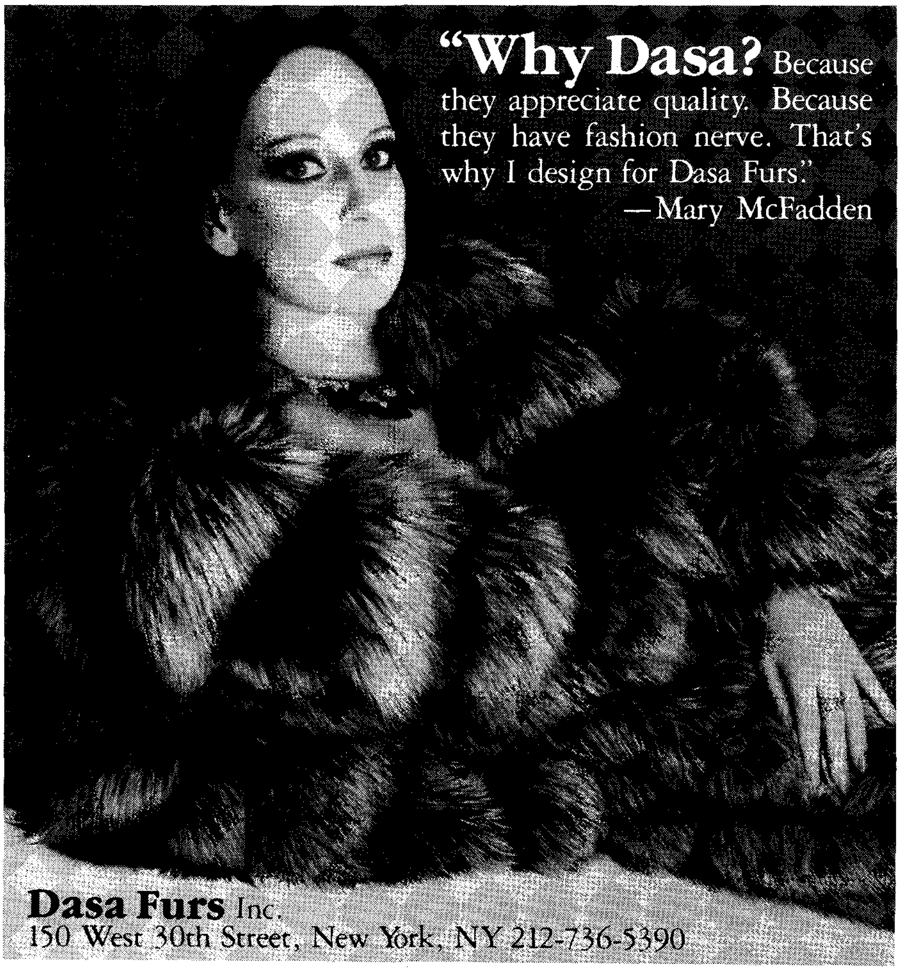

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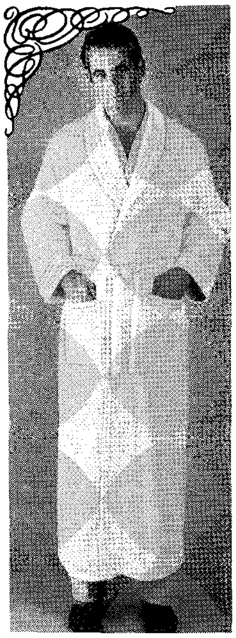

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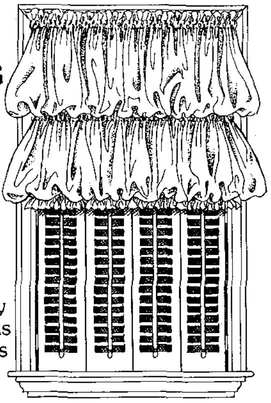

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close to that piece, and any additional gloss that we may put on the piece will be in the standup close, when we might be able to say that this was a reluctant move on Mrs. Heckler's part, and talk about her possible successor at H.H.S."

The NBC News booth, next door, was occupied by Chris Wallace and Andrea Mitchell. Wallace told me that the segment for the NBC "Nightly News" hadn't been put together yet. "They decided at the 'Nightly News' that they were tired of the Heckler story," he said. "So they will do just a brief piece of voice-over, with Heckler and the President talking, which Tom"—Tom Brokaw—"will narrate. They didn't want a standup piece on it tonight."

I spoke for a little while with Andrea Mitchell, a young woman with dark eyes and black hair, who was preparing to do a standup for the next morning's "Today Show." Her manner was vigorous yet friendly. In our talk, it became clear to me why I had seen no camera crews on the White House lawn that morning: under normal circumstances, nearly all the shots of correspondents on the White House lawn that appear on the morning shows aren't actually made in the early-morning hours but are shot at dusk the day before, with lighting that makes them appear to be morning shots.

As for Mrs. Heckler, Miss Mitchell told me that on the previous Friday NBC had broken the story that the President had decided to go along with his advisers and remove Mrs. Heckler, and that he was going to offer her the Ambassadorship to Ireland on Monday, so NBC was way ahead of the other networks on this. She said that tonight she would concentrate instead on the Israeli raid on Tunis, and its significance in terms of Administration policy. "I've found out what kind of military equipment was used by Israel in this raid, and I've found that there is a dispute between the Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House over whether the use of American military equipment in the raid is a violation of U.S. law." She told me that she had written the script to be used in the segment that would conclude with her standup report.

Miss Mitchell started to apply makeup to her face, and as she did so she let me look through her script, a page long, which bore in the left-hand margin the notations "VOICEOVER," "PRES IN BRIEFING ROOM," "SOT [sound on tape] QUESTION," "STATE

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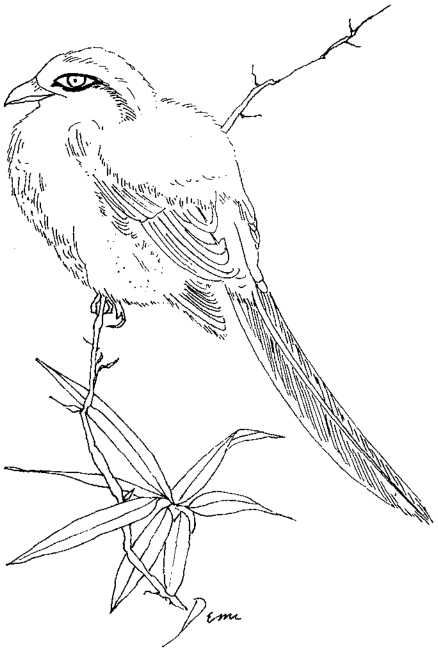
Outside, the cloudless day had given way to a milky mackerel sky, and the light seemed muted. Four camera crews—from NBC, CBS, ABC, and CNN—had set up their equipment on the north lawn. At the CNN position, Frank Sesno, who is one of CNN's two White House correspondents—Charles Bierbauer is the chief correspondent—stood facing a camera. He held a microphone in one hand and, in the other, a piece of paper containing a few lines of handwritten script. "Detailed analysis," he said into the camera. Then he started over, with "Detailed analysis made," and yet again, with "Detailed analysis of the Soviet . . ." At the NBC position, about twenty-five yards to the east of CNN, Andrea Mitchell, also holding a microphone, was facing a camera and lights. Several yards to the west of her, the ABC crew was getting ready: Sam Donaldson, who had just rushed over from the ABC studios, had taken his standup position in front of the ABC camera and lights. A little further off to the west, I could see Bill Plante standing in front of the CBS camera setup.

Andrea Mitchell was wearing a black jacket, large pearl earrings, and



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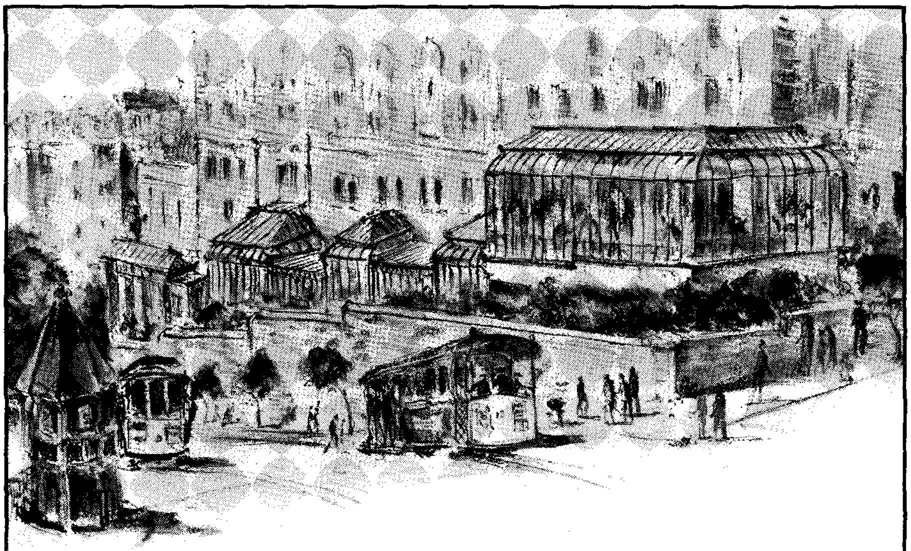

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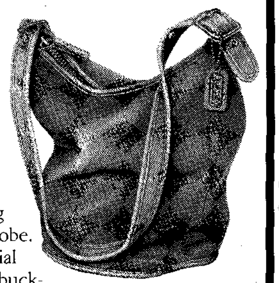

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two strings of large pearls. She glanced over a page that she was holding in her left hand, below the level of the camera shot, and that consisted of the lines for the closing remarks she was to deliver. She looked ready to begin speaking, but at the sound of an airplane in the distance she lowered the microphone. She turned to me and said, "We do have to worry about jets here, because we're right in the flight path for National Airport, so the Eastern shuttle is a big problem. Dwight"—Dwight Brown, the sound man—"will tell me if the sound is too loud." Then, to the camera crew, "Any time?"

"Wait till the wind dies down?" one of the crew members asked. A breeze had sprung up, ruffling Miss Mitchell's hair.

Moving to a point behind the NBC camera, I could see Miss Mitchell and, in the background, the West Wing entrance. It made for an odd scene, in which evening had been touched up to look like morning and the White House image itself revised to suit the purposes of television.

Miss Mitchell said briskly into the camera, "Take One, 'Today Show.' " Then she began her standup report, speaking in an energy-charged voice. "Officials explained that the official response *was*"—a slight emphasis—"relatively mild, except from the Pentagon, because the United States wants to reserve *its* right to retaliate against terrorists, although it never has. Andrea Mitchell, NBC News"—a minipause—"at the White House."

Miss Mitchell started all over again—"for protection," she explained to me later. "Take Two, 'Today Show.' " Then, to the crew, "How was the noise level with the jets? Was it bad?" Assured by the sound man that it just might work, she started again: "Officials explained that the official response *was* relatively mild because— Take Three." Then, once again: "Officials explained that the official response *was* relatively mild except from the Pentagon." A pause: "Let's wait for the wind." Miss Mitchell touched up her hair with a brush and waited.

At the ABC position, during the wait, the cameraman said to Donaldson, "How long?"

"Fifteen, maybe less," Donaldson said. "All right, here we go!" Then, standing very erect in the bright lights, speaking in an authoritative baritone, and directing an intense look at the camera, he delivered his stand-

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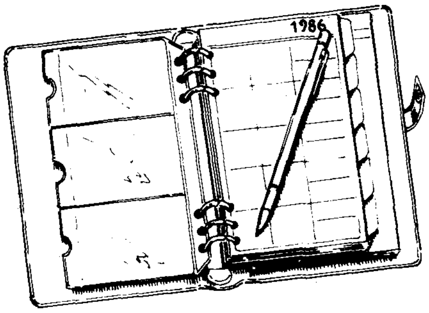

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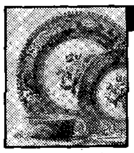

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up: "The Administration, by sanctioning anti-terrorist action by everyone, including the Russians, may be enunciating a consistent policy. But it is one *some*"—slight emphasis here—"U.S. officials fear will complicate the peace process, which is ultimately more important. Sam Donaldson, ABC News, the White House." Donaldson did two more takes. "I thought the first take was fine," he told me afterward. "But I didn't like the inflection. It worked out to just under fifteen seconds." His standup finished, he walked away.

At the NBC position, Andrea Mitchell, having waited for Donaldson to finish, was ready for Take Three. Before starting on it, she turned around, saw a couple of people standing near a light-colored van on the driveway near the West Wing and called out to them, "Please don't stand there! Out of the shot please!" To the cameraman: "Now? Take Three." And, in a sure, vibrant voice, "Officials explained the response *was, relatively, mild*"—she placed equal emphasis on all three words—"except from the Pentagon. . . . Andrea Mitchell, NBC News—at the White House." She continued to stare into the camera, to give the film editors an interval before they cut to another shot.

I wasn't able to catch Bill Plante delivering his standup, but he told me later that in his fifteen seconds on camera, which on the CBS Evening News would follow the Heckler segment, he had reported the names of candidates being mentioned for Mrs. Heckler's post at H.H.S.

In a while, I checked out at the guardhouse by the northwest gate and walked east on Pennsylvania Avenue, stopping for a few seconds to admire the head-on, unobstructed north prospect of the White House. It felt good to be able to see the real thing.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

• •

WHITE SHROUDS

From our kitchen window I watched the hard sleet chipping
at the granite pond, the white ducks
huddling in their giant mushroom, and felt against
my leg the warmth in the heater vent die.

Did you feel how cold it dropped that night?

At nine below, water expands into rock, the pipes peel
back like ripe fruit,
the heavy branches of the post oak bang like axes
against the house. The power fails
all over the neighborhood,
the ferns on the windowsill crack like china.

I went down to the basement to check the firewood,
wormy, maybe enough for one night,
then pulled the couch in front of a fireplace
too shallow for any real heat, wrapped you in a skin
of quilts, let you tuck and sleep
inside what comfort it gave.
                                        On the end of the couch,
outside the eye and breath of the fire, ice
actually crusted the tips of my beard.
And in that other place where the cold takes you
out of yourself with each white breath,
I listened all night to the fanatical ministry
of the brain, the alarm
it sounds to keep the body alert,

which wasn't the ringing of bells over city shelters,
or the sirens of ambulances spinning out of alleys,
but was only that breathing,
the white easy breathing of sleepers curling
in doorways, behind dumpsters, their ears
slowly turning into stone, and no one
to husband the small logs, two at a time, onto the fire.

—DAVID BOTTOMS

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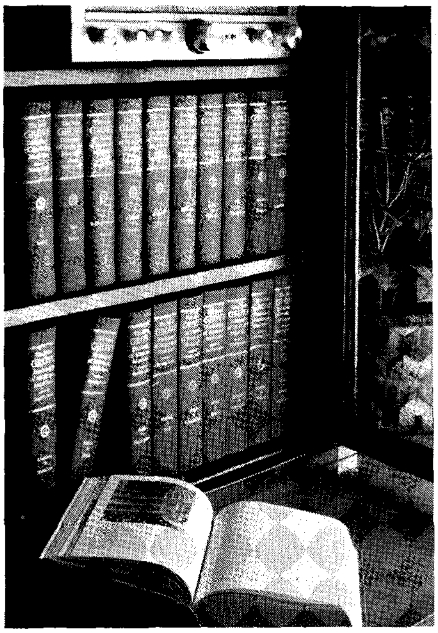

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hugging

IN the three-part TV presentation of "Thérèse Raquin," in 1981, Kate Nelligan had a marvellous sexual vibrancy that kept getting harsher, more animal. The 1981 movie "Eye of the Needle" might be a standard genre piece if it weren't for Nelligan as the lonely wife. The way she plays the part, all the woman's accumulated spiritual and sexual longings come pouring out; when a big emotion goes through her, it's like the wind snapping a sheet. Nelligan doesn't editorialize on the emotions that her characters are gripped by; she cauterizes those emotions—burns away everything easy or too girlishly appealing. She can do that and still be lyrical, as she demonstrated on the stage in New York in 1984, in her performance as O'Neill's virginal Irish-American farm girl in "A Moon for the Misbegotten." And in New York early this year she gave one of the least heralded great performances I've ever seen, in Edna O'Brien's "Virginia." Speaking Virginia Woolf's own words, in a play that is constructed almost as a monologue, she did an ecstatic, transcendent piece of acting, bringing out the beauty of Woolf's language without ever losing the tough complexity of mind that went into it. At the end, when she released her concentration, I looked down at my clasped hands, and the knuckles were white. There is something immaculate about Nelligan's sustained intensity—you never feel she's protecting herself. But her clean acting style is all wrong for the mythmaking propensities of "Eleni."

This epic-scaled film, directed by Peter Yates, was adapted from Nicholas Gage's book about the execution of his mother—a peasant in a remote mountain village in Greece—in 1948, during the Greek Civil War. The able-bodied men had fled as the Communist guerrilla army approached. The guerrillas, who claimed to be liberating the village, confiscated food supplies and forcibly conscripted girls over fifteen—they took one of Eleni's daughters. Then they ordered the women to turn over their (by now hungry) younger children, who were to be sent to neighboring Communist countries (Albania and Czechoslovakia), where they could be fed and, presumably, trained as young Communists. Instead, Eleni packed off her three other girls and her nine-year-old son, Nikola, at night, arranging for them to join their father, who was in America. That, embroidered with other charges, was the crime for which she was condemned and lined up with a group of men in front of a firing squad. The movie tells the story of how, thirty-odd years later, the son, Nick (played by John Malkovich), who by then was a celebrated journalist working for the *Times*, went back to Greece determined to track down those responsible for her death.

"Roll out the red carpet, sweetheart!"

The job of writing the script was entrusted to the Yugoslavian-born Steve Tesich, who showed a lot of cocky humor in "Breaking Away" but has since brought a delirious, flag-waving Americanism and/or a clanging anti-Communism to such projects as "Eyewitness," "Four Friends," and "American Flyers." His contribution here is as disastrous as it was to those movies. He turns the story into a glorification of a mother's sacrifice—it's her triumph, since Eleni, who lives only for her children, dies knowing they are safe. (She dies with her fists flung up high as she cries out in exaltation, "My children!") Tesich doesn't have much instinct for the specifics of dramatic construction. Eleni's last request is to see the conscripted daughter; we expect her to brief the girl on how to hook up with the other kids and get to America, but it turns out that what she wants is to tell the girl about the joy of motherhood that the girl will someday experience. Eleni is motherhood incarnate. She's above doubts, conflicts, fears—she's even above torture. (Tied up, she's subjected to "falanga"—hideous blows to the stretched feet. It's surprising to see her a day or two later walking to the firing squad.) Motherhood functions as an ideology in this movie—the script is a piece of anti-Communist, pro-motherhood poster art. Eleni is the answer to the Reds.

At the film's opening-night party, a writer for the *Village Voice* asked Christopher Reeve how he liked the picture, and reported that Reeve's answer was "I fell to pieces at least half a dozen times. It makes you want to hug your children or somebody else's if you don't have any." And that may be the effect the movie has on very impressionable people. It can be experienced as a scare picture with a message: the family is all.

Tesich has been quoted

as saying, "Eleni's love for her children was something I knew and understood. It was a familiar part of life in that part of the world, where mothers were totally loving and nourishing." This is a case of you can take the boy out of the Yugoslavian village but you can't take the Yugoslavian village out of the boy. American movies finally abandoned that primordial movie subject the sacrificing mother because, as Americans became better educated and more knowledgeable, they realized that those noble women exacted a toll on their children, and that maybe having a mother with nothing in her life but her kids wasn't such a blessing.

Kate Nelligan is a scrupulous actress trying to play a believable heroic woman when the Red-baiting script calls for a shameless humbug—a lusty, defiant young Katina Paxinou. The picture would be much worse that way, but more colorfully bad. (Imagine the heartfelt histrionics that Paxinou would have provided for the Easter scene when Eleni and a friend—played by Linda Hunt—walk around greeting the other women with "Christ is risen.") As Nelligan plays the role, she's never embarrassing, but quiet dignity isn't enough to make us warm to a character, and the performance doesn't take off. Even her big effects aren't piercing—there's nothing memorable in them. But the role as written is virtually unplayable, anyway. Tesich may think he knows Eleni, but the dialogue he has given her doesn't indicate anything but raw and largely undifferentiated primitive emotion. And Yates, a cool, detached director—comedy comes more naturally to him—doesn't give Nelligan any kind of back-up. Eleni is introduced to us by images showing her in the terraced mountain fields herding the family's goats, and her lines are variations on "My children, I bless you all." I'd love to see Yates and Tesich herding goats. Then they could take turns delivering the joyful vision of maternal bliss that the condemned Eleni speaks to her conscripted daughter.

Emotionally, "Eleni" is as slobby and retro as a Stallone cartoon, yet it makes some claim to authenticity and literacy. The storytelling device—the constant cutting between what happened in the forties and what happens in the eighties as the grown-up Nikola gradually puts the facts together—is meant to build suspense. But it does just the opposite: it dissipates whatever momentum develops, and as most of it

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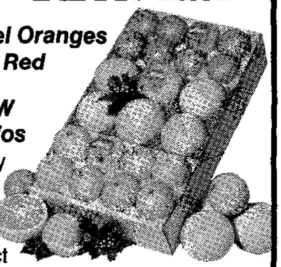

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develops in the forties we come to find each return to John Malkovich an interruption. (We miss out on learning how the children's escape was arranged and how the girl soldier got together with them.) It's Malkovich's first starring screen role, and you might expect to see a hip new actor playing a dedicated investigative reporter who uses the skills he developed when he wrote about the Mafia to track down war criminals. You might expect this reporter to draw you into the case. But what you get is a hesitant, dulled-out obsessive whose mouth hangs open. As Nick, Malkovich is one of the most joyless actors I've ever seen. He's like a wraith wandering through the picture; he speaks in a nervous light, high voice, and he sounds as if he had no energy in reserve—as if he were depleted. So he can't give his scenes any drive. It's the kind of risky, oddball interpretation that has to be brilliant to work at all, and it isn't brilliant.

Malkovich makes the character so sickly and unappealing that you don't know what you're meant to feel about Nick and his mission; the film seems devoid of any point except to bring on an orgy of baby hugging. And if you think over Nick's limp, indecisive lines you may wonder whether Malkovich's role is playable, either. When Nick encounters one of his old playmates—the man is now a baker—he fails to ask the question that comes to a viewer's mind: what happened to him and the other children when they were taken to Communist countries? (You have to go back to Gage's book to learn that although the Civil War ended in 1949, in some cases it was as much as six years before the children could return.) And after an audience has waited two hours for the climactic moment when Nick will confront his mother's murderer, it's a real letdown for him to look at the killer and say (weakly), "Why are you still alive? How can you live knowing what you've done?" (I get stronger verbal assaults than that from readers who just disagree with me about a movie.)

The two English actors who play the Red villains give off the only energy. As the young guerrilla leader who orders Eleni's death, dark-eyed Oliver Cotton has a handsome, hatchet-faced mercilessness; he's unshaven, with bluish shadows on his cheeks and chin, and he has a loud, abrasive voice and a frightening hollowness and flash. He's a bit diabolic. As the village Communist school-

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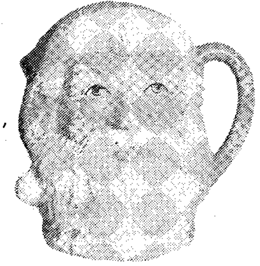

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teacher (and officer in the guerrilla forces), Ronald Pickup is a mangy, treacherous ingrate; Eleni has protected him from the monarchist soldiers, but he won't do anything to save her from his comrades. Even when he begins to have qualms about the leader's decisions, he likes his new position of power too much to jeopardize it. Actors ought to have a little prayer thanking God for skunks and vipers.

GENE HACKMAN can give gloriously jaunty, unpredictable performances—two of the least seen are in "Under Fire" (1983) and the comedy "All Night Long" (1981). He can be the best we've got. But he can also do the kind of "seemingly effortless," manly, squared-off acting that's said to have truth in it because it's fundamentally unexciting. He's a "dependable" actor, a latter-day Spencer Tracy, in two new pictures—"Target" and "Twice in a Lifetime." He works like a saint in these pictures, and he gives them a rootedness that they don't deserve. He's also a teensy bit boring.

Arthur Penn's "Target" is an action movie, full of spies and chases and booby traps. Hackman plays a quiet, cautious fellow who owns and manages a lumberyard in Dallas and likes to go fishing. His son (Matt Dillon) wants some thrills in his life; he thinks the old man is a plodder—a fud who never had the nerve to go anywhere or do anything. And the overprotective father worries about the boy, who has dropped out of college and is mucking around with stock-car racing. They just don't get along, and the last thing that Hackman's wife (Gayle Hunnicutt) says to him as she leaves for a Paris vacation is "Would you do me a favor—break through to the kid, huh?" A few days later, Hackman gets word that she has disappeared from her group tour, and he and the boy fly to Paris to find her. As soon as they land, the shooting begins, and the kid discovers that his old-fogy father is a whirlwind—a tough former C.I.A. agent who speaks French and German, knows his way around guns, fast cars, and women, and is a demolitions expert, too. Naturally, father and son get closer to each other—the boy grows up fast—and after they've found and freed Hunnicutt, the father embraces his wife and his son, and the restored family is photographed having one big hug.

"Target" is Arthur Penn trying to make a hit action film that is also a

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personal statement; he says that the film is about the "father-son relationship" and "the family." According to Penn, "all successful pictures, 'E.T.' or 'Back to the Future' or whatever, have a tender, personal core." Well, what he's got here is as impersonal as any of the other movies with stupidly spectacular car chases. The ordinary-family stuff is nothing more than a hook to involve us in the action—the same kind of hook that TV cop shows keep sticking into viewers, and a clumsy one, at that. The father-son tensions are laid out like a lesson in exposition for fourth graders, and the gradual rapprochement has the same awkward pointedness. And, what with all the dashing around and the corpses that accumulate, the action seems overscaled for the theme: it takes a lot of killing to make Matt understand and love his dad.

Penn has trouble getting a conversational rhythm going. When the father explains to the boy that he had to change his identity and be relocated in order to protect the family, the boy's reactions are noisy and inappropriate—he seems like a callow loudmouth. Penn simply goes off key here; he does it frequently—it's as if he had lapses of attention—and Matt Dillon is the principal victim. (He must have been directed to speak louder than anyone else.) For a second or two near the start, he's reminiscent of the young Montgomery Clift, but it's no more than an optical illusion. This is the most self-conscious and generally confused performance Dillon has given. Gayle Hunnicutt's face matches his well enough for them to be a convincing mother and son, but her scenes (at both the beginning and the end) are so maladroitly staged that you find yourself staring at them blankly. Some of the other performers fare considerably better. The young West German television cutie Ilona Grubel plays a seductive backpacker who attaches herself to the boy, and the Russian actress Victoria Fyodorova, whose autobiography, "The Admiral's Daughter," told the story of how she came to this country, has her glamorous moments as Hackman's former lover. "You were my love story," she tells him, and Penn ladles on the soulful rue. There's also a tiny role, as the proprietress of a *pension*, in which Jany Holt smiles the sad smile she had as the prostitute in Renoir's "The Lower Depths" almost a half century ago. As one of many agents rushing about, Ulrich Haupt has a scene of slapstick desperation in which he grabs a violin and plays it. And Guy Boyd shines as the slightly stupid blond assistant to the head of C.I.A. operations in Paris; he's the designated red herring—he's so crude and inept that the father dislikes him and suspects him of villainy.

"Target" has some strong similarities to last year's moderately pleasant comedy thriller "Cloak & Dagger," directed by Richard Franklin, in which a little boy (Henry Thomas) has an imaginary friend—his father (Dabney Coleman) as an international superspy. "Target" isn't nearly as well worked out. Penn's attempt to create a realistic family situation makes the action scenes—especially the long one with Hunnicutt immobilized and all wired up to detonate—look nutty. "Target" seems to be saying that the only way the twenty-year-old son can respect his father is to find out he's a movie hero.

BUD YORKIN'S "Twice in a Lifetime," from a script by Colin ("Chariots of Fire") Welland, is a miracle of psychobanality. It presents the basic story of the long-married middle-aged man (Hackman) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. The shrewdest touch in it is that the husband isn't some soft, middle-class wimp in L.A. or New York—he's a blue-collar man in Seattle, a straight and honest steelworker, the kind of man who built the country. He's a vigorous fifty-year-old, and the woman he falls for (a widow) is as fine and wise and loving as he is. The dishwater-dull wife wears an apron and watches game shows; her expressions of love for her husband are of the pathetic, lip-gnawing variety. So he has to be strong enough for the two of them when he leaves. The film goes on demeaning her. She keeps saying, "I didn't deserve this," as if she thought that life works in terms of whether you deserve things. And when she wins at bingo she carries on like a ninny. A series of scenes record her bitterness, her moping, and then her gradual awakening, which is possibly even more offensive. The signposts on her road to mental health

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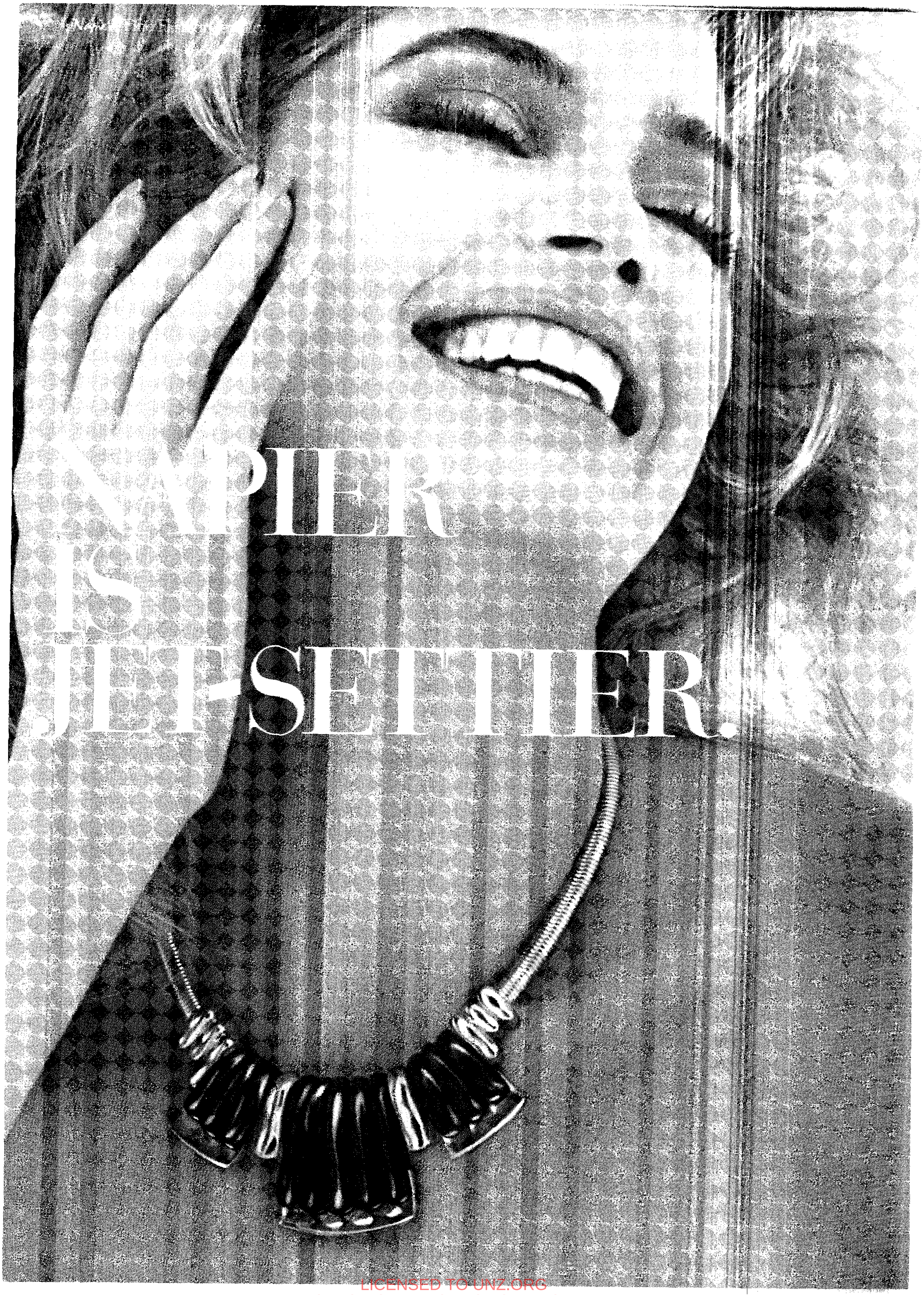
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include getting her hair dyed and going to a male-strip disco, where her eyes glisten and she giggles in shocked pleasure as the strippers taunt and tease the feminine clientele. At the end, she's preparing to "take some classes." (The husband doesn't need reëducation.)

Hackman's broad, average-guy face is the center of consciousness in this movie: it registers the other characters' emotions and suffers for their suffering. This actor functions as a human seismograph; he even improves on what he's reacting to—especially in his scenes with Burstyn. She plays her clichés to the hilt, and with the metallic ring of her voice she demands a hundred per cent of your attention. It's deathbed acting: she plays each scene as if there were no tomorrow. As her older, married daughter, Amy Madigan manages to bring a spark to her material: she's supposed to be distressed and angry, and she has to come on hard, screaming at her father, but she has an original fierceness about her, and a comic flair. (It comes out especially in a scene at the supermarket where she gets sore at her little girl.)

The subject of this movie has been treated lightly and farcically and even tragically for centuries; it took Yorkin and Welland (and perhaps a divorced, twice-married President) to give it a new aura of wholesomeness. If there's any one factor that can account for the crowds at the theatre, it's the film's upbeat tone. And that must be the explanation for the enthusiasm of many reviewers. ("To enjoy this film, one needs only to feel." "The first four star movie of 1985." "One of those once-in-a-lifetime experiences." " 'Kramer vs. Kramer,' 'Ordinary People,' 'Terms of Endearment,' if there's one a year we're lucky. The luck of this year lies in 'Twice in a Lifetime.' ") The picture is all about healing and renewal. It doesn't have a freshly imagined character in it, and it has no life as a piece of moviemaking, but it has all this positive thinking. It's like a sermon on the therapeutic value of adultery, divorce, and remarriage, given by a minister who learned all he knows from watching TV.

—PAULINE KAEL

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Ridgewood (N.J.) Sunday News*]

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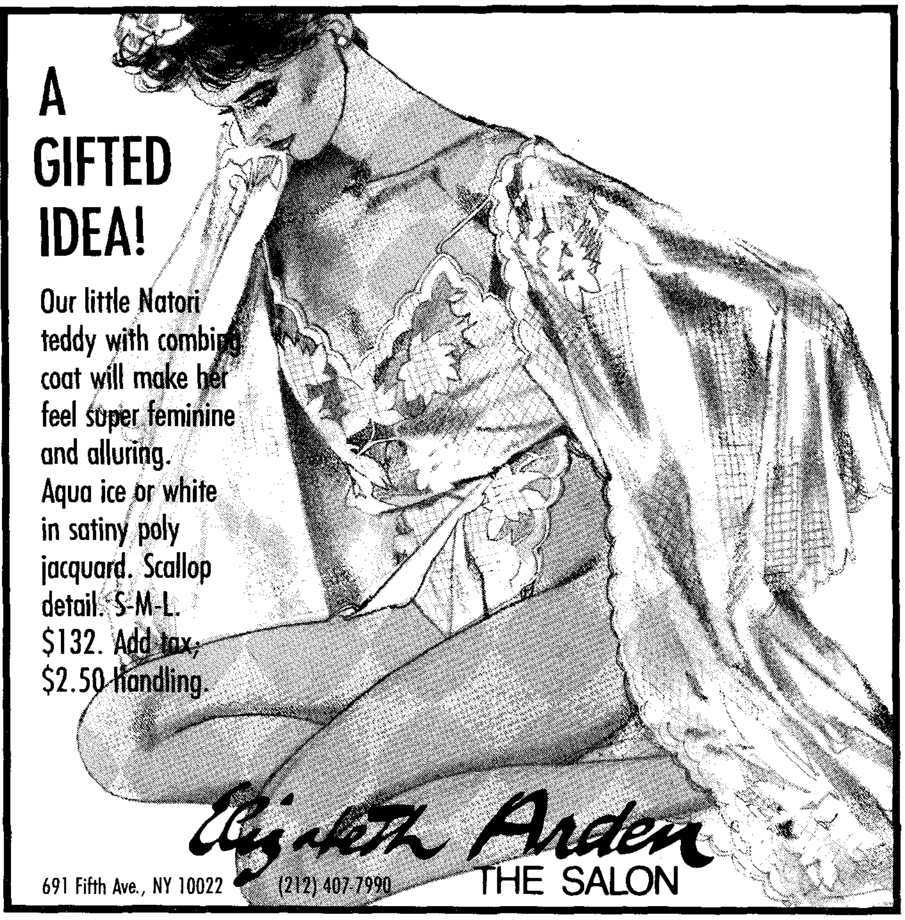

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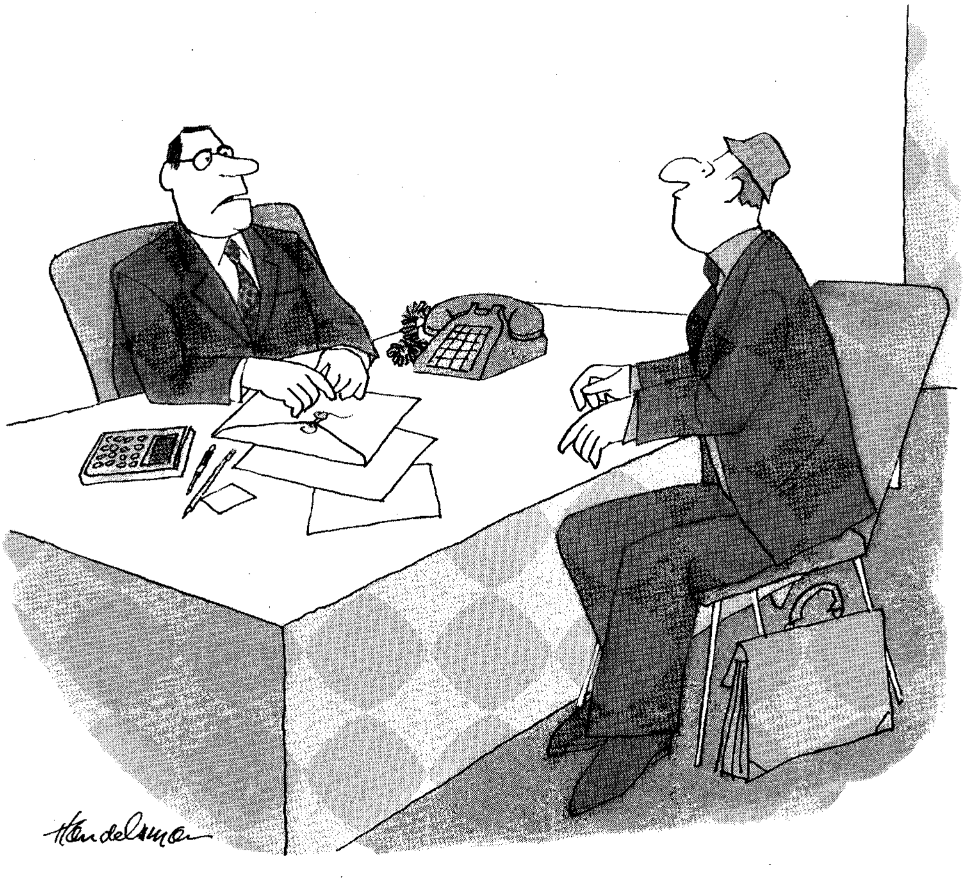
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

UP to now, I have been unable to understand Harry Kondoleon's wild, campy plays, much less describe or review them, but his "Anteroom" (at Playwrights Horizons) seems a bit more accessible than its predecessors. It appears to be a sendup of the high comedies of the twenties and thirties, but this time there are a few funny lines and situations in the midst of all the pesky larking around, and this time he has written one amusing part, which becomes the occasion for an amusing performance by Elizabeth Wilson. The role is that of a Mrs. Leland, in whose large house in Southampton, Long Island, the action takes place—the anteroom of the title being a space outside her kitchen which contains two refrigerators, a dishwasher, and dish closets but no stove. The action concerns the machinations of a young man named Parker, who speaks mostly in italics; he is trying to arrange a marriage between Mrs. Leland and his father, whose former husband and wife committed suicide together. Parker is extremely effeminate but at the same time seems to be kidding effeminacy. (That's camp for you.) His schemes, which include murder, if necessary, involve a cocktail party and masquerade, in which he wears a costume, inspired by Josephine Baker, that is made entirely of strings of pearls, his body having been dyed a soft, becoming brown. Mrs. Leland drifts around somnambulistically, pills and capsules at the ready, issuing stern orders for whimsical reasons, and Miss Wilson is so stylish that she lifts the play high in the air whenever she appears. By the final curtain, Parker has tipped over into lunacy and is forced into a waiting ambulance. The other characters include Parker's best friend, for whom he procures the job of butler to Mrs. Leland; Parker's father, a gaudy fellow himself, who plans to sell his Southampton house and the galleries he runs, and retire to Gstaad; Mrs. Leland's maid, a self-styled Slavic noblewoman; a handsome young black woman, who is the guest of Parker's father, and who has been forced to relinquish her career as a model because she is thirty; and the young butler's rackety, proletarian mother, who enters at the end to take her reluctant son home. Parker's schemes, it should be added, are aimed at getting him enough money so he can fulfill his ambition to become a celebrity. Or that's what I think the idea is.

Although I am mystified (and often bored) by the antics of Mr. Kondoleon, he seems to be happy with what he is doing every step of the way, and so, apparently, is his doting audience. The actors are effective—especially Albert Macklin as Parker, Mitchell Lichtenstein as the butler, Janet Hubert as the ex-model, and Crystal Field as the butler's mother. Besides Miss Wilson, the other heroine of the production is Rita Ryack, who designed the imaginative costumes. The fine setting, by Adrianne Lobel, is lighted by James F. Ingalls.



"You have a truculent look, Mr. Nydorf. Before we go into your tax liability, let me just mention that menacing behavior toward an employee of the Department of Revenue is a Class D felony."

"THE GOLDEN LAND," at the Second Avenue, is a musical about Jewish immigration to this country in the early nineteen-hundreds, with traditional and popular songs of the period—and there all resemblance to the delightful "Tintypes" ceases. As I hope you remember, "Tintypes," which was done here both on and off Broadway in 1980, also dealt with immigration at the turn of the century and also used songs of the period—in that instance, to most entertaining effect. (Jerry Zaks' rendition of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in a Yiddish accent was a landmark in modern comedy.) "The Golden Land" lacks any ingenuity at all, and it almost drowns in sentimentality. Much of the singing and dialogue is in Yiddish, but a lot of it is in English, too. There is one very funny routine—a radio weather report delivered by an announcer in a strong accent ("a little bit of this, a little bit of that")—and the singing of Marc Krause is very impressive.

—EDITH OLIVER

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[*Headline in the Charlottesville* (*Va.*) *Daily Progress*]

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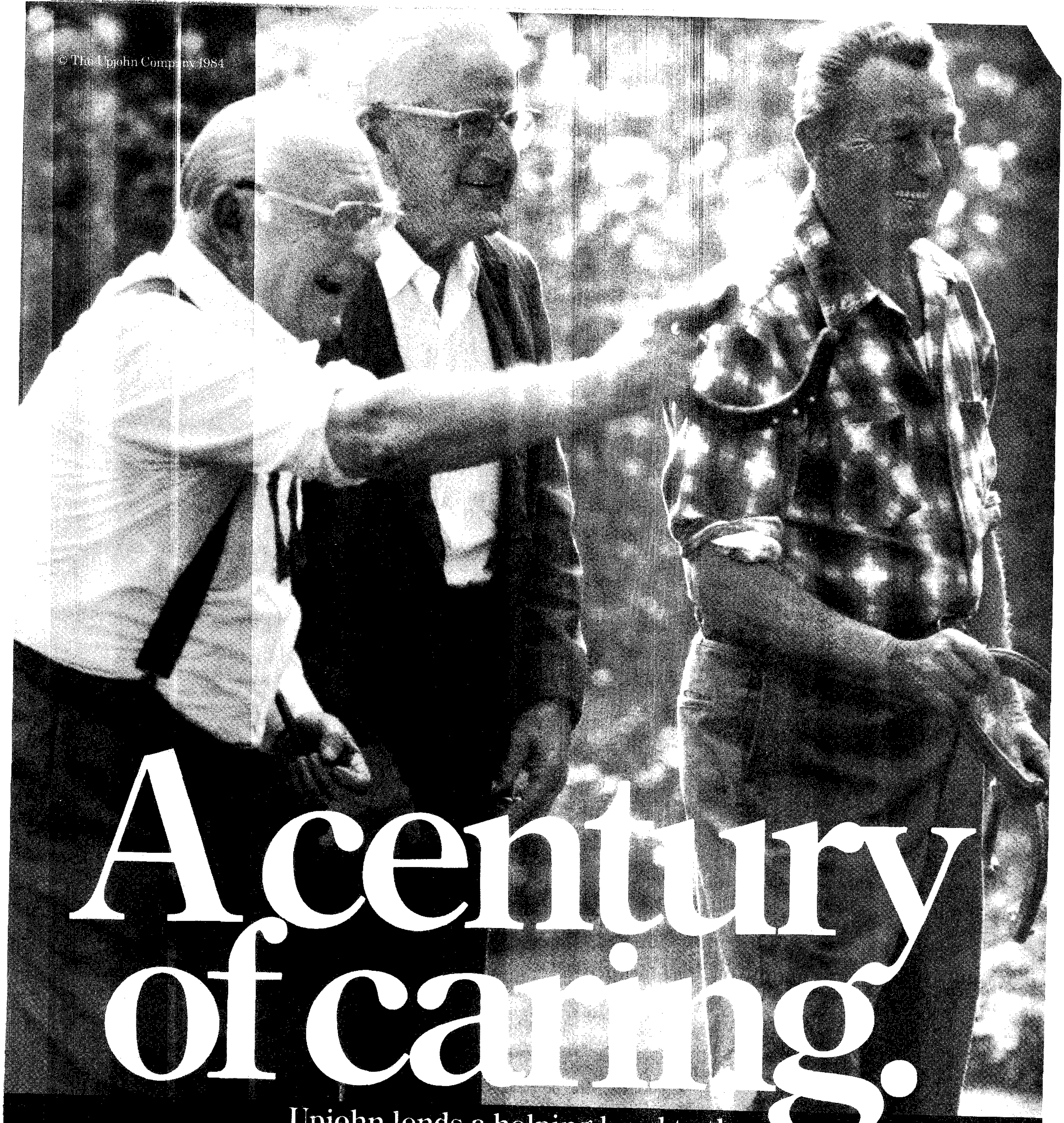

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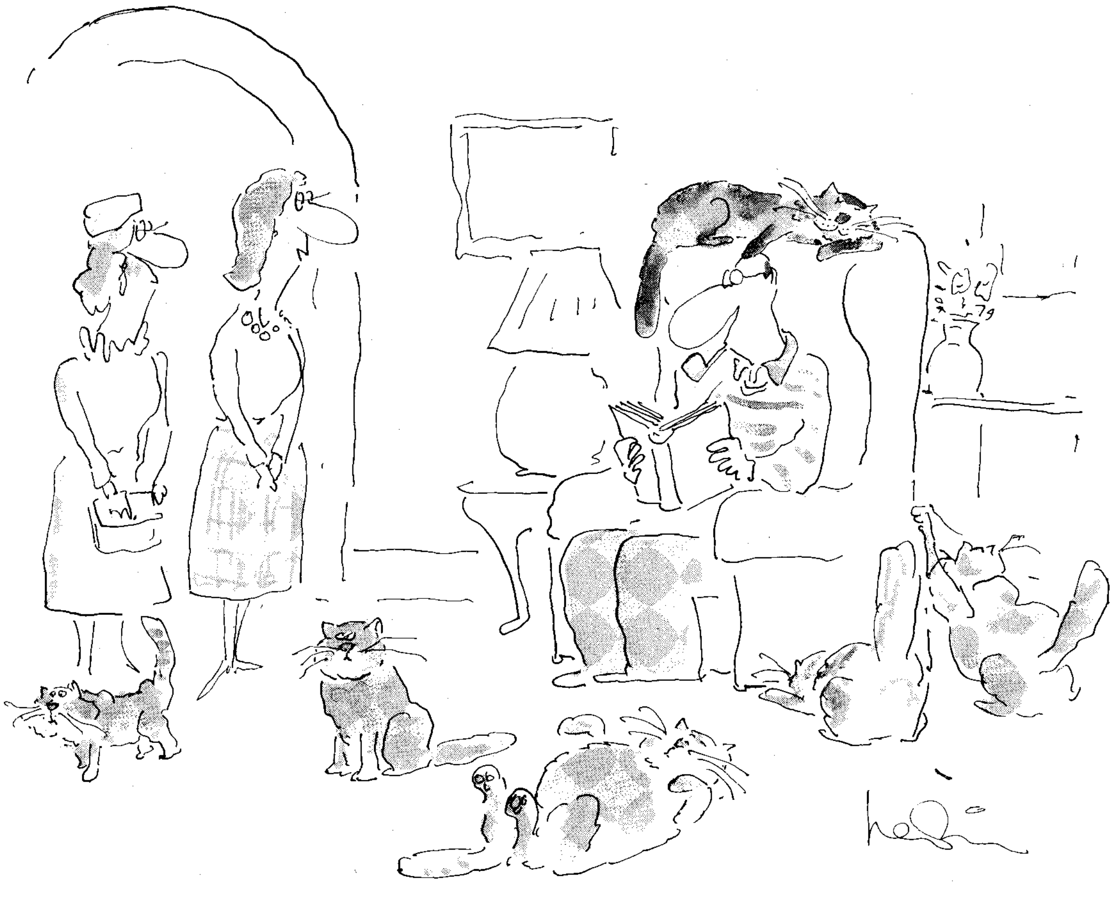
THE ART WORLD

Ingres in Love

THE Frick Collection's fiftieth anniversary is being observed with a maximum of restraint. No galas are planned, no monster exhibitions of royal, papal, or pharaonic treasures, no announcements of multimillion-dollar expansion plans. The main event of this anniversary year was the opening, last week, of an exhibition focussed on a single painting in the collection: Ingres's portrait of Louise, the Comtesse d'Haussonville. The show, which will run through February 16th, is a brilliantly understated demonstration of why the Frick is indispensable to the art life of this city.

The Frick, of course, is everybody's favorite museum, although not everybody agrees on the reasons. We love the size and the scale of the place—the fact that it can be "taken in" during a leisurely two-hour visit. Some people delight in its high-handed regulations: children under ten years of age are not admitted, and those under sixteen must be accompanied by an adult; to get a seat in the Music Room for the Sunday-afternoon concert you still have to write a letter that arrives on the second Monday preceding the desired date, and "no telephone or personal applications can be accepted." The Frick limits admissions to two hundred visitors at any one time, so the galleries are never really crowded; on weekends, when attendance picks up, the waiting line can usually be accommodated in a nobly proportioned chamber that was added for that purpose during the Frick's remarkably discreet (and presumably final) expansion of its premises, in 1977. It is often said that the Frick is such a wonderful place to look at pictures because it is a private house, but this is a dubious point. When Henry Clay Frick built his Fifth Avenue mansion (it was finished in 1914), one of the primary incentives was to show up his former business partner Andrew Carnegie, who had spent more than a million dollars on *his* Fifth Avenue mansion, twenty blocks north, at Ninety-first Street (the house that is now the Cooper-Hewitt Museum). Carnegie and Frick were bitter enemies by this time, and Frick told people he was going to "make Carnegie's place look like a miner's shack." He engaged Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the New York Public Library, to build a neoclassical limestone pavilion that cost him at least five million dollars, and whose interior spaces were designed principally to show off his works of art. Renovated by John Russell Pope before its opening as a public gallery, in 1935, the Frick looks and feels more like a museum than like a private house. The furniture is the kind you look at but don't use—those overwrought and overgilded commodes and *fauteuils* turned out by French *ébénistes* and still inexplicably esteemed by certain collectors. Coldly formal as a house, the Frick is nevertheless a magnificent small museum. The concentration of masterpieces per square yard of wall space is unsurpassed anywhere in the world, and that, of course, is the real point. Supreme quality is what the Frick has to offer.

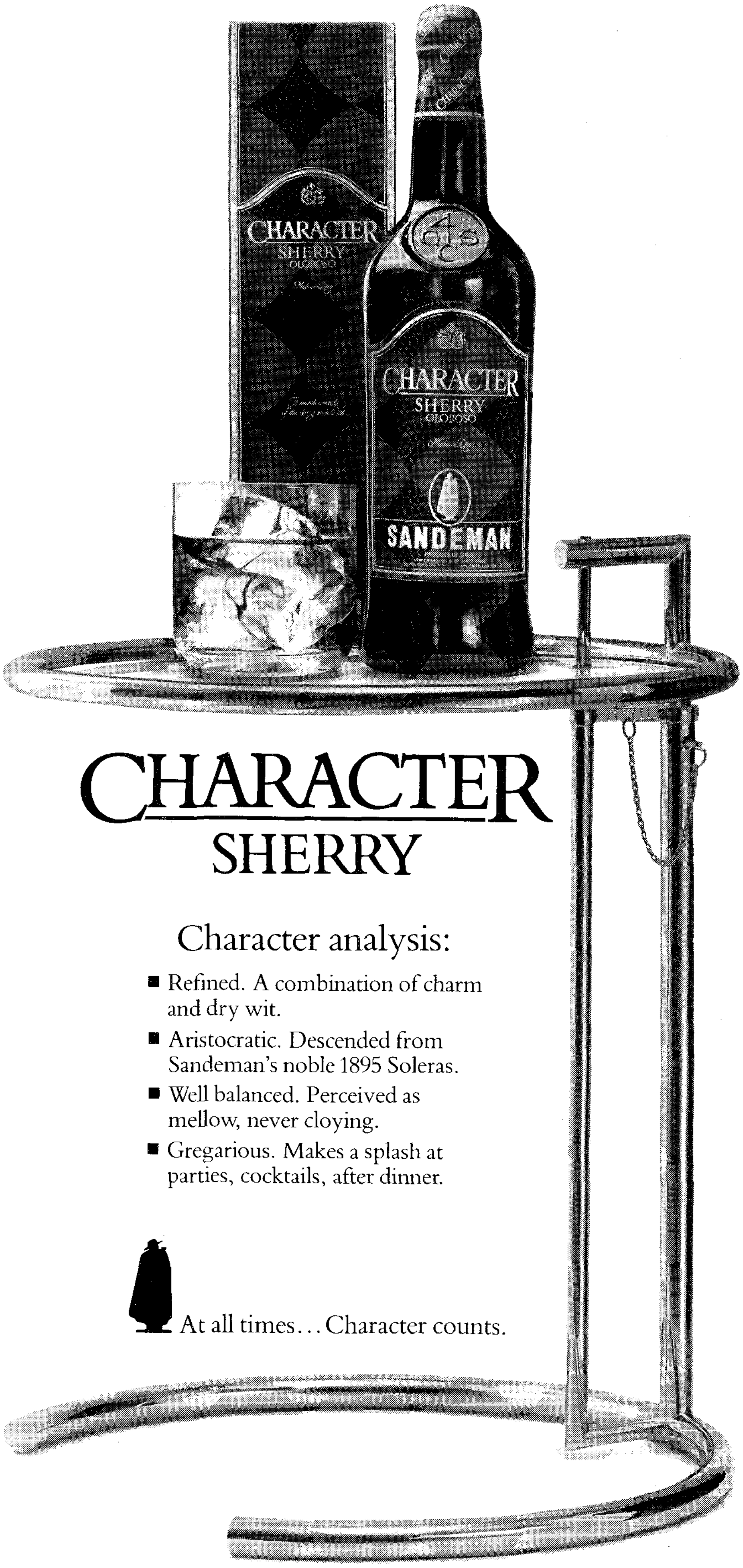
How it got there is somewhat mysterious. There has never been an adequate biography of Henry Clay Frick, and not much is known about his relationship to works of art. A farm boy from western Pennsylvania who became one of the most ruthlessly successful industrialists of his era, he seems to have followed his own judgment in buying paintings, instead of relying on expert advice. Often he would keep a prospective purchase on approval for months and then decide not to buy it. He began in Pittsburgh, in the eighteen-eighties, with French salon painting, the approved contemporary art of the time. After helping J. P. Morgan to bring about the historic series of mergers that created the United States Steel Corporation, in 1901, however, Frick withdrew from active business management and devoted a large part of his time to collecting on a grander and more rigorous scale. That year, he acquired his first Turner and the first of his three Vermeers. Gainsborough and the English portrait painters came next, fol-



"That one there is Marvin's personal pussycat."

lowed in 1905 by El Greco's "Saint Jerome" (of the white beard and the fiery red cloak), Titian's portrait of Pietro Aretino, and Van Dyck's portrait of Ottaviano Canevari. In the fall of 1905, Frick moved his family from Pittsburgh to New York, where he rented George Vanderbilt's house at 640 Fifth Avenue and proceeded to stock it with Rembrandts, Holbeins, Veroneses, and Velázquezes. He bought mainly from Knoedler & Company. It was not until 1910 that he bought a picture from Duveen, who then went on to sell him the fourteen Fragonard panels from the Morgan collection and the eight Boucher "Arts and Sciences" paintings, all of which were earmarked for his new mansion at Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street. He kept on buying after he moved in, even during the war years—three Goyas, three Whistlers, two more Turners, Degas's "The Rehearsal," Manet's "Bullfight," Renoir's "Mother and Children." His last purchase was Vermeer's "Mistress and Maid," in 1919, the year he died.

Frick left an endowment of fifteen million dollars to maintain the house as a public museum, but it did not become one until 1935 because his widow lived there until her death, in 1931, and the renovations took four years. He had stipulated in his will that part of the endowment income could be used to purchase additional works of art for the collection, and since 1919 the trustees have added forty-six paintings to the hundred and twenty-six that Frick owned. Most of these additions reflect the founder's taste for large landscapes and life-size portraits—grandly assured, sumptuous pictures ranging from the fifteenth century to the latter part of the nineteenth. The last purchase, Hans Memling's "Portrait of a Man," was made in 1968. Since that date, the price of paintings at the Frick's level of quality and importance has exceeded even the Frick's ability to pay. Frick's taste was fairly circumscribed. Explicit nudes of either sex were not welcome, and neither were scenes of life in the lower echelons of society—Goya's "The Forge" was the one great exception. The early Italian Renaissance held little appeal for him, but his successors have stretched the guidelines significantly in this area. A number of exquisite early Italian religious paintings, by Duccio, Gentile da Fabriano, Fra Filippo Lippi, Paolo and Giovanni Veneziano, and Piero della Francesca,



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were acquired after 1919, largely through the efforts of Helen Clay Frick, the founder's daughter.

Although she remained fanatically loyal to the memory of her father, Miss Frick, who died last year, at the age of ninety-six, had a mind and a will of her own. For years, she dominated the board of trustees, who usually deferred to her on aesthetic matters. A tiny, imperious woman who preferred Pittsburgh to New York (her pet spaniel, Bobby, learned to roll over and play dead when Miss Frick said "New York," and then to jump up ecstatically when she said "Pittsburgh"), she has her own monument in the Frick Reference Library, which she founded (in 1920), financed, and supervised for many years. The library's posted rules evoke a world that vanished some time ago ("Women wearing very short skirts, shorts, slacks, or spike heels will not be admitted"), but within the chronological limits of the collection it serves it is, by general agreement, one of the two or three top art reference libraries on this continent. The chronological cutoff point for the collection is 1892, the date of Whistler's portrait of Robert de Montesquiou (who also served as the original for Proust's portrait of the Baron de Charlus). The trustees bought a Monet landscape painted in 1879. They edged further into modernism by acquiring two Cézannes and a very fine Gauguin, but in 1949 they sold those three pictures back to Wildenstein & Company, because, as they reasoned, if you had Cézanne and Gauguin, what was to stop you from having Picasso and Matisse? It seems fair to detect Miss Frick's hand in that decision.

Miss Frick severed her connection with the Frick Collection in the nineteen-fifties. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose admiration for the Frick was immense, had offered to give to it several works of art from his own collection. Miss Frick went to have a look at them and decided they were not good enough—not up to her father's standards. But the trustees overruled her; they voted to accept the gift. The results were painful all around. Miss Frick's brother, Childs Frick, was the chairman of the board; he voted against her, and other members of the family were obliged to take sides. Miss Frick withdrew in anger. Although she continued her active interest in the library, her picture-buying from then on was confined to her own collection. Eventually, she established a Frick Museum in Pittsburgh. In a roundabout way, Miss Frick seems to have won her battle with the Frick in New York. The three Rockefeller gifts that the trustees accepted—two Renaissance busts, by Verrocchio and Francesco Laurana, and a "Crucifixion" by Piero della Francesca—are not on view there. Since 1966, they have been on long-term loan to Princeton University's art museum.

MISS FRICK was still very much in command in 1927, at any rate, when the trustees bought Ingres's portrait of the Comtesse d'Haussonville. Would her father have bought this enchanting picture (the sole Ingres in the collection)? My guess is that it might not have endured the old man's rigorously masculine scrutiny. The picture has always fascinated viewers. Many of them ask the Frick's attendants about its subject—the pretty young Countess who regards us so directly and candidly, one hand supporting her chin, a forefinger extended to touch the line of her throat. Ingres had a terrible time finishing the portrait. It took him nearly three years, and required an unusual number of preliminary sketches, many of which have been preserved. This in itself makes the painting an ideal focus for one of the small special exhibitions that the Frick has been putting on, at the rate of one or two a year, since 1977—exhibitions designed to shed new light on particular aspects of the collection. What Edgar Munhall, the Frick's senior curator, originally set out to do was to assemble all the known drawings and sketches for the portrait. So much new material came to light in the course of his research, however, that the exhibition and its accompanying catalogue have turned into something of a landmark in Ingres scholarship. In addition to fifteen of the sixteen recorded preliminary drawings, two of which were virtually unknown, the Frick is showing the abandoned first version of the portrait, which Ingres painted over and gave to an assistant (some years later, the assistant scraped off the overpainting and sold the canvas to the d'Haussonville family), and an unfinished version of Ingres's "Antiochus and Stratonice," the 1834 historical painting in which Stratonice is shown in the same pose—one hand supporting her chin, the elbow resting on the other hand, which is held at her waist—that Ingres adapted for Louise's portrait. Also on view are a number of

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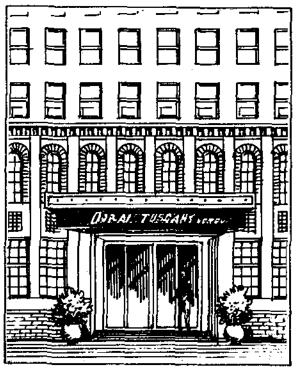

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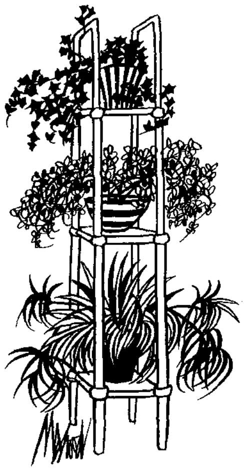
works by Ingres, Degas, and others that were inspired by the d'Haussonville picture. Portraits by other artists of Louise and members of her family, portraits of Ingres, some surprisingly adept watercolors painted by Louise herself, and a wealth of related materials lend historical depth to the exhibition, and excerpts from Louise's memoirs, which surfaced in time to be included in the catalogue, bring the subject into exceptionally clear focus.

Louise d'Haussonville was twenty-four in 1842, when her husband commissioned Ingres to paint her. Brought up in a climate of social and intellectual distinction—her father, the Duc de Broglie, was a writer, a diplomat, and a minister in the government of Louis-Philippe—Louise claimed a particular affinity with her maternal grandmother, Mme. de Staël. Although she never achieved the literary success of her famous relative, Louise wrote a number of books, five of which were published, among them a novel and a biography of Byron. (At her husband's insistence, all were published anonymously.) Her memoirs make lively reading. An intelligent woman with a skeptical and sometimes rebellious turn of mind, she had the French capacity for merciless self-appraisal. Although she describes herself as having been "very pretty indeed" in her youth, with a "veil of innocence" that protected her from many things, she also saw herself as something of a femme fatale. "I was destined to beguile, to attract, to seduce, and in the final reckoning to cause suffering in all those who sought their happiness in me," she writes. Her childlike quality went hand in hand, she tells us, with "ice, aridity, and frivolity." Of her marriage, at eighteen, to the Vicomte (later Comte) d'Haussonville, who came from a family as old and distinguished as her own, she has this to say: "I wanted to marry young and have a brilliant position in society. And that, basically, was the only reason I wanted to marry him."



The young couple had met Ingres in 1840, in Rome, where he was employed as Director of the French Academy. The great classicist was fifty-nine, and somewhat embittered. His genius had met with occasional sharp rebuffs in Paris, and the lack of adequate patronage had made it necessary for him to accept portrait commissions, which he detested. ("A portrait of a woman!" he once exclaimed to a pupil. "Nothing in the world is more difficult, it can't be done.") Ingres painted some of the indelible portraits in Western art, nevertheless, and his portrait of Louise d'Haussonville is one of them. Work on it was interrupted for long periods, and there is evidence that at one point Ingres hoped to get out of the commission by offering, instead of a painting, the three-quarter-length pencil drawing that is now at the Musée Bonnat, in Bayonne—the only drawing that could not be borrowed for the show. At the Frick, we can see the picture's complex evolution: the abandoned first version; a subsequent reversal of the pose, so that Louise faces the viewer's left instead of the right; a change of dress; a transition from a stiff, upright posture to a more yielding side view; the handling of her reflection in the mirror behind her, with its still-life of flowers and Sèvres porcelain; the odd little gesture with the arched forefinger. It is, as Mr. Munhall aptly observes in the catalogue, like watching "a hunter stalking his prey." We see the subject's features come to life as Ingres goes from perfunctory likeness to idiosyncratic character study, and in the process we sense a little of what goes on in the mysterious relationship between artist and subject which a great portrait requires. Ingres complained regularly about his unwelcome labors on the picture, but, in the end, what a triumph! The finished portrait, presented to the d'Haussonville family in June, 1845, was received with what he described as "a storm of approval, starting with the Duc de Broglie, his family, and his numerous friends among the élite." Although Ingres claimed not to be elated, saying, "I don't feel that I conveyed all the graces of that charming model," he was clearly pleased. He took evident delight in being told that a prominent statesman, Louis-Adolphe Thiers, on seeing the portrait in the presence of its subject, had "repeated to her several times this wicked remark: 'M. Ingres must be in love with you to have painted you that way.' "

The portrait, which hangs in the

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East Gallery at the Frick, separate from the rest of the exhibition, makes Thiers's remark seem more than a pleasantry. Its impeccable clarity of line and shape, the subtly modulated colors, the perfection of detail, the sensuous meeting of silk and bare skin—all the evidence of Ingres's famous technique cannot account for the disturbing *intimacy* of the image. Louise regards us as we regard her: directly, provocatively, with a strong undercurrent of erotic tension. There is very little distance between her and us—much less, for example, than there is in Ingres's portrait of her sister-in-law the Princesse de Broglie, painted in 1853 and now hanging in the Lehman Collection at the Metropolitan. The Princess, an older and more sophisticated beauty, rests securely within the illusionary space of the painting; the young Countess seems to push forward into our own space. We look at her in a way we can never look at anyone in real life: aware not only of her physical beauty but of her contradictory nature, and aware also—acutely aware—of the artist's avid concentration upon her. Ingres, the cool sensualist whose great subject was the naked female body, often said that a woman's head was "unfeasible." Like Giacometti, he yearned to cram into the painting of a head all the things he knew to be there, visible or not, but if the attempt was doomed to failure it nevertheless opened doors that are closed to most painters. We come away from this exhibition knowing a good deal about Louise d'Haussonville, and considerably more than we knew before about Ingres and about the art of painting.

There is nothing in Louise's memoirs to suggest her feelings about Ingres, and this may very well imply that she had none. She kept the painting all her life, however, and I suspect that it influenced the way she thought about herself. Even if we take Louise d'Haussonville at her own rather unflattering self-evaluation, it is hard not to fall in love with her portrait.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

We hear that being a department chairman at some universities is considered more of a plus than it is here. It is considered by many a chore to be avoided. As one chairman told us, one may escape the duty by demonstrating themselves to be a hopeless administrator.—*Harvard-Radcliffe Parents Newsletter.*

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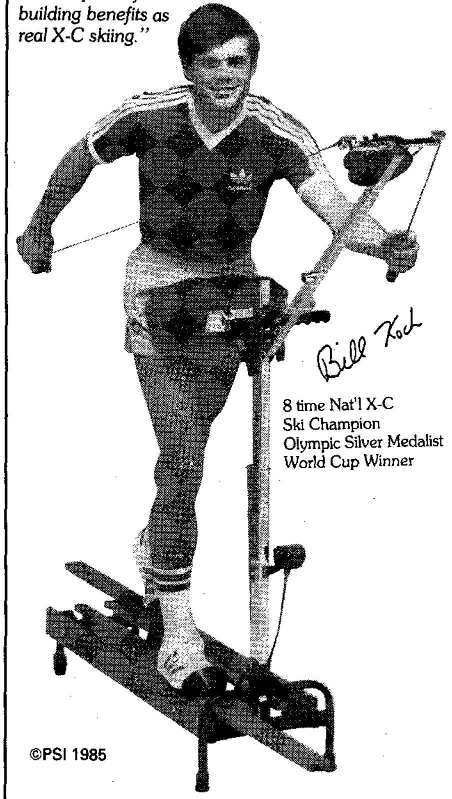

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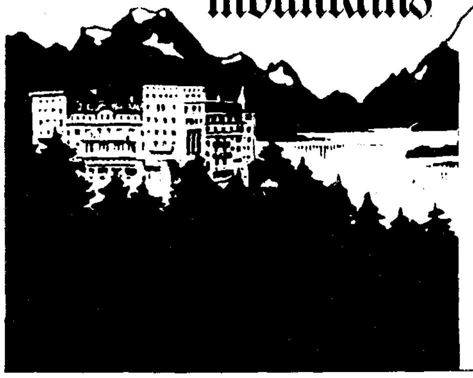

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MUSICAL EVENTS

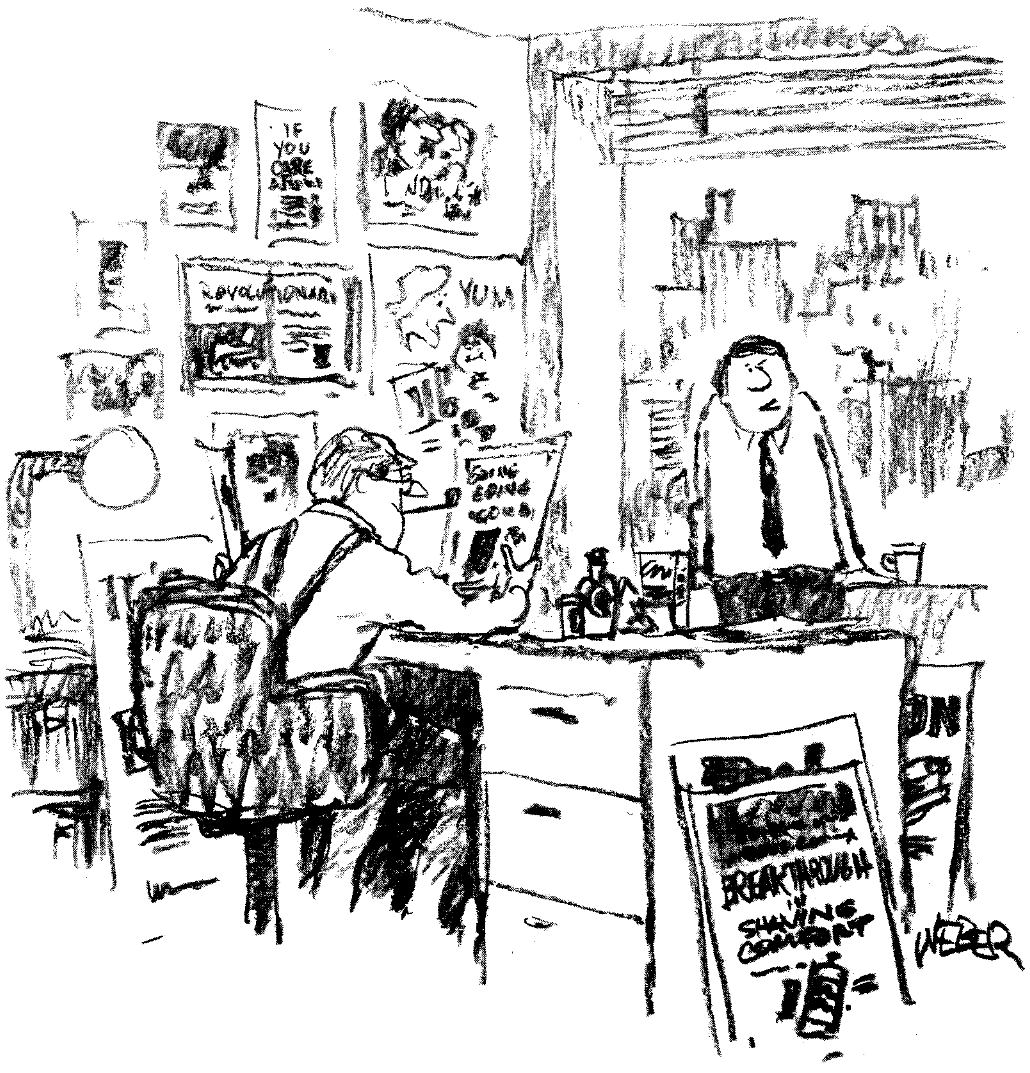
A Happy, Easy Feeling

Aaron Copland was eighty-five on November 14th, and he was at Avery Fisher Hall that evening—smiling, lovable of presence as ever—to be greeted and acclaimed by the audience. The Philharmonic played an all-Copland program: "Fanfare for the Common Man" (1943), "Letter from Home" (1944), "John Henry" (1940), the Piano Concerto (1927), "Proclamation for Orchestra" (the première of an orchestration, by Phillip Ramey, of "Proclamation for Piano," sketched in 1973 and completed in 1982), "Prairie Journal" (1937), and the First Symphony (in its 1928 scoring, without organ). Sixty years of achievement was being celebrated: the Philharmonic gave the symphony its first performance, in the original version, in 1925. The orchestra is playing much Copland this season, avoiding the works most often heard—"Appalachian Spring," "Quiet City," "Lincoln Portrait"—and reviving others from the extensive catalogue. "Letter from Home," "John Henry," and "Prairie Journal"—all new to the Philharmonic—date from the days when American radio stations still maintained orchestras and commissioned music for them to play. All three are short, poetic, and high-spirited, in Copland's uncontroversially masterly and winning manner. The "Fanfare" was conducted by Leonard Bernstein, in a fervent, full-hearted, full-throated reading. The other performances, conducted by Zubin Mehta, seemed to me empty, inflated, noisy, with little of the easy, natural gait and inflections that should mark Copland in either his prairie-boy or his emphatic vein. Bennett Lerner, however, was a fine soloist in the concerto.

The next night, at the Henry Street Settlement theatre, on Grand Street, I heard a stylish, exhilarating, and moving performance of music by Copland. The piece was his "play-opera for high-school performance," "The Second Hurricane" (1937). The plot is simple. Six children—four boys and two girls—eager for adventure, set out to help with flood relief and are marooned themselves. They quarrel, part, come together again, and, while they await rescue, learn the value of mutual support:

We got an idea of what life could be like
With everybody pulling together,
If each wasn't trying to get ahead of all the
rest.
What it's like when you feel you
belong together
With a sort of love, making you feel easy . . .
A happy, easy feeling,
Like freedom, like real freedom.

There are choruses of parents, high-school children, and younger children. All join in an affirmative march theme: "That's the idea of freedom, it's feeling equality; It's all men feeling free and equal." Before it can become pompous, Copland dissolves the march into a happy, rangy dance tune. The libretto, written with a sure touch, is by Edwin Denby, who wasn't afraid of sentiment or naïveté but didn't become mawkish. "The Second Hurricane," contemporary with Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock," is a socially committed work of art that has dated not at all. William Schuman—contributing to the valuable, very readable autobiography-cum-biography "Copland: 1900 Through 1942," on which the composer and Vivian Perlis collaborated (St. Martin's)—remarks, "Because of his agreeable disposition, Aaron is never thought of as being exacting, and this does him an injustice." But his exacting standards in matters moral and political as well as musical have never been in doubt. Of



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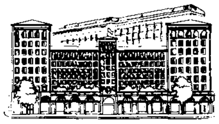

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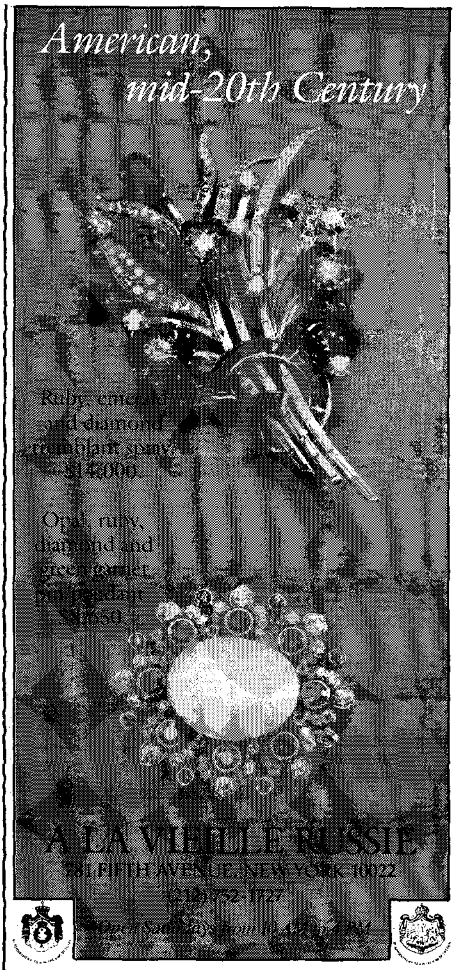
being questioned by Senator Joseph McCarthy I've heard him give a hilarious account—yet with sternness and censure unconcealed. His music, in whatever vein, seems to reflect an innate, uncompromising *goodness*, coupled with clear-eyed good humor, quiet assurance, and zest. The score of "The Second Hurricane" is beautifully spare: reduced sometimes to two lines, or to ostinatos cunningly not quite regular, or to chord alternations so placed and spaced, in register and time, that by simple means they make a great effect.

The 1937 production, given in the same theatre, was conducted by Lehman Engel (who had earlier conducted Kurt Weill's "Der Jasager" at the Settlement) and directed by Orson Welles, assisted by Hiram Sherman. The staging, one reads, was simple: bare playhouse walls, bleachers left and right for the choruses, a platform at the back for the orchestra. The reviews were mixed. In *Modern Music*, Virgil Thomson wrote, "The music is vigorous and noble. The libretto is fresh and is permeated with a great sweetness. Linguistically it is the finest English libretto in some years." But he felt that the end was too easily achieved, "the plot falling to pieces at the very moment when our anxiety is greatest about the fate of the characters," and it's possible to agree with him. A few critics were unenthusiastic. The *Times* called it "pretty dull fare." Denby was away, in Haiti; Copland sent him the reviews, reminding him that an opera sometimes takes fifty years to catch on. He replied, "I have to laugh when I think of how when we're eighty the Metropolitan will give it with Martinelli as Gyp and Flagstad as Queenie, and everybody will be completely serious about it."

I'd be serious about such a production, but perhaps less appreciative than I am of the Henry Street Settlement revival. It's given in a gem of a theatre, built in 1915, and ideal in every way but one for operas on a small or moderate scale. The stage is deeper and wider than that of most small houses. The capacity is three hundred and fifty. The acoustics are warm and true. The sole drawback seems to be the depth of the orchestra pit, which sinks back under the stage instead of stationing the players in close relationship to those they accompany. In "The Second Hurricane," the disadvantages of this Wagnerian arrangement were largely overcome—by rais-



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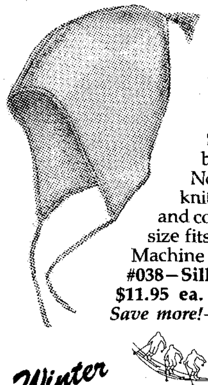

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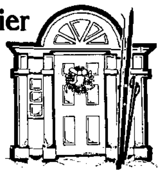

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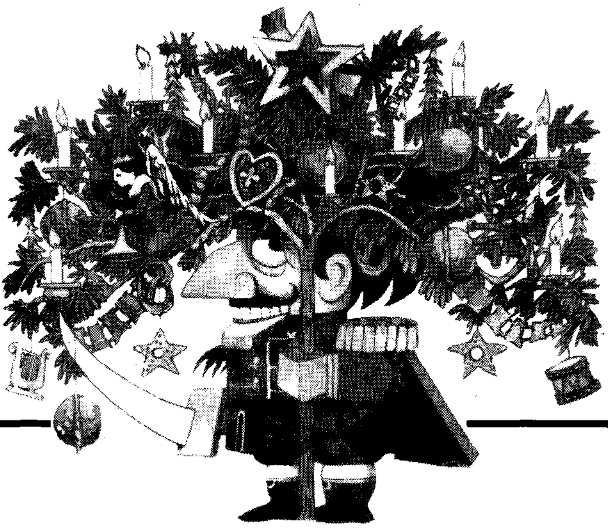
ing a few instrumentalists on platforms, by placing the important piano (crisply played by Paul Sportelli) on the main house level—but some of the instrumental colors were muted. Everything else was vivid. There was no stage bareness this time: Steve Saklad was the set designer, and a galaxy of artists had contributed elements of his décor, among them Elaine and Willem de Kooning, Red Grooms, Larry Rivers, Robert Wilson, and John Cage. The cast of thirty, their ages ranging from eight to twenty-three, had been brilliantly directed and choreographed by Tazewell Thompson. It was an elaborate, animated, and carefully disciplined show—emotionally precise, and more spirited than anything else I've seen on the New York opera stage this season. The solo singing was true, unaffected, and unforced. The choruses were clean and punchy. Charles Barker conducted alertly. The production runs until December 1st.

"The Second Hurricane" didn't have to wait fifty years for recognition. (Nor as long as Britten's "Paul Bunyan," unheard from 1941 to 1976.) The piece had several productions. In 1960, Leonard Bernstein conducted it at a Philharmonic Young People's Concert, with students of the High School of Music and Art. Denby reported to Copland that "Lenny played it for drama, as you would expect, a trifle extra fast and extra slow if one knows the piece." He also said, "Musically it was immeasurably better than any performance ever, and the beautiful freshness of the music is ravishing." The performance—the spoken dialogue much abridged, the score slightly cut, with Fat's song about being lonely and scared the main casualty—was recorded, but the record, alas, is no longer in print.

THE American Composers Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall last week began with Copland's "Statements" (1935) and continued with William Schuman's Symphony for Strings (1943). The performances, conducted by Paul Dunkel, were uninspired—plain, proficient executions by a band of able professionals. At the start of the concert, David Diamond was presented with the fifty-thousand-dollar William Schuman Award. (It was established in 1981, at Columbia's School of the Arts, by the Bydale Foundation, to honor Schuman's seventieth birthday, and to celebrate "a lifetime achievement in American mu-



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sical composition." Schuman himself was the first recipient. Diamond receives it in his seventieth-birthday year.) As the second part of the concert, Diamond's Ninth Symphony had its first performance. (It's odd to be hearing someone's ninth symphony without having heard any of the previous eight.) This Ninth, dedicated to the memory of the conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, is a magniloquent forty-minute, two-movement work for large orchestra, begun in the early sixties and completed this year. It incorporates settings of powerful, unhappy lines by Michelangelo: "Enemy of myself, I shed my sighs and tears, but uselessly;" "I make my peace with death, since I am tired and near the end of speech;" "Sweet is my sleep—but more to be mere stone so long as ruin and dishonor reign." It is richly and fully scored, insistently rhetorical, gestural in manner, with sudden silences. Much of it seems to be unhappy, but the second movement contains some consolatory gleams. David Arnold sang the baritone solos clearly, if without fervor. Bernstein conducted an impassioned, emotional performance, and the orchestra was transformed, playing with real tone and with dramatic force.

THERE have been several Casanova operas and operettas, the most successful of them being Ralph Benatzky's spectacular revue-operetta "Casanova," made from melodies by Johann Strauss II. It opened in Berlin in 1928, with Michael Bohnen and Anni Frind as the stars. (Miss Frind's record of the Nuns' Chorus remains popular.) Last April, two more appeared: Dominick Argento's "Casanova's Homecoming," at the Ordway Music Theatre, in St. Paul, and Girolamo Arrigo's "Il Ritorno di Casanova," at the Grand Théâtre in Geneva. Both start where Casanova's memoirs break off: at his return to Venice in 1774. Arrigo's piece, which has a libretto by Giuseppe di Leva, is based on Arthur Schnitzler's novella "Casanova's Homecoming." Argento's, which has a libretto by the composer, ingeniously refashions earlier incidents from the memoirs into a week of Venetian carnival adventure during which—Argento suggests—Casanova makes another kind of return: to being his true self again after a period of proper behavior enjoined on him as a condition of his being allowed to return to Venice. (In life, he became a spy for the Inquisition.)

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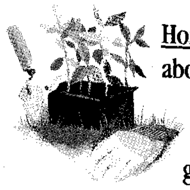

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Toward the end of the opera, he sings the irresponsible credo with which nearly a quarter century later he introduced his memoirs: "My system, if it can be called a system, has been to glide unconcernedly on the stream of life, trusting to the wind wherever it led."

The work was commissioned by the Minnesota Opera, for the opening of the Ordway Theatre, and was presented there by the company and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in association with the New York City Opera. This month—the title shortened to "Casanova"—it came to the City Opera for three performances, and it was warmly received. After the ambition shown by Argento's earlier full-length operas "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe" (1976) and "Miss Havisham's Fire" (1979), I found "Casanova" somewhat disappointing—unchallenging, and even a shade philistine. But a respected colleague, Peter G. Davis, found "marvelous music, a delightful and masterly-crafted entertainment," "an irrepressible ebullience that bubbles to the surface in every scene," and "the same heart-catching joviality that courses through Verdi's 'Falstaff.' "

Act I concerns Casanova's seduction of a castrato in female guise. (She turns out to be a woman after all, pretending for reasons of career to be a castrato.) In Act II, he plays upon the credulity of a rich, foolish old woman in order to steal from her. In Act III, we learn, amid callous jokes, that he has caused her death. He escapes from a murder charge by declaring that for amorous reasons the crazy old woman ventured with him in secret on the lagoon, and produces a small part of her money as proof that she paid him for his service to her. The rest he has spent on a dowry and wedding for his pretty godchild, who proves to be his illegitimate daughter. As related in Casanova's memoirs, his gulling and

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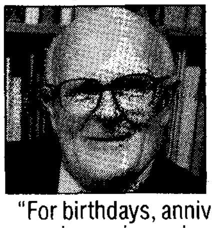

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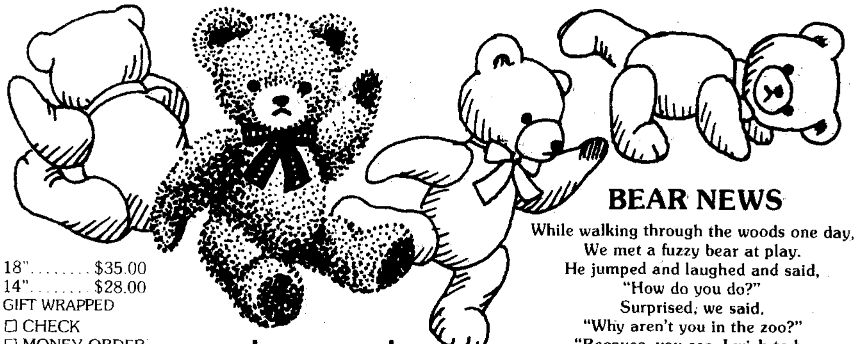

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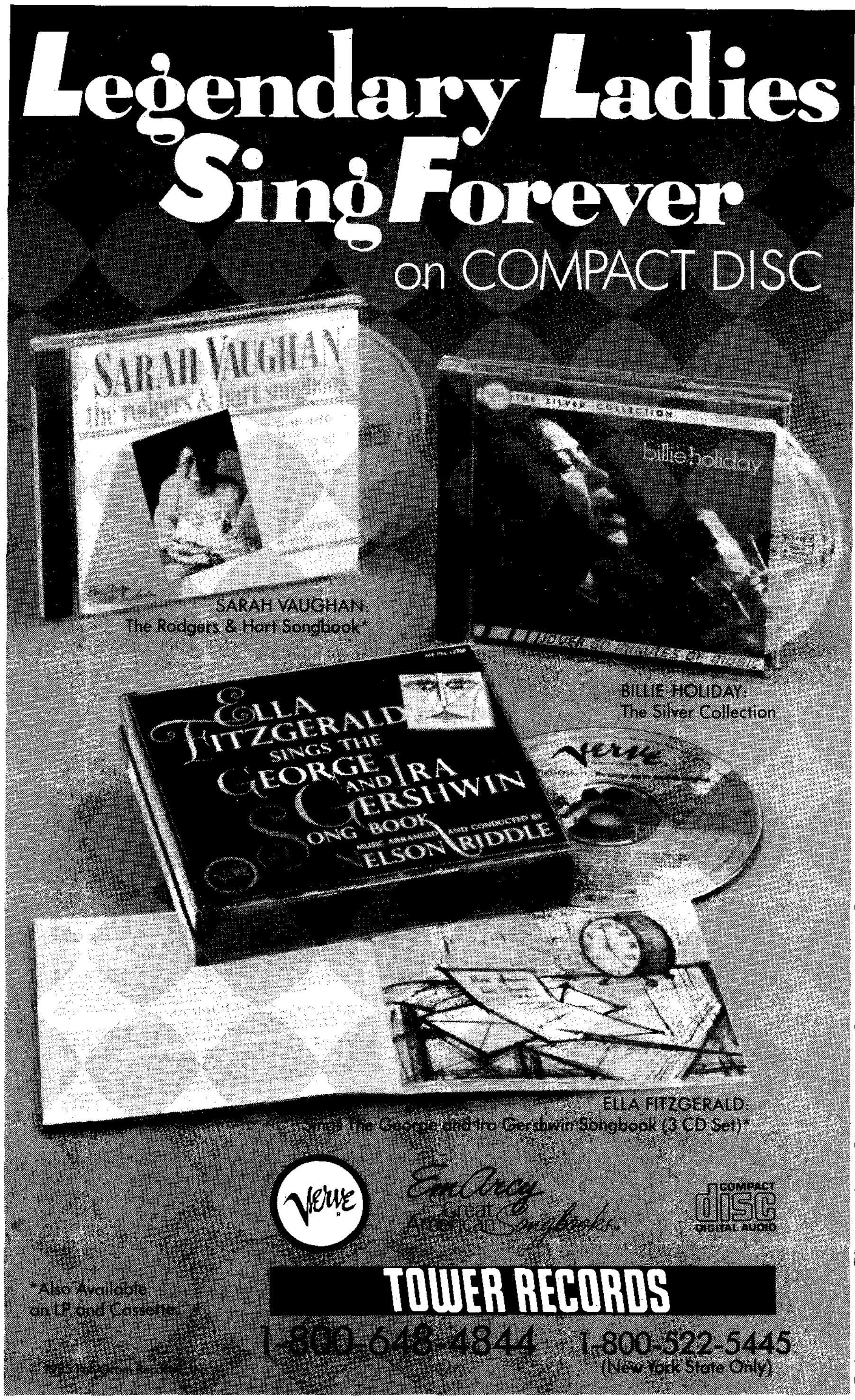

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fleecing of Mme. d'Urfé is elaborate, extended, fantastic, and funny. As potted in the opera, into one unkind prank, it seemed to me more distasteful than hilarious. In the memoirs, Casanova's conventual escapades are related in elegant, almost innocently intricate detail. In the opera, there is a "one-liner" for the audience to snigger at: "I can hardly bear to leave you—but my Mother Superior will be wondering," spoken by the first of three women who scuttle from behind the hero's bed curtains at the start of Act III. Argento, it appears, began with a genuine attempt to capture the tone of the memoirs and the "zest for life" for which they and their author have been admired; and ideas of Guardi's Venice, the city's carnival, ridottos, and operatic glitter (one scene is set in the opera house, during an *opera seria*) evidently excited him. But in the execution the tone has been coarsened and cheapened, for a popular success too easily won.

"Casanova" is an efficient piece of opera-making. The principals are neatly worked into the various escapades. The music is eclectic, shot through with memories of Puccini and, more nearly, Britten—well-woven shoddy. The City Opera performance (directed by Arthur Masella, designed by Franco Colavecchia, conducted by Scott Bergeson) was efficient, too, in a superficial, conventionally "operatic" way. One performer created a character: Carol Gutknecht, as Giulietta, Casanova's former mistress, had wit and charm, and she sang well. The others (Timothy Nolen in the title role, Susanne Marsee as the faux castrato, Michele McBride as the goddaughter, Joyce Castle as a cackling Mme. d'Urfé, Melissa Fogarty as Marcantonio, an urchin who becomes Casanova's apprentice) were bright and obvious. Some of the voices—but not that of David Hamilton, as the young Lorenzo da Ponte—sounded a bit frazzled at the top. The words were often hard to catch. In abridgment, they were projected onto a screen above the stage.

—ANDREW PORTER

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[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

"Insurance underwriters have been hoisted by their own petard because the riskiest area of space insurance—insuring the launch—has indeed become the riskiest," a broker with C. T. Bowring and Co. of Britain said in a telephone interview.

BOOKS

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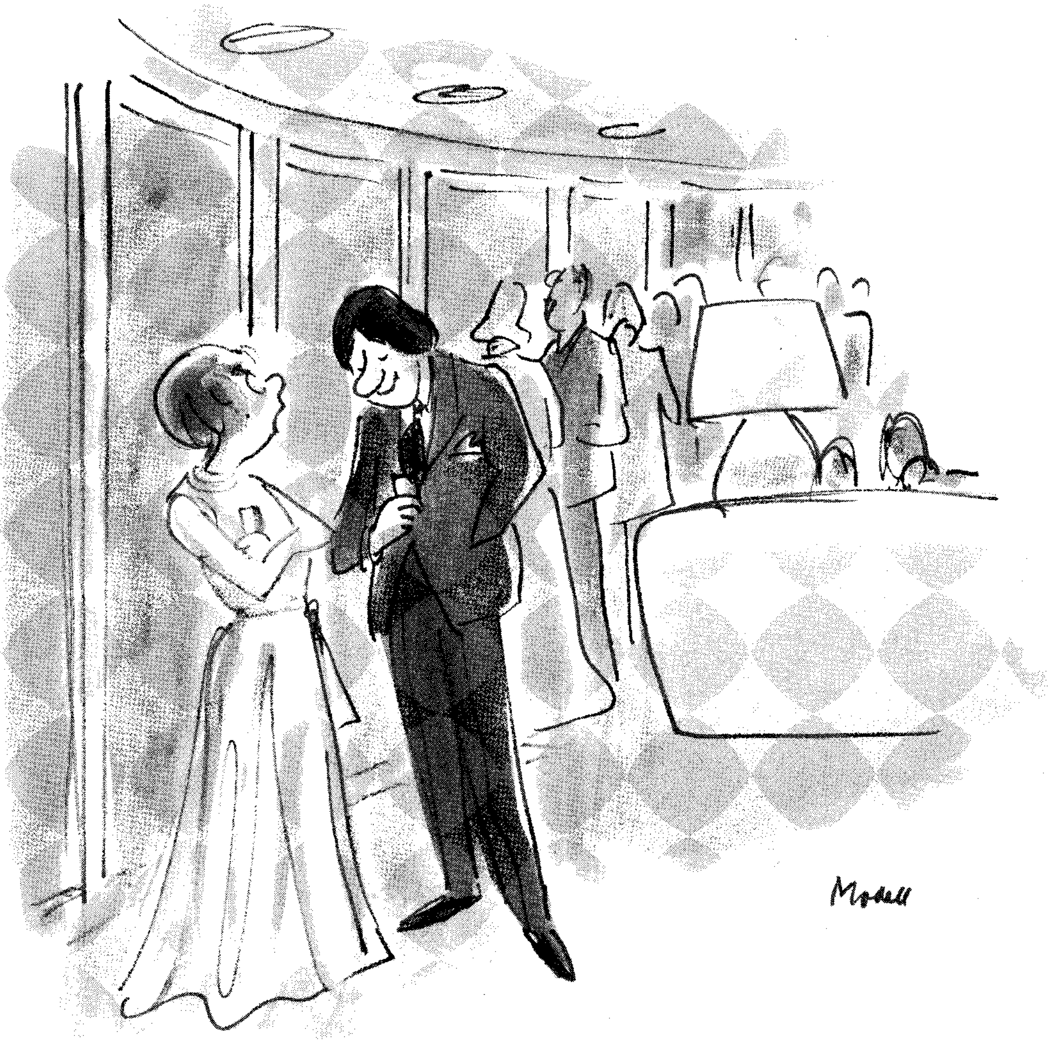
Recently, I began to ponder the hold animal books have on young imaginations, and to recall my own animal-struck childhood. Surprisingly, when I think back to that time the word that first comes to mind is "beauty." Children are seldom credited with an intense response to beauty; an aesthetic sense is considered too sophisticated for a child. Childish taste may not be adult taste, but I believe that, nonetheless, a child's sense of beauty is as sharp as the other senses. As a child, I found animals beautiful, though I wouldn't have used the word. Fur is beautiful; so are quickness and grace and the way a cat folds up to sleep. Animals are marvels when they're observed with a fresh gaze. Children want to get close to animals, but animals can be tantalizingly elusive. I remember the high hopes with which I stalked robins on the lawn after someone had convinced me I could catch them by sprinkling salt on their tails. All I wanted was to hold a bird in my hand; that is what good animal stories allow us to do.

The emotional meanings hidden in animal stories have been explored more deeply than I am able to do, but it is obvious that through animal characters children can be introduced to experiences that might be too strong or too complicated if the characters were human. Story animals make fine stand-ins for human beings partly because their relationships are straightforward. They love their children; they have mates, but they seldom marry. One of those few exceptions is the marriage of Babar and Celeste—a blissfully simple union.

The oldest animal stories are fables and tales from folklore. Their real subject, of course, is human nature—especially its frailties. Originally intended for adults, they have been handed down like outgrown clothes, and for that reason they are sometimes a peculiar fit. I no longer have the editions of Aesop and Hans Christian Andersen that I read long ago, but I know they were spare and cold compared with the luxuriously illustrated folktales and fables that abound these days. I recall, hazily, that I found "Aesop's Fables" abrupt and unsatisfying. An animal would do something foolish, something bad would happen to it as a result, and the story would end. Perhaps I found these endings cruel. Perhaps it scared me to discover how easily mistakes can be made. I usually missed the moral, and having it pointed out didn't help. Thinking



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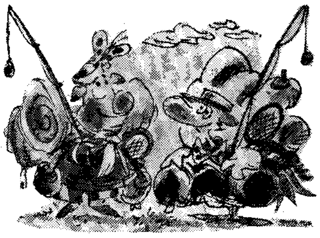

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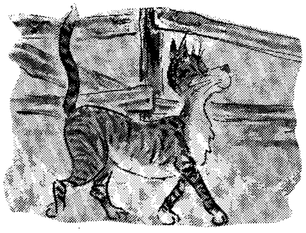

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If the left side of the brain controls the right side of the body, then only lefthanded people are in their right mind.

back to folktales, I remember, too, that I didn't like books that characterized animals as "bad." (I still don't.) By the time I was three or four, I was in love with real animals. I liked to believe that all animals were the friends of little girls, and I didn't like to see even "bad" animals meet horrible ends —falling down a chimney, for instance, and being boiled alive, as happened to the wolf in "The Three Little Pigs." We had a shepherd dog who looked very like a wolf. I hated to think of our Gretel being boiled.

Looking into the evolution of animal stories has made me realize anew that a sensitive view of animals and a desire to know about them are truly modern ideas. As late as the eighteenth century, the "inferiority" of animals—their lack of standing with God, who failed to give them souls or speech—largely precluded sympathy for them. When animals appear in early children's books, it is usually as a bad example. A little book entitled "Tommy Trip's History of Birds and Beasts," published about 1750, promises a "familiar description" of each animal but delivers, instead, cautionary verses: "The Bison though neither engaging nor young/Like a flatterer can lick/You to death with his tongue." The real bison remained undescribed.

The first English writer to tell a children's story from an animal's point of view appears to have been Dorothy Kilner, whose story "The Life and Perambulations of a Mouse"—purportedly dictated by the mouse—was published in 1783. Again, the book had little to do with real animals. Its point was the perils of disobedience: most of the mice in the story perish as a result of ignoring their elders. Animal characters next appear in Sarah Trimmer's "History of the Robins," published in 1786. Father Robin is a pompous character constantly lecturing his nestlings. "Your present humility disarms my resentment," he declares. "We will therefore say no more on a subject which gives so much pain to both of us." Mrs. Trimmer made some attempts at naturalism ("No, Dicky," Mrs. Robin scolds. "The Linnet has as great a right to the caterpillar as you or I") but warned her readers that the dialogue should not be taken as "the real conversation of Birds for that is impossible as we shall ever understand." It is to Mrs. Trimmer's credit that one of the lessons she wanted to teach was kindness to animals. In her day, people still lived surrounded by animals—in towns as well as in the countryside—and cruelty was the norm. But there was also revulsion against cruelty, and many of the animal tales that followed Mrs. Trimmer's were designed to teach compassion. During the early part of the nineteenth century, all sorts of animal autobiographies appeared —cats, dogs, and rabbits took pen in hand to describe their misfortunes. At last, it seems, people were becoming sufficiently sensitive to take the immense imaginative leap into the mind of an animal, and this set the stage for the first animal story of major importance—Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," published in 1877.

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"Black Beauty" was born of Miss Sewell's desire to expose the sufferings of mistreated horses. horses. She used the already popular device of having the animal hero tell its own story. What set her book miles above its predecessors was its credibility. She knew her subject well and was carefully factual in her descriptions of how horses are handled, but, more than that, she threw herself completely into her conception of what a horse experiences—how it feels with a bit in its mouth, pulling a heavy cart, even galloping or grazing in a green meadow—and the reader is swept along by her belief in her imagining. That the horse's feelings are remarkably like what a person's might be in similar situations makes the fantasy all the more compelling. The book has lived on long after the evils it portrayed faded away, because it seems to tell children what they yearn to know: what it is like to be an animal.

The second great animal fantasy is Kipling's "The Jungle Book," published in 1894. I loved "The Jungle Book" so much as a child that I was almost afraid to read it as an adult. When, at last, I picked it up, the opening words still held magic: "It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the Seeonee hills when Father Wolf woke up from his day's rest, scratched himself, yawned, and spread out his paws one after the other to get rid of the sleepy feeling in the tips. Mother Wolf lay with her big gray nose dropped across her four tumbling, squealing cubs, and the moon shone into the mouth of the cave where they all lived." I remembered how I had once been there, too, in the moonlit

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It just returned from a week of skiing in Cortina, trout fishing in Scotland, and a three day stay at Baden Baden. And tonight it's preparing a pizza with tuna and red pepper.

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cave with the strong and gentle wolves while the mighty tiger Shere Khan roared outside, cheated of his prey, the child Mowgli. It is hard to imagine how an image of parental protection could be more powerfully evoked. No wonder children love it.

I realize now that the stories in "The Jungle Book" strike many other deep emotional chords—loyalty and loss, brotherhood and alienation—in a way that I must have felt without understanding it. In his autobiography, "Something of Myself," Kipling described how, as he set to work on the first story, "the pen took charge and I watched it begin to write." It is easy to guess why the pen wrote as it did. When Kipling was six, his parents, who lived in India, took him to England and left him there to be educated. In the care of a cold, sanctimonious woman, and deprived of love, he suffered greatly. The story of Mowgli is suffused with all the love a lonely child could wish for. "Little naked son of mine, I loved thee more than ever I loved my cubs," Mother Wolf declares. The boy's tutors, the panther and the bear, love him, too, and he sleeps between them. In the jungle, Mowgli finds an ideal brotherhood. He learns the passwords of the jungle folk. Even the snakes are his friends. Perilously surrounded by rustling, hissing cobras, Mowgli gives their call, and the snakes reply, "Stand still, Little Brother, lest thy feet do us harm." But Kipling's self-willed pen did not stop with idyllic childhood. It went on to the sorrows of growing up. Mowgli's wolf brothers turn against him. Not recognizing grief, he cries to the panther, "Am I dying, Bagheera?" Bagheera replies, "No, Little Brother. Those are only tears. . . . Let them fall." In the end, Mowgli no longer truly belongs in the jungle and is equally alien among men—a man without a country. It seems clear that Mowgli's story is Kipling's emotional autobiography, and that, having chosen to write a fantasy, he found it luring from him a statement of his deepest feelings.

Somewhat to my surprise, the next landmark I came upon in the history of animal stories was none other than Beatrix Potter, whose precise, tiny tales—the first of them was published in 1902—brought to perfection the idea of a miniature society of animals hidden in the commonplace shrubbery all around us. She studied the territory that human beings and animals share, and where they meet and skirmish—Mr. McGregor's garden, for example—and wrote about its dramas with common sense and a remarkable absence of sentimentality. "Now, my dears," old Mrs. Rabbit admonishes her children, "don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden; your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor." Nor did Beatrix Potter moralize. Mr. McGregor is eager for rabbit pie, rabbits are eager for the produce of his garden—a fair exchange. Her accuracy as a painter—the fruit of careful study of the small creatures common in the Lake Country, where she summered—gave her animal characters the glow of life. If her rabbits are adorable, it is not because Potter exaggerated their cuteness but because she captured exactly what makes little rabbits adorable. As for coats and beds and other human furnishings, she made them real, too; we feel that if we can just find the right rabbit hole and peek in we'll see what she described.

When new books come in, I always reach for the animal books first. This year, I can report several nice ones, but before listing them I feel it necessary to issue an alert: "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" and other Beatrix Potter stories published by Bantam, which appear at first glance to be complete, prove on inspection to be Beatrix Potter stories with the substitution of new illustrations. This is akin to cutting the "Mona Lisa" in two and repainting the missing half; the resulting hybrid is not the "Mona Lisa." Fortunately, it is not difficult to find facsimile editions in the familiar miniature size, published by Frederick Warne. Warne also offers a collection of four stories in a large format so well designed that the feeling of the originals is retained—"The Complete Adventures of Peter Rabbit" ($13.95). This year, there is a new, slim edition of "The Jungle Book," called "Tales from the Jungle Book" (Random House; $7.95). The illustrations are garish—they would look fine in a gun-and-ammo magazine—and the text has been cut more than even an impatient reader should require.

To strike a happier note, I can point out that Randall Jarrell's beautiful fantasy "The Animal Family," first published in 1965, the year of Jarrell's death, has been reissued by Pantheon ($12.95). The new edition is a replica

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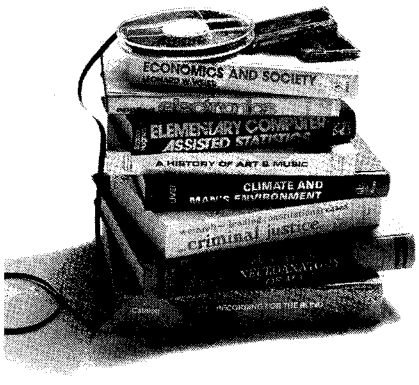
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of the original, with its charming decorations by Maurice Sendak. "The Animal Family" is a dreamlike story of a solitary man in a timeless, nameless place beside the sea, who is joined by a mermaid. Still, something is wanting, and he brings home a bear cub and then a lynx to live with them. At last, the lynx and the bear bring home a boy, and the family is complete. It is a lovely and mysterious work by a poet of the first rank, and one that should not be missed. As is true of all the best children's stories, this one can be read on many levels—by a child as young as eight or nine and up to any age.

There are two new works of fiction this year that I liked very much—"Pandora: A Raccoon's Journey," by H. M. Menino (Bradbury; $10.95), and "Babe, The Gallant Pig," by Dick King-Smith, illustrated by Mary Rayner (Crown; $8.95). Both are short novels for readers who have graduated from picture books. "Pandora" takes an unusually honest and clearheaded approach to the question of what happens to a wild animal that is kept as a pet. In the story, twelve-year-old Maggie is thrilled when she finds a "lost" baby raccoon, but as time goes on we see that a tame raccoon is a misfit. Pandora is smart, strong-minded, and freedom-loving, always causing trouble in a human household and always frustrated by her unnatural environment. Before the story ends, Pandora has had a narrow escape from death, and readers have been given an unsentimental picture of a relationship many kids long for without understanding its implications. The book has other merits as well—good writing, an interesting plot, and a sensitive understanding of both human and raccoon nature. In the second book, Babe, "the gallant pig," like Wilbur, the pig in "Charlotte's Web," is raised by a foster parent—in this case, a wise old sheepdog on an English farm. Babe, not unnaturally, would like to grow up to a be a sheep-pig, but it is soon clear that he will have to demonstrate a lot of talent if he is to grow up at all, since the farmer's wife has her heart set on bacon and pork chops. Needless to say, Babe wins sheepdog laurels, and the reader has a lot of fun.

Good nonfiction about animals should be plentiful, considering how many interesting studies are being done, but, disappointingly, "real" animal stories are always scarce. The reason seems to be that they are written mainly for use in schools and are fa-

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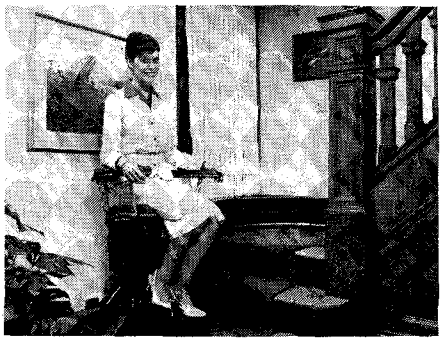

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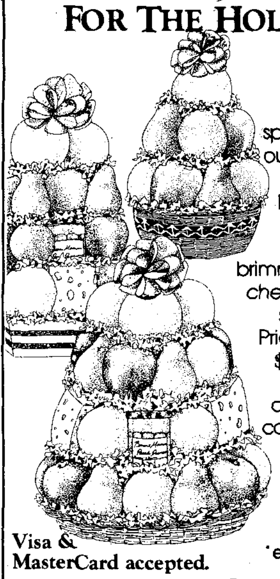

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tally infected with educational prose. A step in the right direction is Mary Stolz's "Night of Ghosts and Hermits," illustrated by Susan Gallagher (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Stolz, a novelist, has brought imagination and a sense of drama to a description of the interplay of small creatures —ghost crabs and hermit crabs among them—that hunt and fight, escape or die each night at the water's edge. My only quarrel with the book is that it is too short. The author could have told us twice as much. (It is as though editors feared that factual information is positively repellent, when the truth is that it's not the information but the presentation that causes young readers' eyes to glaze.) It was also a pleasure to come across "All Wild Creatures Welcome," by Patricia Curtis, with photographs by David Cupp (Lodestar/Dutton; $13.95). This is the story of a compassionate enterprise, Lifeline for Wildlife, that maintains an animal hospital and rehabilitation center at Stony Point, New York. Each year, the center cares for and, whenever possible, releases hundreds of orphan babies and adult casualties—raccoons, deer, skunks, opossums, squirrels, and sometimes more unusual animals and birds. Miss Curtis's well-written book gives the feeling of the center's daily work and an understanding of the idealism of the people who are giving their lives to it.

Before leaving the subject of wildlife, I'd like to mention a magazine that seems to me a splendid Christmas present: *Animal Kingdom*, which is published by the New York Zoological Society. A year's subscription, of six issues, is $9.95 (New York Zoological Society, Bronx, New York 10406). The articles, usually illustrated with wonderful photographs, cover wildlife and wildlife projects all over the world. Though the magazine is edited for adults, the stories should be interesting to anyone of nine or ten who loves animals.

WITH no more ado, I will now present a list of new books that I especially like this year. The list is arranged according to my best guess at a proper chronological sequence, but there must be a lot of leeway in any suggestion about what book is fitting for readers of a given age. I have started with books for the youngest children:

The Baby's Story Book, by Kay Chorao (Dutton; $11.95). A nice, thick book for that important day when serious reading aloud begins. The stories, such as "The Three Bears" and "The Little Red Hen," all traditional, are well told and are generously illustrated in soft, pleasant colors.

Frederick's Fables, by Leo Lionni, with an introduction by Bruno Bettelheim (Pantheon; $16.95). A collection of thirteen stories that were originally published as individual picture books. Lionni, a master of graphic design, uses stylized, almost abstract figures to illustrate his subtle ideas, such as the story of a field mouse who stores memories of sunshine for the long, cold winter and of a fish who finds out where fish belong. The brilliance of the art will captivate even the youngest reader.

The Travels of Babar, by Jean de Brunhoff (Random House; $14.95). The early Babar books were originally published in a large format, suited to the majesty of these most celebrated of all elephants, but the books' size was trimmed during the Second World War. Now Random House is printing facsimile editions of the originals. This is the second in the series, following "The Story of Babar," last year. The smaller versions are handy, but the large size is definitely more elegant.

Bimwili & the Zimwi, by Verna Aardema, illustrated by Susan Meddaugh (Dial; $10.95). In this African folktale, a little girl, Bimwili, visits a beach, where an ugly old ogre with a green face captures her and imprisons her in a drum. Inside the drum, she sings on the ogre's command as he totes her from village to village—the world's only singing-drum act. Fortunately, brave Bimwili ultimately outwits the ogre and is freed. The illustrations, bright and tropical, are attractive, and make it clear that the story is not seriously scary.

Hazel's Amazing Mother, by Rosemary Wells (Dial; $10.89). Little Hazel, a badger, is lost. After setting off on an errand, she suddenly finds herself in a strange part of town. Worse still, mean kids swoop down and grab her doll. When their teasing is more than Hazel can bear, she cries, "Mother, I need you!"—and the magic begins. Mother quickly puts things to rights. An exciting story, with the happy message that Mother won't let you down, no matter what.

The Pearl, by Helme Heine (Atheneum; $11.95). Beaver, who lives on a dreamily beautiful lake, is overjoyed when he finds a mussel. He is sure that it contains a pearl and that this treasure will make him the envy of all the other animals who live by the lake. Then he begins to think about the consequences of envy. There is a moral here, but it is the loveliness of the watercolor illustrations which makes this a quite special book.

THE following picture books are more sophisticated—perhaps for readers aged six or seven:

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES, by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by Michael Foreman (Delacorte; $14.95). A lovely edition of the haunting verses in which Stevenson recalled his own childhood. Though they are a hundred years old, they remain the most wonderful group of poems ever written about being a child. The illustrations are fresh and radiant.

THE GHOST-EYE TREE, by Bill Martin, Jr., and John Archambault, illustrated by Ted Rand (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $11.95). A delightfully alarming story poem about a dark and windy night when a boy and his sister are sent on an errand and must pass a certain tree that moans and reaches out its arms, freezing their hearts with fear. Strong, exciting illustrations make it all real. The poem would be especially good read aloud.

SOLOMON, THE RUSTY NAIL, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). Solomon, a rabbit, discovers that he can magically turn into a rusty nail—and back again—whenever he wishes. He has fun mystifying his family and friends until he is captured, in the form of a rusty nail, by a hungry one-eyed cat willing to wait for the nail to turn back into a rabbit. As always, Steig's characters are wonderfully funny, and the plot is entrancing.

WHEN BATISTINE MADE BREAD, by Treska Lindsey (Macmillan; $9.95). A little Old World farm girl's breadmaking begins with cutting and threshing the wheat, winnowing the wheat from the chaff, and gathering wood for the oven, and continues through a series of ever more challenging steps. The fun here is in the delightful illustrations, deftly drawn in pencil, that show Batistine's valorous struggles and her reward: a delicious crusty loaf is ready for breakfast just as the sun goes down. An affectionate and authentic memoir of life

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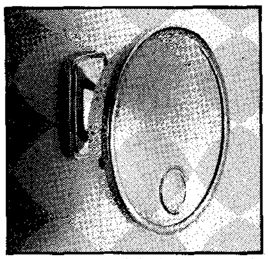

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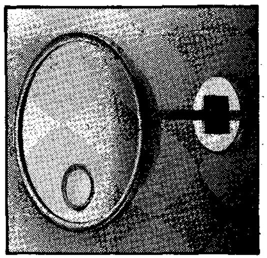

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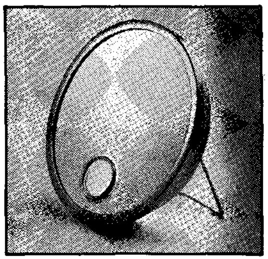

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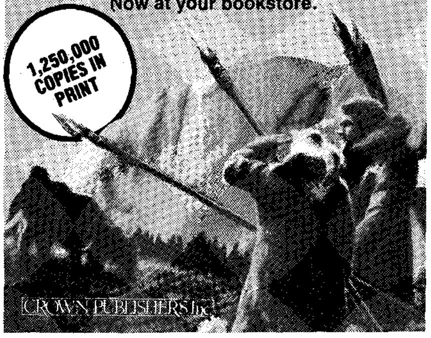

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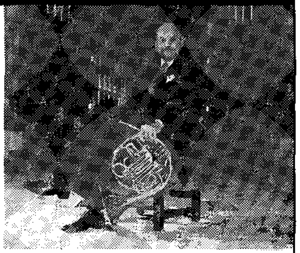

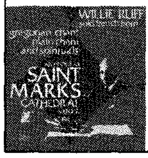

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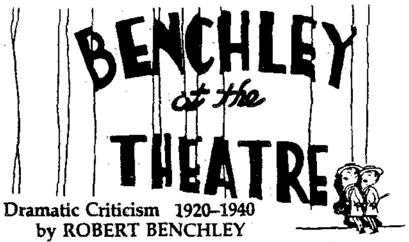

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Much of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

before Pepperidge Farm, with a recipe included at the end.

THAT DREADFUL DAY, by James Stevenson (Greenwillow; $11.75). Mary Ann and Louie think that their first day at school was bad until they hear what happened to Grandpa on *his* first day—one kid was sent home just for smiling! As usual in this delightful series, Grandpa takes the cake. His story is set forth in comic-strip style, with the dialogue in balloons.

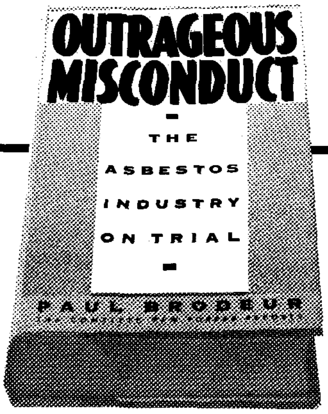
THE STORY OF THE DANCING FROG, by Quentin Blake (Knopf; $9.95). When Aunt Gertrude was widowed, she was despondent until she met a little green frog named George. Somehow, George discovered his talent as a dancer and took up a theatrical career, with Aunt Gertrude as his manager. The adventures of this strangely assorted couple—Aunt Gertrude is a real person and George a real frog—are shown in an original and funny picture book.

LOOK ALIKES, by Henrik Drescher (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $13). In weird and surreal drawings the artist explores the idea of wheels within wheels while the mind reels. A boy and a monkey find a box of toys. In the box are two dolls—a boy doll and a monkey doll—who rush off, are caught up in a series of fantastic adventures, and then, somehow, get back to the box. This is not Everychild's dish of tea, but the book is so strange and imaginative that some will find it irresistible.

HERE are some suggestions for fluent readers:

YOSSI ASKS THE ANGELS FOR HELP, by Miriam Chaikin, illustrated by Petra Mathers (Harper & Row; $8.95). The further adventures of Yossi, the child of an Orthodox Jewish family, begin when he loses the money to buy the Chanukkah gifts he has promised his parents and his little sister. Only angels, he reasons, can solve his problem, but in the end it is the Rebbe who intervenes. As in her previous stories about Yossi, Chaikin paints a family portrait with gentle humor and charm.

A BLUE-EYED DAISY, by Cynthia Rylant (Bradbury; $9.95). A story of family life and growing up, set in the West Virginia mountains. Ellie, eleven, is the youngest of five girls, and life has been hard since their father was hurt in the mine and quit work. Small, keenly felt events—going hunting with her dad, finding the right present for a boy, a first party—hurry the year along, and, to her



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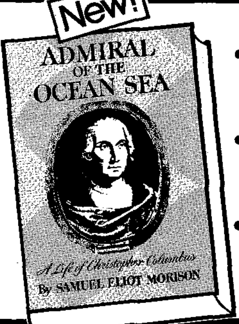

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amazement, Ellie turns twelve. Rylant writes with a clear, incisive sense of what is emotionally important, and every word rings true.

DARWIN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE, by Felicia Law, illustrated by Judy Brook (André Deutsch; $12.95). This account of Darwin's great voyage takes us around the world in the years 1831 to 1836, visiting wild shores, meeting primitive peoples, and collecting plants and animals never before catalogued. The author has added the fictional character of a cabin boy as narrator, but she draws on Darwin's diaries for the facts. Exciting illustrations bring the expedition to life.

DANCE ME A STORY, by Jane Rosenberg (Thames & Hudson; $19.95). A retelling of the stories of twelve classic ballets, which presents the action as it would unfold onstage before an audience. The ballets are ones that children like best—"Cinderella," "The Firebird," "Swan Lake," and so on. The illustrations, showing the dancers on a stage, are not great, but they are lively and attractive. The book is an excellent introduction to ballet as theatre.

PTEROSAURS, THE FLYING REPTILES, by Helen Roney Sattler, illustrated by Christopher Santoro (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $13). Flying reptiles shared the earth with dinosaurs and, to judge from this book, must have been the darnedest-looking things ever seen. Some were furry. Some had pointed heads. Some had beaks bristling with teeth. None appear lovable, but all are certainly fascinating to anyone interested in prehistoric life. The illustrations provide the main attraction, but the brief text is clear and interesting.

THE NOVA SPACE EXPLORER'S GUIDE, by Richard Maurer (Potter; $15.95). On an imaginary trip aboard a rocket ship, we orbit the earth, stop for a look at the moon, and move on to explore the planets. Each stage is illustrated with extraordinary photographs taken during actual space flights. A clear, intelligent text makes it all easy to understand, putting this complex subject within reach of fifth graders and their parents.

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[*From a letter to the editor in the Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle*]

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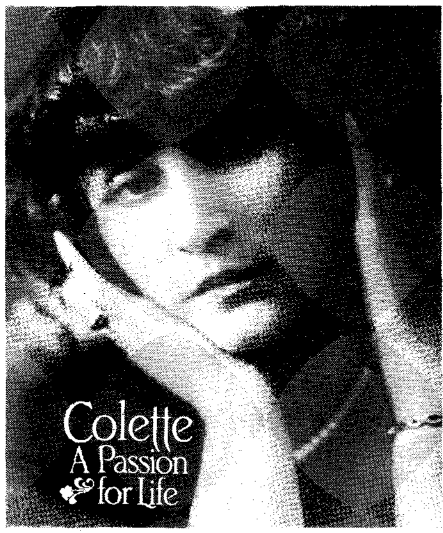

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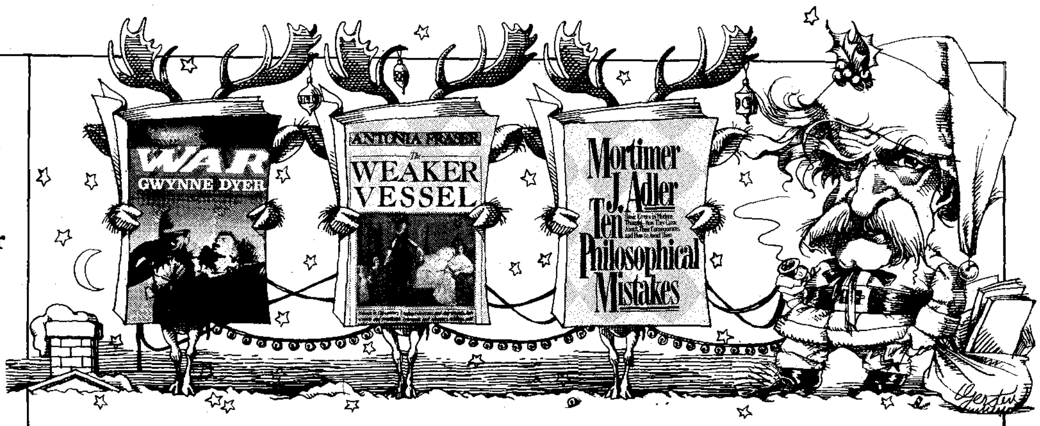

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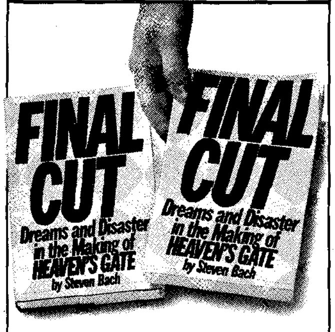

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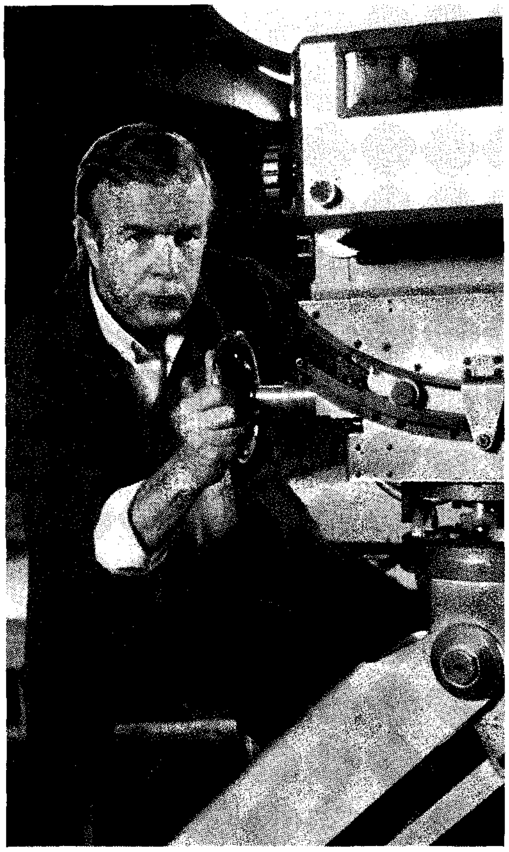

For Film Director Franco Zeffirelli, no creative challenge is too formidable.

It was said that Shakespeare would never be a popular success on the screen, but Zeffirelli responded with the widely acclaimed "Romeo and Juliet."

Opera was considered equally impossible, but his film "La Traviata" opened to rave reviews in America and Europe. Zeffirelli's protean talent extends to costume and set design, and his grandiose stagings for "La Bohème" are considered classic.

If there is a common thread in all of his work, it is that Zeffirelli sees things as a painter. And he likes to work in full, dramatic canvasses, giving careful attention to the slightest splash of color.

It is no coincidence that Zeffirelli, the truly Renaissance man, should have been born and classically educated in Florence. "But you don't have to school in Florence to learn about art and civilization," he says. "It is all around you."

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